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TRAVELCHARTS  
AND  
TRAVEL CHATS

**TRAVELCHARTS AND  
TRAVEL CHATS**

THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
1215 17th St. W. Toronto, Ont.



*Wm. A. Heman*

# TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

BY

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

[Frederick Lewis]



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*To*  
**GERTRUDE BATTLES LANE**  
Who Suggested This Book and  
Made It Possible





## AN INTRODUCTION

I TRAVEL now and then.

And the farther I go, the more I am convinced that it is easier to find one's way through Europe than it is through a European guide-book.

We need to know so little, we travelers. Where to go, how to get there; where to eat, where to sleep; what to see, how to see it; what it costs. That's all.

We don't need a guide-book to tell us these things—even if we are lucky enough to find one that can! What we need is a chart, a Travelchart, to set forth these essential facts, *and little else*.

The "little else" is, I hope, in the Travel Chats which accompany these Travelcharts.

F. L. C.



# CONTENTS

| CHAPTER                                      | PAGE |
|--|------|
| I LONDON WITHOUT A GUIDE-BOOK . . . .        | 13   |
| II BRITAIN—IN ONE BITE! . . . .              | 33   |
| III PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS . . . .      | 49   |
| IV FRANCE—ON FIVE DOLLARS A DAY . . . .      | 73   |
| V NORMANDY IN A BATHING SUIT . . . .         | 85   |
| VI THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO . . . .          | 101  |
| VII VENICE: CITY OF MOONS AND HONEYMOONS . . | 119  |
| VIII ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS . . . .   | 135  |
| IX ITALY OUT OF SEASON . . . .               | 157  |
| X A MONTH ON THE MEDITERRANEAN . . . .       | 173  |
| XI MADRID AND OLD SPAIN . . . .              | 187  |
| XII BERLIN BELONGS TO THE WORLD . . . .      | 211  |
| XIII ROUND THE REICH IN THIRTY DAYS . . . .  | 229  |
| XIV BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY . . . .    | 243  |
| XV MY DUTCH TREAT . . . .                    | 265  |
| XVI AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS . . . .         | 281  |
| XVII SHALL WE STAY ON THE GROUND? . . . .    | 297  |
| XVIII WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT . . . .    | 304  |





TRAVELCHARTS AND  
TRAVEL CHATS



# TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

## CHAPTER I

### LONDON WITHOUT A GUIDE-BOOK

LONDON isn't beautiful in the usual sense; not as Paris is, or Vienna. It is crooked, and twisted, and grimy, and dark. A city of baffling vastness. Nevertheless, in spite of the cold wind that makes you ache outside and the heavy food that makes you ache inside, there is a mellowness to London and London life which is something more than beauty. To find this mellowness, to recognize it, understand it, feel it, you don't need a guide-book. If you are content, as I am, to take your London homeopathically, you'll do what I do: get on a bus, and go somewhere.

Any bus! Anywhere! The signs don't mean anything, even to a Londoner. "Any bus in a fog" has long been his motto. And to a stranger the funny names, the Circuses, the Gardens, the Lanes, the Woods and the Waters are as unintelligible as they are unpronounceable. They aren't what they say they are; and if they were, it wouldn't matter. The main thing is to find a starting point; and,

personally, I like to begin where your true Britisher hopes to end: at Westminster.

I do not share the usual British enthusiasm for places of interment. But I never cease to thrill, as I turn the soiled pages of an abbey prayer-book and suddenly realize that I may be sitting on Dryden—with one foot on Swift. The abbey itself is a fine, big, solemn church, grayed outside by centuries of British fog, cluttered inside by memorials to British dust. There are finer churches; but none so impressive, none so alive with undying dead. Darwin and Newton, Wesley and Watts, Chatham and Pitt! There is nothing in England more glorious than England's past; and Westminster would be a complete glory if only Shakespeare were there.

However, there are those who agree with Ben Jonson:

*My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further off, to make thee room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb—*

Outside the abbey, try a right-handed bus. Ask the funny little man on the tail end if he goes to St. Paul's. He probably won't know; and if he does he won't be able to tell you in any language that you've been taught to call English. But get on, anyway. The funny man will ask you for a penny, meaning two of them; and will give you a ticket, meaning nothing. The first thing to do is

## LONDON WITHOUT A GUIDE-BOOK

to throw the ticket away. Everybody does. Half the London fogs are caused by citizens throwing away their bus tickets and obscuring the sun!

That's Parliament over there, on the right, between you and the Thames. The building with the fat tower and the thin tower: everything squared up like a candy box, and covered with frills like a valentine. If it were white—if anything in London were white!—it would look like a frosted cake.

Ahead is Whitehall. It's a street. All around are government buildings. The Foreign Office—the only place in the world where top hats seem to fit. Some say that British Foreign Office clerks stuff the crowns of their high silks with the scalps of other nations' diplomats. Anyhow, they wear high hats; and rush about with green bags and brief-cases; and look thoroughly unintelligent—whereas every last man of them knows everything there is to know about Europe from the probable annual decline in the French birth-rate to the middle name of the first Sultan of Turkey's second wife.

Scotland Yard, too. Arch foe of crooks and amateur detectives. Here is where you should stop a moment and read several volumes of Sherlock Holmes. If you haven't time try any one of half a dozen plays in the London theaters. The Londoner loves his Bobby and will always pay his shilling to see him in grease paint.

Just beyond are the Horse Guards, whose bril-



liant uniforms and flashing trappings make you feel—for the moment!—that perhaps those public school histories were wrong to be so rough on Redcoats. Always, in London, you find yourself thrilling to English achievement for century after century as if it were your own—and then, suddenly, at the year 1776, forcing yourself to turn your back on it as “foreign.” Religious, political, even moral lines become hopelessly confused as you gaze at all that remains of the old Palace of Whitehall; as you count off the windows of the banqueting hall until you come to the second on the north, through which Charles I walked bravely to his scaffold death; when you see, almost side by side, Napoleon’s favorite chair and Wellington’s choicest umbrella, Cromwell’s sword and Nelson’s letters to his “dearest Emma”!

Out from under the shadow of the Admiralty the bus emerges into long, rambling open spaces, which are sometimes Charing Cross and sometimes Trafalgar Square. Through the Admiralty Arch, over the left shoulder, is the Mall, stretching off between the green grass of St. James’ Park and the yellow palaces of Carlton House Terrace until it loses itself in the grandiose splendor of the Victoria Memorial, new and almost brilliant against the grim background of Buckingham Palace. Less violently to the left—a three-quarters view the local photographer would call it—is the rounding line of Cock-

spur Street, where one banks and gets one's mail and drops into Cook's to see about the sailings.

When Cockspur Street straightens out and gets ready for a run it becomes Pall Mall, where the clubs are still standing from whose windows the late Major Pendennis looked out on a changing world. This famous thoroughfare and St. James' Street, which meet in front of the Prince of Wales' home in St. James' Palace, are properly called "the men's streets"; mostly clubs and haberdasheries. Few women ever go that way. If, however, you cross Pall Mall at Waterloo Place, you find yourself on Regent Street—an avenue almost as feminine as the Rue de la Paix.

Assuming, however, that you did none of these things, but are still on top of the bus that's making its jerky way through Charing Cross to the Strand, you find yourself in the presence of the Nelson Monument, a huge column surrounded by Landseer's lions and topped by a giant figure of the admiral himself. There he stands, guarding respectable London against the gay encroachments of the Strand. He has not always been successful. There is a story that good women were once so rare in this vicinity that when one entered the square Nelson doffed his hat and the lions roared! No such demonstration has happened in my time.

High on a rounding building at the beginning of the Strand there is a sign, "English-speaking

Union," which signifies welcome and assistance to 'Americans in London. The Union is an organization for promoting better feeling between the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples. Its officials are just waiting for a chance to promote yours by making your stay in London notable. Drop in to see them and let them tell you what is going on in the big town and how not to miss anything good. Friendly souls, the Unionites.

The Strand itself is an extraordinary street, which has the reputation of Broadway and the general architectural conformation of Scollay Square. This part of London continually reminds me of Boston—which is a tip-off on London's idea of a "Great White Way." The famous thoroughfare starts inauspiciously with Charing Cross Railway Station, which you will never wish to see again unless you are going to the Continent, and the famous filigreed monument, which you don't see at all because you are so close to it. Just beyond, down little lanes which pass almost unheeded, are the mammoth hotels, the Savoy and the Cecil, whose dining-rooms and back windows overlook the Embankment and the Thames.

These hotels are great favorites with Americans, because they contain most things that you can get at home. Here, busy men and tired women live out their multiple-press lives, just as if they were in Chicago; only The Blackstone is an infinitely

better hotel. It's strange how some people travel so far to stay at home! The thing to do, and the thing that I have often done, is to take your luggage to one of those little, low-ceilinged, really English hostelries in the crooked streets between Regent Street and Piccadilly, where people live English novels as well as read them. But I am not going to name my favorite—any tourist agency can name a dozen just as good—lest several million descend on it and encourage the proprietor to build a gold-plated annex with ivory bathrooms.

The latter innovation, especially, would be cataclysmic, for it would deprive you of the experience of having your tub and two high pitchers of water and a cake of soap and a towel brought in by the impersonal landlady or her less impersonal slavey. There *are* bathrooms in these small hotels, but not enough to go round. I shouldn't ask for one, if I were you. You won't get it, and you will pay more for what you do get, just because you are such a swell! The normal rates in these places are ridiculously low.

Once established in one of these little inns, filled with the atmosphere of Dickens' period and the sanitary conveniences of Chaucer's, you may be a bit homesick. And if you are, just jolt yourself down the Strand, dive into one of the big tourist caravansaries and, in a jiffy, you are in New York or Duluth! You are sure to meet some one from

the old town who will invite you up to his room—one of those gold and white salons that look as if they had been engraved from a die, like formal announcements of the management's good taste. The one your friend has looks as if it had been ordered by telephone or from a catalog: "Number 57—English Idea of American Comfort. Yes, Number 57 will do nicely. I'll take four hundred of them."

But even in this near-American apartment, you know you are not in America. You don't have to feel the black fog rolling into that American lobby down-stairs, shooting up those American elevator shafts and peeping through that American keyhole, to know that you are not in New York. All you have to do is to look out of the window.

Immediately below you is little Adelphi Terrace, favorite abode of authors and artists. You see, or think you see, two other windows, and two other people—two men—looking out at the world: Barrie, smiling at the universe, Shaw laughing at it.

But I've wandered off from our bus and our bus line. Wellington Street, Waterloo Bridge, the Lyceum Theater (famous for Sir Henry Irving), the Gaiety (famous for its girls), Aldwych, Marconi House, the Bush skyscraper, St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes (churches in the middle of the road: geographically speaking, an uncommon sight!), Somerset House, the Law Courts



## LONDON WITHOUT A GUIDE-BOOK

and the Temple—some one of these fabled landmarks is sure to stir the soul and fill the admiring eye.

Beyond the Strand comes Fleet Street, the two thoroughfares dissolving into each other in the delightfully confusing British way. Fleet Street is much more than the London Park Row. It is Park Row as Park Row might be if it ran through Concord and Lexington and Cambridge and Greenwich Village and Boston and the whole state of Indiana, and were lined with Bunker Hill monuments and Plymouth Rocks. Doctor Johnson and Samuel Pepys and little Boswell are hiding around every corner, especially in the alleyway which leads to the sawdust floors and pigeon pies of the "Old Cheshire Cheese."

Blackfriar's Bridge, Cheapside, Paternoster Row! Ludgate Circus! These street signs read like the advertisements of the latest edition of Charles Dickens' best known works. And, as a matter of geographical fact, we are almost on the site of the old Fleet Prison for debtors, to which the great Londoner gave unsavory immortality. And as we roll through the final stretches of the "Street of Ink" toward the famous Circus, ahead of us, up Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's rears its noble—if precarious—dome.

If St. Paul's falls, London falls. Just as well envisage New York without its sky-line. St. Paul's

dome is London's top story, a noble structure fit to crown a noble city.

The part of London which lies between St. Paul's and Charing Cross is called the City. It corresponds to New York below Fourteenth Street. It is where London works. The part where London plays, whether it be according to the Bohemian standards of Leicester Square or the top-hat standards of Park Lane, is the West End. Piccadilly Circus is the pivot point of playtime London; and if you are lucky enough to pick a bus that goes that way, you will find yourself in the great square, out of which run most of the famous West End thoroughfares.

Regent Street, which comes up from Pall Mall and sweeps through Piccadilly Circus in a great arc, was, until very recently, lined on both sides with rambling, old-fashioned department stores all the way to Oxford Street, where Mr. Selfridge of Chicago first startled the British capital by establishing a modern store in a building built especially for the purpose. The usual London way is to start on the ground floor of what looks like a private house, and then, as the business grows, to spread backward and upward and to each side into a maze of small oblong rooms of various sizes and proportions.

The Haymarket, a short, wide street of rich memories, connects the Circus with Pall Mall. Shaftesbury Avenue, where there are now more theaters than there are in the Strand, stretches off

diagonally toward smelly Soho. And Piccadilly, greatest of London streets, takes its majestic way toward the parts of London where nice people in novels always live.

If you can worm your way into one of these English homes, do so. Have no shame about it. Stop at nothing short of breaking and entering. For you don't see much of your typical Londoner in restaurants and cafés. The best for the purpose are the cheap tea rooms, where long queues of working Londoners wait every afternoon at four-thirty for their tea and scones. Occasionally, too, there is a bit of flavor in the small, and often good, cafés of Soho, and even in the grill rooms of the Trocadéro, the Criterion and the Grand Café Royal. There is no hotel dining-room in London that reflects anything of the city's life, except perhaps the Piccadilly on a week-day evening and Claridge's Sunday noon.

There is little or no suavity to London dining. It is difficult, also, for a visitor accustomed to good American cooking or to the delicacies of Continental fare to keep even reasonably healthy for a long period on the food that is served in London hotels and restaurants. My own practise is to stay in London only so long as my enraged palate will permit—and then fly to France for something to eat.

On the other hand, theater-going in London is an experience. The theater itself is interesting:

usually a shabby little place, with the orchestra pit well below the level of the sidewalk. You reach your seats through circuitous tunnels which end by injecting you suddenly and prominently into the auditorium at most unexpected and conspicuous points. If you take a wrong turn during your trip in these catacombs, you land in the bar. The custom of serving tea at matinées and coffee at evening performances—between the acts and right at your seat—is a gracious one that we might well copy. And the same might be said of much that goes on behind the footlights.

But the best thing in the British theater is the British audience. Correct in dress and behavior below-stairs. Riotously shrill and disapproving above. Every class of Londoner finds his way into the theater—and into the parks.

Hyde Park is at its best on Sunday after church, especially the fashionable promenade known as Rotten Row, where there is an all-year-round Easter parade. On a fine day, the sight is charmingly typical of the contrasting phases of London social life. Over the top hats of the men you see the gesticulating arms of the park orators; and above the rustle of the women's silks—if women's silks still rustle!—you hear the bolshevistic tirades against just such a world as still survives in the fashion parade of Rotten Row. And beyond the orators, indifferent alike to the old order and the new, are the British

## LONDON WITHOUT A GUIDE-BOOK

people, scattered about the grass in family groups listening to the music of the military band.

You won't get so much from a general survey of London as you do of Paris, because Paris is a city of design, of jeweled symmetry, and it must be seen as a whole to be appreciated; whereas London is a great sprawling figure without either design or symmetry: just a long string of notable streets and squares and houses and memories, one leading to another like the rooms of a London department store. Nevertheless, see it all with Cook. And see Hampton Court and Marlow and Maidenhead—by taxi if you can, so as to get some idea of the London suburban country. And see Oxford and Windsor by train or bus. The tourist agencies make all these trips informative and comfortable.

Of course, you'll do the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection and the Tate Gallery—there's a Turner in the latter that looks more like London than London itself!—and you'll see Buckingham and the Tower and the Bank of England and St. James' Palace and London Bridge—under which Charlie Chaplin learned to walk; and you'll manage all the other "of course" things which everybody does.

But don't give up all your London time to "sights." Save a few minutes to stand by the incongruous Cupid in the center of Piccadilly Circus and see the traffic go by; to loaf about the Piccadilly

Underground station where the London clerk waits for long hours for the girl of his dreams; to run out to Wimbledon and Hurlingham to watch the upper-class Englishman at play; to sit in the parks; to loaf in the Strand. Remember that London's greatest charm is its people.

Dickens knew these people. So did Thackeray. And through the Londoners in their books, rather than through descriptions of brick and mortar, the two great Victorians have shown us the city that they loved. That is why we speak of Thackeray's London, Dickens' London. That is why we might speak of the London of a dozen or more British novelists, before and since.

Conan Doyle seems to me to give the best picture of the modern London that we know. I mean, of course, the picture he painted in the Sherlock Holmes days. But one should not stop at the Baker Street of Doyle. There is also the Villiers Street of Kipling, the Bloomsbury of Leonard Merrick, the Kensington Gardens of Barrie's *Peter Pan*, the Tavistock Street of Locke's *Beloved Vagabond*, the Limehouse of Burke's *Limehouse Nights*. There is Robert Louis Stevenson's London; the Cavendish Square and the Soho back alleys of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and the Leicester Square and Adelphi of *The New Arabian Nights*. And there is the London of Arnold Bennett, of Gilbert Chesterton, of Bernard Shaw, of Wells and Walpole, Swin-



## LONDON WITHOUT A GUIDE-BOOK

nerton and May Sinclair. 'As a preparation for a London visit, I should rather read a dozen books by these modern English novelists than to own a hundred guide-books or employ a thousand guides.

Even now, in my imagination, I can see *my* novelists' map of the city of London; an ordinary Rand and McNally affair, on which I have marked with a cross the favorite locale of a dozen writers of London stories. I can not make such a map for you, because I don't happen to know *your* dozen. But you can. And if you can go to one such spot each morning and each afternoon of your London stay, you will have seen London, not only comprehensively but also comprehendingly: through the eyes of the men and women who knew and loved her.

# LONDON

| D<br>A<br>Y<br>S                          | What I Did in the<br>Morning  | What I Did in the<br>Afternoon   | What I Did in the<br>Evening  |
|---|---|--|---|
| M<br>O<br>N<br>D<br>A<br>Y                | <i>Bus-rode the town</i> —if you know London at all—or enough to recognize the principal “sights”—take any bus anywhere. If this is your first visit, go by taxi to Cook's office, 125 Pall Mall, before 9:25. For the moderate sum of \$6.00 Cook will keep you busy until 5:15, showing you all the “must” things, and providing, as he so modestly says, “drive, all admission fees, gratuities, table d'hôte luncheon at a first-class West End restaurant, and the services of an experienced guide-lecturer.” What could be fairer than that? |  | <i>Went to bed.</i>   |
| T<br>U<br>E<br>S<br>D<br>A<br>Y           | <i>Slept late and loafed</i> —Yesterday was the hardest of the seven—and besides, you'll want to unpack and sort out your laundry and buy some post-cards and a map!  | <i>Started at Piccadilly Circus</i> and wandered about the streets that center there long enough to learn something about life in London's West End. Don't miss the modern pictures in Burlington House, Piccadilly; and try to get into a tea shop. It's worth while. | <i>Went to the theater</i> —Wherever Beatrice Lillie was playing at the moment. Of course, there are other actresses in London!                           |
| W<br>E<br>D<br>N<br>E<br>S<br>D<br>A<br>Y | <i>Did the National Gallery</i> more thoroughly than was possible with Cook. Guides are plentiful and cheap, but you can do wonders alone with a catalog. Don't miss Rooms XII, XXII, and XXVI—the latter for Sargent, the American.  | <i>Sat in Green Park</i> until fully recovered from the morning's exercise—then prowled up and down the little side streets of Mayfair. Every street sign recalls a book—every house number a character. Tea at the <i>Marble Arch Cinema</i> while you do a picture.  | <i>Went to the Opera</i> in Covent Garden—the big “season” in London is the summer.   |
| T<br>H<br>U<br>R<br>S<br>D<br>A<br>Y      | <i>Went to Oxford</i> —You can make this trip by yourself from Paddington (one of the many London R. R. stations) or you can go with Cook for \$7.00, including R. R. fares, luncheon, motor coach drive, admissions and guide.<br>A good alternative trip of about the same price is to <i>Windsor and Eton</i> . For one more dollar, you can substitute the <i>Shakespeare Country</i> for either Oxford or Windsor. It's longer and harder, but, for many people, more thrilling.   |  | <i>Went to bed</i> —But if you are still going strong, get a reliable guide to show you <i>Whitechapel</i> and <i>Limehouse</i> —the famous London slums. |



# What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My Meals  | A Few Odd Remarks  | About Costs   |
|---|--|---|
| <p><i>Breakfast</i> (and other breakfasts) at my hotel.</p> <p><i>Luncheon</i>—on Cook.</p> <p><i>Dinner</i>—(for the last time) at my hotel.</p>   | <p><i>On the trip</i>—Check off the things you want to go back to—that's the chief purpose of a preliminary survey.</p>                  | <p><i>Nothing in London is cheap</i>, but the actual expense of a sight-seeing week, exclusive of eating and sleeping, but including railway, motor and bus fares, taxi one way to Hampton Court, admission fees, catalogs, guides, theater tickets, necessary taxis in city, and tips while sight-seeing, can be kept well within \$30.00.</p>   |
| <p><i>Luncheon</i> in the Grill Room of the <i>Trocadéro</i> in Piccadilly Circus.</p> <p><i>Dinner</i> at <i>Prince's</i>, 190 Piccadilly.</p>   | <p><i>Never miss tea in London.</i> It is <i>the</i> way to see the people—and not as bad after a hard day.</p>                          | <p><i>If you sleep in a first-class hotel</i> of the "Cecil" type and eat all your meals either there or in the restaurants suggested here, you will add \$4.50 a day for your room and about \$5.50 for food, or \$70.00 for the week. You will probably do everything else in the most expensive manner, so it would be wise to put the week's expenditures over all at \$130.00.</p> |
| <p><i>Luncheon</i> of fish at <i>Scott's</i>, Coventry Street, near Leicester Square.</p> <p><i>Dinner</i> at <i>Moulin d'Or</i>, the best French cooking in London. A tiny place in Church Street, Soho.</p> | <p><i>Don't get tired</i>—My scheme is to make one day hard and the next easy—and to do the same thing with mornings and afternoons.</p> | <p>(The difference between this price and a de luxe week in Paris is due to the fact that you can, <i>if you ask for it</i>, lunch and dine at the best hotels and restaurants at a fixed price. Also, there is no night life in London!)</p>   |
| <p><i>Luncheon</i> on Cook at Oxford—if you go "on your own," try the old <i>Mitre Hotel</i> in High Street.</p> <p><i>Dinner</i> up-stairs in the <i>Cripton</i>, Piccadilly Circus.</p>                     | <p><i>These trips</i>—especially if made with a tourist agency, are much easier than they look.</p>                                      |   |

# LONDON

| <div>DAYS</div>             | <div>What I Did in the Morning</div>   | <div>What I did in the Afternoon</div>  | <div>What I Did in the Evening</div>   |
|-----------------------------|--|---|--|
| <div>FRI DAY</div>          | <p><i>Walked down the Strand and Fleet Street into Dickens' London, visiting en route the Temple and other "sights" just touched on by Cook's. Walk through the side streets and passageways.</i></p>  | <p><i>After luncheon at the Old Cheshire Cheese, there is time to do thoroughly St. Paul's and The Tower. Go home by bus along the embankment.</i></p>                          | <p><i>Went to the theater—the ticket man in any of the big hotels can advise you very intelligently.</i></p> |
| <div>SATUR DAY</div>        | <p><i>Did the Tate Gallery—for amateurs the most enthralling picture gallery in England. Turner, Whistler, Watts. Don't miss one of them.</i></p>  | <p><i>Rode to Hampton Court by "tube and train" from any Underground station, or by taxi, or with Cook. It is better to go "on your own," and stay as long as you like.</i></p> | <p><i>Dined at Hampton Court—and rode home in the evening.</i></p>   |
| <div>SUNDAY</div>           | <p><i>Slept late, took a walk in Hyde Park, landing in Rotten Row in time for the after church "fashion parade." Sunday in Hyde Park holds something for everybody.</i></p>  | <p><i>Spent two hours at the Wallace Collection—leaving in time for vespers at the Abbey. Be sure to sit in the Poet's Corner.</i></p>  | <p><i>Packed.</i></p>  |
| <div>ANND<br/>GENERAL</div> | <p><i>There is nothing to fear when you arrive at a London station. Porters meet the train, take your bags, find you a taxi and send you to your hotel. A shilling is the tip. If you have trunks, the hotel porter will get them later.</i></p> <p><i>At the hotel, make your dicker in advance for lodging and as many meals as you wish to eat there.</i></p> <p><i>Tip no one until you leave—and then</i></p>                     |   |  |
|                             | <p><i>not more than 10%. You can distribute this money yourself or leave it at the desk when you pay your bill.</i></p> <p><i>As to English money, the easiest way is to figure pennies as two cents, sixpences as dimes, shillings as quarters, two shilling and half crown pieces as half dollars, and pounds as five-dollar bills.</i></p> <p><i>Be careful not to confuse pound notes with half pound or 10 shilling ones.</i></p> |   |  |

# What I Did and What It Cost Me

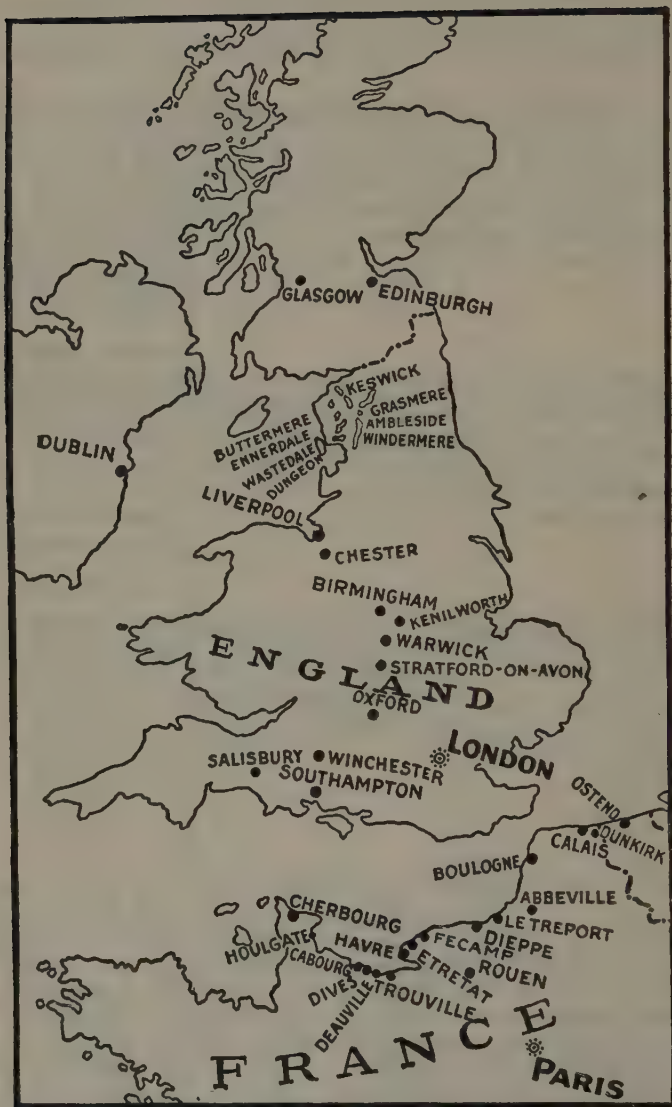
| Where I Ate My Meals  | A Few Odd Remarks  | About Costs   |
|---|--|---|
| <p><i>Luncheon at the Old Cheshire Cheese</i>, off Fleet Street. Specialties: Pigeon pie and Dr. Johnson.</p> <p><i>Dinner at a little Italian restaurant in Church Street, Soho.</i> The name begins with T.</p> | <p>An excellent alternative for this day's program is a series of visits to streets and localities in your favorite books. Taxis are reasonable.</p> | <p>If you sleep at a moderate-priced hotel, and eat all your meals (so far as possible) at home or in the low-priced restaurants—the Lyons restaurants are the best of their kind—you cut your living expenses to about \$30.00, making a total expense of \$60.00.</p> <p>Boarding houses are even cheaper, but change hands continually, and must be personally and recently recommended.</p> <p>Seven days in London—</p> <p>Total Cost:</p> <p>Moderate, \$60.00,<br/>or<br/>De luxe, \$130.00.</p> |
| <p><i>Luncheon in the grill room of the Piccadilly Hotel.</i></p> <p><i>Dinner at Hampton Court</i> at the old <i>Mitre</i>, whose waiters and wines are almost as ancient as the river.</p>                      | <p>A full day but a grand one. In the summer, you can go to Hampton Court by river steamer from Westminster Bridge.</p>                              | <p>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p>   |
| <p><i>Luncheon at Claridge's</i>, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, expensive but notable.</p> <p><i>Dinner at famous Grand Café Royal</i>, 68 Regent Street. (All husbands should wear chains!)</p>              | <p>If you are "tired of pictures," go to Marlow or Maidenhead for your Sunday outing. You'll see some strange sights!</p>                            |   |

The pounds are brown; the half-pounds green. A guinea is a pound plus one shilling—21 instead of 20. The money isn't difficult to handle once you get to thinking of it in American equivalents.

Guides and guide-books are always available, for those who like that sort of thing, inside museums and places of interest, or can be obtained as needed from your hotel porter or your tourist agency. Don't employ guides or purchase catalogs on the street.

The London "Bobby," or policeman, is everybody's friend. You can't get lost; and if you could, the place you'd land in would be just as interesting as the place you started for. That's London!

When you leave (which you won't want to a bit) let the hotel porter send your trunk, call your taxi, and direct you to the right station. There are thirteen of them!



## CHAPTER II

### BRITAIN—IN ONE BITE!

WE AREN'T going to spend our first night in Liverpool, not while the Woodside Station stands, and the perky little third-class railway carriages run out to Old Chester.

Chester is only a few minutes from Liverpool, geographically—but sentimentally and atmospherically, the two communities are centuries apart. Chester is a medieval cathedral town with its Walls and "Rows" and Inns—the last with wide white beds that do not pitch or roll, in which it is possible to get that good night's rest we missed on shipboard. And in the morning, we can go back refreshed to the modern, commercial city of Liverpool, fight our way through the inevitable strikers' parade, rush up to the Art Museum to see *Dante's Dream* and Farquharson's *Dawn*, and wander about one of the great hotels, which have all the peace and quiet friendliness of the New York Stock Exchange on a busy day.

A few hours will convince us that Liverpool is to England what the average Union Station is to an American municipality, and no more. But it

is a much more satisfactory place to land than Southampton because it is possible to go so many places in so many different directions. To the north lie the Lake Country and Scotland; to the southeast, the Shakespeare Country and London; to the southwest, Wales; to the west, the Isle of Man and Ireland.

Each man will choose for himself—and I claim the same privilege. Give me the Lakes and Scotland every time. At least this time!

At Windermere, the first stop in the Lake Country, we get out and walk for four or five days. But we mustn't let the prospect appall us. English walking trips are mostly steamboat and coach rides! The very first day, for instance, we may boat from Windermere to Ambleside, and walk or coach from there through Grasmere to Dungeon Hill. This is not a bad plan, for it gives more time at Ambleside, which is in the heart of the Wordsworth country. Not far away is Rydal, where the poet lived the last forty years of his life, and Grasmere, where he is buried. Wordsworth's home is up a steep road, perhaps two hundred yards from the main highway; but many of the Wordsworth landmarks, notably the "modest house of prayer" at Wythburn, are close by the road from Grasmere to Thirlmere.

The second night we sleep at Wasdale, and so it goes, each day passed in easy jaunts over hill-



sides and past lakesides, and each night in comfy English inns.

At Keswick, which is the largest of the Lakeland towns, we board the train for our first night journey in England—an ordeal. The Englishman feels that a sleeper's place is in the home. And if the exigencies of modern life require that he should spend his night on wheels, he usually sits bolt upright as if in protest at being routed out of bed at such an unearthly time. The Englishman traveling at night looks as the family doctor must feel when he starts out at midnight to take another look at Smith's baby!

The little lunch baskets which the guard brings us, if we ask him to, are filled with cold cuts and turnovers and other English goodies—the whole thing costing less than a dollar. The meals in the diners are good, but they are thrown at us by nervous, undersized waiters who pretend not to understand the English language in its revised American version. However, we can afford to be patient with them, for in the morning, at Glasgow, no one will be able to understand either of us. And neither of us will be able to understand the Glaswegians. When it comes to languages, I am tongue-tied and ear-tied, but I would rather take my linguistic chances with a Slovene or a Turk, than with a Glasgow Scotchman!

We who get most of our ideas about Scotland

from Harry Lauder will be astounded by the great commercial community of Glasgow. "The second city in the Empire" is what Pittsburgh would have been if Pittsburgh had been a seaport. The inhabitants, for all their piety, give very little credit for their prosperity to an overseeing Providence. The Lord gave Glasgow the Clyde, but he didn't make it according to Glasgow specifications; so the husky Scots went to work widening and deepening and hollowing out, until they changed an eighteen-inch shallowness to a noble navigable depth that enables the great ocean liners to penetrate to the center of the city. The Clyde is a hand-made river, and, as such, one of the sights of Scotland.

"But," said a visiting Canadian to his Glasgow friend, "you could hitch a dozen Clydes on to the good old St. Lawrence, and nobody would notice it at all."

"Mebbe," replied the Scot, "the St. Lawrence is the wark o' th' Almichty—we made the Clyde ourselves!"

The University is an interesting group of mostly modern buildings; the inevitable Cathedral is a fair representative of three different centuries of Early English architecture; the Town Hall and some of the other public buildings are impressive. But the city as a whole is dingy; and the occasional appearance of the sun is as great an event in Glasgow as a circus in a small town. After all, the Clyde's



the thing. There's where Glasgow expresses herself—in the way she made it, and in the way she uses it, to launch the ships that make Great Britain safe upon the seas.

Some people may wish to make the trip from Glasgow to Edinburgh as quickly as possible, but they are people who don't own victrolas and have never heard Evan Williams sing about Loch Lomond. To do the job right, we should take two days, staying over one night at the very good little hotel at Rowardennan and climbing Ben Lomond for the view; but in a long day of ten or twelve hours, we can see the lake and do the Trossachs and renew memories of Rhoderick Dhu and other Scottish worthies of rhyme and fable. And at the end of the perfect day is the perfect Scotch city, Edinburgh.

Walter Scott called Edinburgh "mine own romantic town," and so will we, after we have prowled about among its glories.

Edinburgh is one of those places in which even the casual tourist feels a proprietary interest. In a week's time, the smoke from the city's hundred thousand chimneys becomes almost essential to the nostrils. In a month, unless it should happen to rain every day, even a New Yorker feels at home. And yet, Edinburgh is an extremely nationalistic place. It never forgets that it is just as much of a capital city as London or Washington—almost as

much of a one as Dublin! It would be fine to have a whole summer in the Highlands, to devote to imbibing Scottish atmosphere, but if we have only a week, we should spend most of it in Edinburgh. Not in New Edinburgh, which is sort of a cross between Athens, Greece, and San Diego, California. It is undeniably beautiful, but it is not Scotch. Old Edinburgh—Gothic, huddled, grimly picturesque, a mosaic of Scotch history, literature, temperament, and religion—Old Edinburgh *is* Scotland.

From Scotland, we should have gone to Durham, York and Lincoln. But we couldn't wait. We wanted to get to Stratford-on-Avon, before some one took it away from us.

If Bacon really wrote Shakespeare's plays, I hope they will never prove it. It can't make much difference to Bacon now, and it would make so much difference to the inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon. And the American pilgrims to that town! I, myself, should resent it terribly. The Shakespeare controversy, like the Shakespeare body, is buried in this worshipful little town; and, so far as I am concerned, the same epitaph applies to both:

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbear  
To dig the dvst enclosed heare;  
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,  
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

The only possible injustice about the Shakespeare tradition, as it is memorialized at Stratford, is

worked on poor old Sir Thomas Lucy, whose fine estate at Charlcote was the scene of Shakespeare's famous poaching. The beautiful estate of the famous "Justice Shallow" of the *Merry Wives* and *Henry IV* is still pointed out as the home of a vulgar, boastful, pompous nobody, whereas Sir Thomas, if we can believe what his wife said about him on his tombstone, was a very fine type of cultured English gentleman.

On the other hand, Anne Hathaway's cottage at Shottery has been raised to the level of a shrine, and Anne endowed with a saintliness which even she would never have claimed. Her house, however, is worth seeing, quite apart from her relation to the bard, as a well-preserved example of the simple farming life of the Elizabethan times. So also are many of the monuments and landmarks of the Eight Villages, those almost indistinguishable settlements which Shakespeare and his jolly companions immortalized as

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,  
 Haunted Hillborough, Hungry Grafton,  
 Dodging Exhall, Papist Wixford,  
 Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford."

After Stratford, even Warwick and Kenilworth, with all their historic castles, seem a bit drab. But in another day, we find ourselves in Oxford, face to face with British traditions as inescapable as Shakespeare.

Oxford should really be approached on foot, and from London, not only because pedestrianism induces the proper state of humility, but because the university part of the town unfolds gradually and delightfully, as we cross the Magdalen Bridge, and stroll leisurely along in the shadow of the famous Magdalen Tower into High Street. But since we are traveling by train and from the North, and since the same mind did not conceive the university and the railroad station, we must get ourselves led blindfolded to a closed cab, and hold our hands over our eyes until we reach "The High." Here, we may gaze on "the finest street in Europe," and introduce ourselves one after another to the twenty-four colleges which comprise the University of Oxford. This job can be done in a day. The principal colleges can be seen in a few hours. But Oxford can not be realized unless we at least sleep on it.

The next day, the boat trip to London begins. A glorious journey, with romance and history on either bank, and London waiting at the end! The Thames is not an impressive river, and the English didn't even make it themselves! I am sure it would be lost among the double consonants of the Mississippi. But, like Shakespeare, it is "full of familiar quotations." The essence of England flows through this river to the sea. And as we make our way among the punts and houseboats, past the little piers,

## BRITAIN—IN ONE BITE!

whose signs read like a syncopated version of Green's *Short History of the English People*, we begin to feel that friendly, homey feeling that always steals upon the American abroad when at last he approaches London. But of all the wonderful sights that line the Thames, none—not even Windsor Castle or Hampton Court—is more truly British than the river houseboats. This long double line of pleasure craft, stretching from Oxford to Richmond, is the symbol of the British art of leisurely living. I had often wondered why it took so long to get anything done in London. But after I took the boat trip from Oxford, I knew the answer. From Thursday to the following Tuesday, all London is in a houseboat!

In many of the towns outside the great city there are little inns and comfortable hotels open all the year around, where English people stay; and where even the casual three- and four-day visitor can participate in the usual sports of British country living,—golf, tennis, riding, cricket and polo. Weybridge in Surrey is such a place. Sevenoaks is another. Any tourist agency will furnish a list of several such places fitted to every purse.

Some of these towns are not more than twenty minutes from Paddington or Waterloo. It is quite possible to see the London sights by day, and sleep in the English countryside by night; or to enjoy the countryside by daylight and the London restau-

## TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

rants and theaters by electricity. Either way, any way, you won't know the Englishman until you have seen him close to the ground.

The same result can not be obtained by running down to Brighton for a week-end; or to Eastbourne, or Margate. These sea places are interesting, as Atlantic City is; but no more typical. English people go to these resorts. But they are different English. They are the people you see in London—but less at home. They go down to the seashore in their best clothes with their best girls and behave in their worst manner.

For the American visitor, there is little of permanent value in these English bathing resorts. They lack the picturesqueness of the Continental watering places, and the comfort and spaciousness of our own. Moreover, they are tied up with foolish rules against mixed bathing and other inalienable rights of men and women, which would never be tolerated, even in a prohibition country!

London itself is a city of contrasts; an American hotel, with the Strand on one side of it and the Embankment on the other; the great figures of contemporary literature living in the setting of past glories; the newest plays and the oldest churches; Mayfair and Whitechapel. We can see a good deal of it in a week or ten days, and we'll live over what we do see all the rest of our lives.

And after London, what? The boat train, by way

## BRITAIN—IN ONE BITE!

of Canterbury and Dover, if we are going to France; or by way of Winchester and Southampton, if we are bound for America. Salisbury is only about twenty-five miles from Winchester and the two old towns, with their glorious cathedrals, make England ring true to the last. Southampton? Well, Southampton is where we sail for home!



# BRITAIN---in One Bite!

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed   | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me  | Some Good Places<br>to Eat   |
|--|---|--|
| LIVERPOOL<br><i>One day</i>  | Get out as soon as possible. Nothing but taxi fares from the landing stage to train.  | Midland Grill. It's just like a dozen in New York.   |
| CHESTER<br><i>One night</i>  | GROSVENOR HOTEL<br>Fairly modern and comfortable. About \$2.50.   | The Bear and Billett Inn and the small King Edgar Inn, next door.  |
| THE LAKES<br><i>Five nights</i><br>WINDERMERE<br>AMBLESIDE<br>GRASMERE<br>DUNGEON GILL<br>ROSSETT GILL<br>WASDALE HEAD<br>ENNERDALE<br>BUTTERMERE<br>KESWICK | Most Lake Region hotels are plain but comfortable. I paid anywhere from \$1.00 to \$3.00 on this walking trip. By avoiding the motor hotels, you can travel for what we Americans call "nothing."<br>STORRS HALL ( <i>Windermere</i> )<br>NEW HOTEL ( <i>Dungeon Gill</i> )<br>ANGLER'S HOTEL ( <i>Ennerdale</i> )<br>BUTTERMERE HOTEL<br>KESWICK AND STATION HOTEL | All along the road are little inns of great historic and literary interest, which have not forgotten that the chief appeal of an inn must be to the stomach.     |
| GLASGOW<br><i>Two nights</i>   | ST. ENOCH HOTEL<br>250 rooms—some of them very good. \$3.00 for a rather inferior room—but I didn't have time to stay in it much.   | Your own hotel is very good and very Scotch.   |
| EDINBURGH<br><i>Three nights</i>   | ROYAL HOTEL<br>Old but comfortable and well situated in Princes Street, which is itself one of the sights of the city. \$3.00—and worth it. There are many good private hotels in Edinburgh that cut this cost way down.  | Most of the hotels and many of the confectionery shops have excellent food; and there are several fashionable restaurants in Princes Street, where you pay high. |
| BIRMINGHAM<br><i>A few minutes</i>   | Don't stop. To the tourist, Birmingham is just a convenience.   |  |

# *The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me*

| Things You Mustn't Miss and the Best Way to See Them   | Some Other Things   | To the Next Stop  |
|--|---|---|
| There's no such thing in Liverpool, except,—maybe, the Art Museum. Taxi.   | Strikes, dirt, smoke—probably rain.   | Chester is only three-quarters of an hour away.   |
| the "Rows," or covered passages along the streets. Walk around the walls. See the Cathedral, which is very central.  | This is the most medieval, and unique, town in England.   | Back to Liverpool, and then, about eighty miles to the Lakes.   |
| They come upon you around every curve. The "regular" sights you can't miss. Windermere is the most popular of the lakes, but Derwentwater, with its softness, and Estwater, with its grim grandeur, are my favorites. Enjoying it.                   | Wordsworth slept in as many houses in Lakeland as Washington did in the Atlantic States. As for Southey, he was wrong about Lodore. The waters do not come down at that point in dry weather. | Overnight from Keswick to Glasgow.  |
| the Clyde, understand part it has played in the making of the town—and you'll understand the town itself. Tramcars and busses everywhere.  | The Cathedral is down in the dingiest section of the city and the stained glass is so opaque, you can't see anything but the candles.   | It is less than fifty miles to Edinburgh by train—but, if you have time, go part way through the Trossachs by coach and steamer.                                      |
| spend most of your time in the old town. There is the castle. And there are the Scottish crown jewels, "Monks' Rag" and St. Margaret's chapel, the smallest in Scotland. Cable cars, starting from the Register House, go in almost every direction. | If you care for churchyards—don't miss Greyfriars and the Tombs of the Martyrs. They do this sort of thing very well in Scotland.   | Overnight to the Shakespeare Country, by way of Birmingham and Leamington. A good scheme, if you have time, is to take in the Cathedrals at Durham, York and Lincoln. |
| the "Bull Ring," or market place, is the only old place in the old "Brum." I might just better have put in this in the Cathedral towns.  | Oxygen and Joseph Chamberlain were both discovered here.  | En route to Leamington and Stratford-on-Avon.   |

# BRITAIN---in One Bite!

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed   | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me  | Some Good Places<br>to Eat   |
|--|---|--|
| STRATFORD-ON-AVON<br><i>Two nights</i>   | SHAKESPEARE'S HOTEL<br>\$2.50. Here, as everywhere in Great Britain, there are good private hotels, clean and comfortable in a plain, English way, where the traveler can get more atmosphere for less money. Tourist agencies have reliable lists. | You do not eat in the Shakespeare Country—unless you have no soul! The hotels in the town and the inns on the trip through the famous "Eight Villages" set a fair table—but, after all, who cares? The Red Horse is famous. Washington Irving ate there.                         |
| WARWICK<br>KENILWORTH<br><i>One night</i>  | WARWICK ARMS<br>Small. \$2.00.  | Your hotel.  |
| OXFORD<br><i>One night</i><br>Returning by boat on Thames<br><i>via</i><br>WALLINGFORD<br>READING<br>HENLEY— <i>One night</i><br>MARLOW<br>MAIDENHEAD<br>WINDSOR<br>HAMPTON<br>KINGSTON<br>to LONDON | CLARENDON HOTEL<br>\$3.00. If you are in Oxford "out of term," you can get plenty of good rooms much more cheaply.<br>RED LION INN<br>At Henley—about one eighty.   | There are good but costly restaurants in the hotels, and some excellent tearooms. The latter are not scorned in an English college town. Buol's and the Cadena are popular with the undergraduates. The Mitre is one of the oldest hotels in England.<br>Food is good at Marlow. |
| LONDON<br><i>Ten nights—</i><br>See story.   | See story.  | See story.   |
| SALISBURY<br><i>A few hours</i>  |   | The White Hart.  |
| WINCHESTER<br><i>One night</i>   | YE OLD HOSTEL OF<br>GOD-BEGOT<br>Spending the last night here is worth while—if only for the name. \$2.50.  | Your own inn.  |
| SOUTHAMPTON<br>From train to boat.<br>29 days.   | An upper berth on the steamer.<br>Too much.   | On board.  |

# *The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me*

| Things You Mustn't Miss and the Best Way to See Them  | Some Other Things  | To the Next Stop  |
|---|--|---|
| Shakespeare's House, New Place, Guild Hall, the Memorial Building, and of course Anne Hathaway's cottage. Harvard's house is interesting to those who are not prejudiced against a college education. Shakespeare's grave is in the Church of the Holy Trinity, by the river. Guides are not needed in Stratford. All the sights are within the radius of a short walk. | Get some kind of a vehicle, and ride through the Eight Villages and to Charlote where Shakespeare did his poaching. Everybody does the Charlote part, but many miss the villages.  | It is just a few minutes to Warwick, any way you make it. |
| The two castles—Warwick occupied, and Kenilworth in ruins. Coach or motor to Kenilworth.  | If you prefer, this section can be covered from Stratford—leaving an extra day for Durham or York, en route from Edinburgh.  | Another fifty-mile ride to Oxford.                        |
| Get a guide who will show you the principal colleges, Magdalen, Brasenose, etc. Walk,—that's the way to see Oxford. The other places you see from the river. See Windsor Castle. Get off the boat at Hampton Court and see the giant grapevine and the flower-beds.   | This trip takes two days—if you keep going—but the wonderful thing is not to! You could spend a day at each place the boat stops—and you ought to. The houseboats along the river are the greatest temptations in England. | Depends on how fast you go.                               |
| See story.  | See story.   | Eighty odd miles to Salisbury.                            |
| Of course, the Cathedral. Walk.   | The highest spire in England—404 ft. Pure early English.   | About twenty-five to Old Winchester.                      |
| The Cathedral, the college, and the town in general. Walk.  | "Our boys" camped in this ancient place during the war.  | Only a dozen miles to the landing stage at Southampton.   |
| On the boat. See the town with field glasses from the deck.   | A great trip.  | To New York.<br>Total cost—\$238.50.                      |

Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.



## CHAPTER III

### PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

WISH to see Paris?

Do as the Parisian does. Grab one of those little wicker chairs that line the boulevards and the streets of the Latin Quarter. Squeeze your knees under a dirty little table, damp and smelly from the untidy libations of the previous occupant, and order yourself a cup of coffee. You don't want the coffee—though you'll probably drink it before you're through!—but you are sure you won't like the bitter little drinks that vie with coffee for before-dinner popularity, and you haven't the nerve to sit without ordering anything. Then, steal a look at your neighbor, perhaps a Paris shopkeeper, refreshing himself after a hard day of money counting, perhaps a little milliner, tired like the shopkeeper, but not so blatant about it.

I saw such a child once in such a place who seemed to me to typify the intriguing elusive thing which is Paris. She was a rare blending of high lights and shadows. She had the freshness of spring in her cheeks and the sadness of autumn in her eyes. You will see her, too. For she is al-



ways there—in the twilight—waiting. Watching the ever-moving pageant of the working city hurrying to its home.

To me, these things, even more than the museums and churches, are Paris!

If you don't agree with me, if you don't feel my way about the boulevards and see them only as crowded, noisy, unhandsome streets, nevertheless they are worth an early visit if only to stand for a moment at the corner of the Rue Lafitte for one first glimpse of the shining heights of Sacré-Cœur—that gleaming marble pile which looms high above the city, casting its benedictory shadow on the wicked hill we call Montmartre.

Of the latter in its gay midnight moods, there is much to be said, if only because it does the sort of thing it does do a little more successfully than any other place in the world.

There are three ways to see Montmartre—but accepting the services of an unreliable street guide is not one of them. If you must have a guide, get one from your tourist agency or from the concierge at the hotel. He will tell you about the various restaurants and resorts, give you an idea of what your jaunt “up the hill” will cost you, and see that you are not robbed by the waiters or a chance Apache.

Another way is to go to the theater—largely as a means of staying up until midnight, for the French



theaters that Americans can understand have very little other excuse for being—and then walk or taxi to the Place Pigalle, which is the center of the night life of Paris. All about, you will see electric signs bearing the familiar names and others equally exciting. Wander about from café to café until you are tired paying for wine you don't drink. Then, taxi home and say to yourself: "That's done."

The third and best way, if your money holds out, is to dine late at one of the fashionable food-with-music places, and then go on with the crowd from one restaurant to another until the morning breaks over Sacré Cœur. As I write, the favorite route "up the hill" is Ciro's for dinner *de luxe*, the Embassy Club or the Abbaye Télème for dancing and cabaret, Florence's for negro songs and dances, Zelli's or the Argentine place, El Garron, for more cabaret and more dancing, Le Capitole for eggs and bacon, the markets from four to six (a really remarkable sight) and home. The price of admission to all of these places, after you leave Ciro's and until you get to the markets, is the purchase of a bottle of champagne for your party.

I don't know how we happened to get switched off into Paris night life, except that almost everybody does once in his life. There are, however, many more agreeable ways to spend a long, leisurely evening in the Paris cafés. Go to one of the many Russian restaurants and get the real Russian dishes

with real Russian music and a sprinkling of grand dukes and duchesses on the shiny red cushions which line the wall. Start with caviar, spread thick over large pancakes and topped with clotted sour cream, and end with a Russian song or two in which the orchestra, the solo singer, the Russian guests and finally you, yourself, enthusiastically join.

Or, if it is summer, go to Armenonville or Pré Catelan, where you dine and dance under lantern-hung trees, listen to the best jazz music and watch the liveliest jazz cabarets.

The Bois de Boulogne on a moonlit night is the softest, most soothing place I know. You must seize the chance to enjoy this beauty spot in all its varying moods from twilight to moonlight. Wander about under the trees and watch the Frenchman at play, with his wife or his child or his dog or his girl. And when you are good and hungry, and the lights come out in the numerous outdoor restaurants which dot the Bois, forget for once that you are traveling on a budget—and eat! Choose a corner table in some lovely courtyard, flanked by romantic balconies, fragrant with latticed vines, pointed here and there by gleaming statuettes and crystal fountains. Look out across the wide expanse of gleaming damask, over the towering heaps of purple orchids, through fields of burning candles mirrored in lambent eyes and sparkling glasses.

## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

Watch! At the table next to you, they are drinking a toast to the man who is paying for the dinner. His name is Parker. You know him at home. He runs the gas company. "To our charming host!" cries the youngest and the prettiest of his guests. And you wonder if she raises the glass out of affection for the big man at the head of the table or because she knows how beautiful her arm looks against the dark background of the night. And maybe you wonder, if you are of a philosophic turn of mind, if the big man himself stops to think that in this Parisian paradise, candles have burned and glasses gleamed and women smiled for thousands and thousands of nights, before he came to pour his golden oil upon its altar; or whether he does not think at all but is content, as you are, to gaze appreciatively at the radiant young woman with the upraised glass—her slim figure silhouetted against the green coolness of the Paris night.

This, too, is Paris!

But to see the Paris of the guide-books, the Paris of the Louvre and the Panthéon and Notre Dame, you go neither to the boulevards nor the Bois. You go to Cook's!

I have been in Paris many times. Perhaps a hundred. Perhaps more. In war-time and peace-time. In summer and winter. Three months and six months on end. But I never *saw* Paris until last week, when I saw it as every visitor should see it:

from the top of a sight-seeing bus. In Europe they call this contrivance a "saloon motor coach de luxe." In America, we call it a "rubberneck wagon." But it makes no difference how you address it. The main thing is to catch it—and see the world.

There it is by the curbstone, looming almost as large as the Madeleine across the square; and newer and shinier and more comfortably upholstered than the famous old church.

You exchange a small blue ticket for one of the well-upholstered seats; and unless you are the kind that gets there an hour ahead of time "to be on the safe side," you find yourself almost immediately dominating the crowded traffic of the Boulevard de la Madeleine. A stout Englishman on the front seat rises and remarks in the most casual manner that the word "boulevard" means "bulwark," and that the series of broad avenues which swing through modern Paris in one continuous arc were at one time the walls of the ancient city. You may have known all this before; but, like me, you may have forgotten it. Anyhow, the information serves to fix the boulevards in your mind and to emphasize the importance of their noble history and busy life—both of which reach from the Madeleine to the Bastille.

The guide, for such the Englishman turned out to be, looked as if he might be straight from Ludgate Circus, but I could tell right away that he knew

## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

well the "sights" of his adopted city. Of course, there were drawbacks to seeing Paris through Anglo-Saxon eyes—with the emphasis on the Anglo. Like a true Britisher, he compared the Louvre, that most incomparable of treasure houses, to "a sort of South Kensington, National Gallery and British Museum rolled into one." To him, the Trocadéro Palace was merely the "Paris Albert Hall," and the Grand Palace "the Paris Olympia." The Apache slums back of the Bastille were Paris' Whitechapel, the Avenue Gabriel a Parisian Park Lane!

But when we came to the Rue de la Paix, he was quick to point out the famous dressmaking salons with almost as much pride as if they had been Harrod's or Peter Robinson's. "This," said he, "is Worth, and this Paquin"—and so on until he had orientated most of the great names which have won the "Croix de Wear." And in the Place Vendôme, where we stopped in the shadow of the Napoleonic column, the lecturer was equally informative.

What a wonderful square it is, the Place Vendôme! I never enter it without a thrill; in the center, the column which is the axis on which the city turns; all about, the grand old buildings of the Mansard period, each joined to the other in an unbroken line, each topped by the famous Mansard roof; on the right, the Paris Ritz, most famous hostelry of the Old World; on the left, the Morgan

bank, greatest financial power in the New World; modern landmarks in ancient scenery; history; life.

Too soon, the great car rolled out of the historic square into the commercial bustle of the Rue de Castiglione. But the stout Englishman once more threw himself into the sentimental breach. In another moment, I was listening open-mouthed to how Napoleon had built the arcades which cover the sidewalks of the Rue de Castiglione and the Rue de Rivoli to remind him of the architecture of his native Corsica.

I used to be a bit snorty about tourist agencies and tourist guides. But now I am wholly converted. Take the man from Cook's (or Raymond and Whitcomb's, or any other reliable house); mount him on wheels; fill him with gasoline; step on him when necessary; and you get a bus-eye view of a capital of the world which can not be gained in a whole lifetime of limousine privacy. It is the best way—in my judgment, the only—to paint in the background of a great city.

Between morning and afternoon trips—Mr. Cook conceives of all Gaul as divided in this manner—we ate. I went to Larue's, partly because it is just across the street, partly because it is the busiest and Frenchiest of the Rue Royale luncheon places, and especially because *sole Larue* is the sweetest fish on the Paris boulevards. Marguery's sauce is more famous; and Paillard's, where the rich French go



## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

to dine richly, is the most luxurious; but Larue's sole ties the California sand dab and outstrips the New England cod.

Weber's, next door to Larue's, is good and considerably cheaper; Maxim's, farther down the Rue Royale on the same side is not so good but more famous; Viel's, on the farther side of the Boulevard de la Madeleine, is both.

The premier fish place of Paris, Prunier's on the Rue Duphot, is not far away; and just beyond it, at the corner of the Rue Cambon and the Rue St.-Honoré, is Voisin's, the oldest and still in many ways the best restaurant in Paris. Voisin's looks like a dump—but to the lover of good food it is an altar.

If Voisin's is too dull, try the Café de la Paix, where men and women of all classes and nationalities sit out on the sidewalk and watch other men and women, equally various, take their solemn way along the Boulevard des Capucines, and across the Place de l'Opéra, into the bourgeois stretches of the Boulevard des Italiens or into the sartorial splendors of the Rue de la Paix. And lest you forget, in all this cosmopolitan atmosphere, that you are an American citizen, glance up once in a while between sips of your coffee at the signs on the buildings across the boulevard: the Equitable Trust Company of New York, and Tiffany's, where you get your watch fixed.



But time and Cook wait for no man. I know, because I lingered so long over my coffee at Larue's that I missed the bus, and had to follow by taxi until I overtook my friends of the morning at the bronze doors of Sainte-Chapelle.

Even with my delayed start, I had seen enough for one day; and was content to dine quietly at the Griffon, a small, moderate-priced restaurant in the Rue d'Antin, where you get the best onion soup in Paris. There is a gentle gaiety about the Griffon which cheers without inebriating. Unless I am in Paris for a long time, I never dine at my hotel. Not that the food isn't good. The pension diet at even the smallest French hotels shames the *à la carte* service in all English hotels, and all save the best of the American ones. But so much of the real Paris is tied up in its restaurants that it is a shame to miss the best ones.

There are many other small eating places like the Griffon, well calculated to make you forget the fatigues of a sight-seeing day. Fouquet's on the Champs-Élysées is one of them. The tall head waiter with the solemn face makes the best simple salad I have ever eaten. L'Escargot on the Rue Montorgeuil, famous for the snails from which it takes its name, also caters to people—and moods—that prefer food to fox trots.

There are two Italian restaurants of high quality and moderate charges: Poccardi's on the Boule-

## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

vard des Italiens, a big, rambling place of many rooms (the one on the side street is best if not too crowded); and the Franco-Italien, at number five Avenue Matignon.

Across the river, in the Latin Quarter, the restaurants seldom achieve the happy medium which is characteristic of those I have just mentioned. I used to love the little restaurants in the quarter, but nowadays they are apt to be noisy and grubbily Bohemian like the Café de la Rotonde in the Boulevard du Montparnasse, or expensive and touristy like the latter-day Frederick's and Lapérouse—the former famous for its duck, the latter for its cellar. Foyot's, near the Luxembourg, is an exception to both rules and is ideal for a "tired" night. But so is Voisin's and any one of half a dozen other classic Paris rendezvous—if you feel like paying the Foyot and Voisin price. If you don't, the Griffon will do very well.

At the soup course, my impressions of the trip were a bit "hashy." But with the fish came a clearer vision of the true usefulness of a preliminary survey, a general examination of Paris' charms. Places, incidents, values emerged from the day's mélange. There were some things, allowed only five or ten minutes by Mr. Cook, to which I should like to devote a day; other things, looming large in every printed guide-book, which had proved on brief inspection to hold no further interest. The former

I resolved to revisit; but the latter I decided to avoid.

Thanks to Cook, I had seen everything I "had" to see in one day. Thanks to freedom from Cook, I could devote six leisurely days to doing the things I wanted to do in the way I wanted to do them. I didn't assume a fixed obligation or hurry to meet a fixed hour—which, if I may confide a little discovery of my own, is *the* way to enjoy life!

I have no defense to make of my choice of "sights." I don't suppose that the Louvre and Fontainebleau and Versailles and Notre Dame need any defense from any one—nor any description from me. For those who make the trip, there are guides without number; for those who don't, there are guide-books, fat ones compiled by learned gentlemen. Personally, I hate such books. But for those whose intelligence is equal to the perusal of such scholarly volumes it is a comfort to know that they exist.

Of course, I went back to the Louvre—many times and stood bareheaded and humble-hearted before the *Winged Victory*, the *Mona Lisa*, and the *Venus de Milo*. Let no over-sophisticated dabbler in modern art dissuade you from a worshipful hour with these masterpieces of the ages. The *Victory*, poised at the top of the main staircase; *Mona Lisa*, smiling inquiry as you approach her, invitation as you face her, and scorn as you leave her; *Venus*, in

## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

velvet loneliness at the end of a long corridor of sculptured beauty; no guide-book can exaggerate the importance, and no written words can express the loveliness of these three graces of the Louvre.

For the three days that I "wasted" doing things that aren't in any guide-book, I claim nothing that you wouldn't claim for similar experiences of your own choosing. They were what I wanted to do—and therefore they were eminently pleasing. Your choice would be different. If it weren't, there would be no use taking the preliminary trip with Cook. You might rather take a steamboat on the Seine than climb the Tower. It is entirely conceivable that you might prefer Château-Thierry to the boulevards; Rheims and the Hindenburg line to the races and the manikins.

But ———

*Please* do not fail to spend one morning in the Tuileries Gardens and the lower stretches of the Champs-Élysées watching the Paris babies and their blue-capped *bonnes*, the Paris lovers and their open-faced amours, the stamp market, the Punch and Judys, the ball games, the puppy dogs and the green grass.

Stand for a solemn moment by the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde. Remember what the Cook man told you about the guillotine standing there during the Revolution; about the two

thousand two hundred and forty-two people who were beheaded there; about the statues on the outskirts of the square, each one representing a great city of France; about the Hôtel Crillon where the American Peace Commission and Charlie Chaplin and other great comedians have stayed. Then forget all of these things.

Look back at the Garden of the Tuileries whence you came; at the green trees and greener grass, at the walks and benches and ponds and fountains, at the mighty Palace of the Louvre which fills the eastern sky. Look to the right across the Seine to the stern façade of the Chamber of Deputies, topped by the dome of Les Invalides, flanked on one side by the distant dome of the Panthéon, on the other by the slender heights of the Eiffel Tower. Look to the left, up the Rue Royale, to where the Madeleine stands in all its Grecian splendor. Look ahead, up the broad aisles of the Champs-Élysées, sweeping majestically through sunlit stretches to the Arc de Triomphe and the far horizon of the Bois.

Then, think a thought of the one man of modern times who thought in vistas, in distances; whose vagrant genius ruined Europe and is still its lasting pride—Napoleon Bonaparte, the living soul of the Paris that we know and love.

Tea-time along the boulevards, sunset from Sacré-Cœur, moonlight in the Bois, midnight on the Place de l'Opéra, daybreak at the markets—

## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

all of these occasions have their special charm. But give me Paris, as I last saw it, from the Tuileries in the golden illumination of the sun; the Champs-Èlysées, a long avenue of splendor emerging from the lacy elegance of the Tuileries Gardens and the jeweled beauty of the Place de la Concorde, and terminating in the magnificent stateliness of the Arch de Triomphe, the whole, one great lustrous pendant worn upon the city's breast!

And after Paris, the battle-fields? I suppose so. Although, on the principle that it is always darkest before the dawn, it might be wise to see devastated France first—and glorified France afterward!

Any tourist agency will take you—Cook, Raymond and Whitcomb, the American Express—much better than you can take yourself. The gentlemanly conductor will put you in your train for Rheims, find a place for you in the motor-car that will be waiting for you, and start you off on your pilgrimage.

The way leads through the battle-fields of the Champagne region, some of the best preserved in France, to Cernay and the Charlevaux Mill, where "The Lost Battalion" of our 77th Division fought for four days and lost seventy-five per cent. of its men. After that, the Argonne, the



American cemetery and Verdun. This is a full day.

Next morning, the car takes you on a tour of the Verdun forts, the headquarters of the Crown Prince at Montfaucon captured by the Americans, the comfortable dugout of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, Varennes, Beauséjour, and the Pompelle Fort, which was the chief defense of Rheims. It is possible, if you have the taste for it after what you have seen, to visit one of the famous champagne cellars before taking train once more for Paris.

Château-Thierry and the Marne are much nearer to Paris, and do not necessitate the long train ride. This time, Rheims is the objective, not the starting point. The automobile leaves Paris at nine in the morning. The first stop is Meaux, occupied by the Germans for a day or two at the top of their Paris offensive; then, Belleau Wood, now known officially as "The Wood of the American Marine Brigade"; thence, past Hill 204, through Vaux to Château-Thierry, the scene of America's dramatic entry into the Great War. Then come the Marne Valley, and the grave of Quentin Roosevelt at Chaméry; in the morning, Rheims and its shattered Cathedral, the Chemin des Dames and its long line of historic desolation; and after luncheon, Soissons and the return to Paris.

There is another day's trip—there always is with a tourist agency!—but why pile on the agony?



## PARIS AND THE BATTLE-FIELDS

To me, there is more of the tragedy of war in the faces on the boulevards than in the ruins at Rheims; more poignancy, more sentiment, more emotional excitement on the sidewalks in front of Marguery's than in the bare open spaces of Verdun!

# PARIS

| DAYS      | What I Did in the MORNING  | What I Did in the AFTERNOON  | What I Did in the EVENING  |
|-----------|--|--|--|
| MONDAY    | <i>Bought a ticket for a sight-seeing trip at Cook's, 2 Place de la Madeleine; cost, 25 francs (roughly \$1.25). Between 10:30 and 12:30, I saw half of Paris—comfortably, and under expert guidance.</i>                      | <i>Saw the other half of Paris—same method—same result—same (additional) cost. Two dollars and fifty cents splendidly invested!</i>  | <i>Went to bed.</i>  |
| TUESDAY   | <i>Walked from the Tuileries to the Bois de Boulogne—The concierge at your hotel will get you a taxi (they are almost as cheap as trolleys in America) and tell the driver where to take you to start.</i>                     | <i>Then, you do the rest—without expense, guidance or hindrance. You will remember enough of what Mr. Cook told you the day before to make every step of the trip memorable.</i>                                 | <i>Stayed in the Bois—dining, dancing in the open air. Don't worry about getting home. There are taxis.</i>                |
| WEDNESDAY | <i>Went to Fontainebleau by "saloon motor-car de luxe," starting from the Madeleine (like the Paris trips) and costing \$4.00 for the day's pleasure. A beautiful ride through the historic Forest of Fontainebleau.</i>       | <i>Visited the Palace—the court where Napoleon bade farewell to his guards, the apartments of the Emperor, of Marie Antoinette, and of Madame de Maintenon. Back to the Madeleine before six.</i>                | <i>Went to the Folies Bergères—best of the French girl shows, half as good as a Shubert road show and twice as vulgar.</i> |
| THURSDAY  | <i>Climbed the Eiffel Tower—by elevator, thank the Lord!—for the most comprehensive view of Paris. You will recognize, or a Tower guide for a franc or two will point out, most of the places you visited the first day.</i>   | <i>Loafed along the Boulevards—Your afternoon's pleasure is strictly up to you. After lunching near the Opéra, find the Boulevard des Italiens, and keep going.</i>  | <i>Bought a cheap ticket to the opera—stayed one act to see the house—and went home to rest up.</i>                        |
| FRIDAY    | <i>Did the Louvre—the finest art museum in the world. I spent most of my time at the foot of the Grand Staircase thrilling to the Winged Victory; but in a morning, a guide can show you all the more famous masterpieces.</i> | <i>Did the Luxembourg—this museum in the Latin Quarter is to modern art what the Louvre is to ancient. The Luxembourg Garden is as notable as the palace itself. Don't miss the fruit growing in paper bags!</i> | <i>Rested in the Bois. Friday is Gala Night at Pré Catelan—a fine dinner and a beautiful spectacle.</i>                    |

# What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS   | Just a Few Odd REMARKS  | About COSTS  |
|--|---|--|
| <p>Luncheon at Larue's, Rue de la Vierge, opposite Cook's. Good. Expensive.</p> <p>Dinner at Griffon, Rue d'Antin. Quiet. Big food. Moderate prices.</p> <p>Nil breakfasts—at hotel.</p>   | <p>Don't scorn the rubberneck wagons. They provide the only sane way to get an adequate background.</p>   | <p>The figures in this column depend almost wholly on where you sleep and eat. The fixed expenses for taxis, motor trips, museum admissions—everything except food and shelter—total less than \$20.00 for the week. The richest man in the world could pay no more!</p> |
| <p>Luncheon at Fouquet's, tables on sidewalk, wonderful food. Half-way up the Champs-Élysées, on the left.</p> <p>Dinner at Armenonville in the Bois.</p>                                  | <p>You need neither guide nor guide-book after your day on the wagon; but a street map (free at any tourist agency) feels good in the pocket.</p>                         | <p>If you eat at the restaurants where I ate; if you do Montmartre in the most expensive way; and live at the first-class hotel of the "Continental" or "Westminster" type—you will add about \$130.00 to your cost, making your week cost you \$150.00.</p>             |
| <p>Luncheon at Hôtel de France d'Angleterre opposite the palace at Fontainebleau—a French country inn.</p> <p>Dinner at Viel's, a jolly little place on the Boulevard de la Madeleine.</p> | <p>In the crowded season you should book your seats for all these drives well in advance. Raymond &amp; Whitcomb, Rue de Castiglione, is just as good as Cook.</p>        | <p>If you live in a more moderate-priced hotel and eat most of your meals there—say, at the "France et Choiseul" or "Louvois"—you can see everything and be very comfortable for less than half the money—about \$70.00 from train to train.</p>                         |
| <p>Luncheon at Café Marguery, 4 Boulevard de Bonne Nouvelle. Coffee on the sidewalk. For luncheon, try Sole Marguery.</p> <p>Dinner at Café de la Paix—opposite Opéra House.</p>           | <p>You don't get tired walking in Paris if you sit down often enough in front of the cafés. A franc's worth of coffee is good for an hour's rest.</p>                     | <p>If you live at a small hotel, eat all your meals there or at the little <i>bouillons</i> which flourish everywhere under the names "Duval," "Bouillant," and "Chartier," you can have your Paris week under \$50.00.</p>  |
| <p>Luncheon at Foyot's, 33 Rue de Tournon, near the Luxembourg, small and restful, but de luxe.</p> <p>Dinner at Pré Catelan, the best summer eating place in Paris.</p>                   | <p>This is your hardest day, but the Bois will rest you, and to-morrow is easy. Moreover, you'll never regret making friends with Mona Lisa, Niké, and Venus de Milo.</p> |  |

# PARIS

| DAYS        | What I Did in the MORNING  | What I Did in the AFTERNOON  | What I Did in the EVENING  |
|-------------|--|--|--|
| SATURDAY    | <i>Devoted the day to frivolity. Don't forget that the dressmaking establishments of the Rue de la Paix, Rue Royale, and Champs-Élysées are as typical of Paris as its churches and monuments. The big houses show their models at 10:30 and 3:00.</i>   | <i>They also show them unofficially at the race courses in the Bois. The Paris Herald or Tribune will tell you where the races are being run—and any taxi driver can take you there. The races aren't much, but the crowd is great fun..</i> | <i>Dined about 9 o'clock at Ciro's, Rue Danou—and then Montmartre. The best places to go change from week to week. Ask the head-waiters—they know.</i> |
| SUNDAY      | <i>Slept late—and then to Notre Dame, the most famous church in France. If you haven't time for this Sunday visit to Notre Dame, step into the Madeleine a moment before the 11 o'clock bus for Versailles.</i>  | <i>Motored—again in one of Mr. Cook's super-touring cars—to Malmaison, the residence of the Empress Josephine, and to Versailles. Back to the Madeleine before six. \$2.75.</i>  | <i>Listened a while to wonderful Russian music—and then home to make up sleep, and dream of a happy week.</i>  |
| AND GENERAL | <p><i>When you arrive at a Paris station, stick your head out of the window; yell "Porter" (with the emphasis on the "ter"); hand your suit-case through the window; say "Taxi"; and follow your bag. Hold your R. R. ticket in one hand and the name of your hotel in the other. Give the ticket up at the gate. Show the address to the taxi driver. Give the porter ten cents a bag. Don't bother about your trunk. Give your checks to the concierge at your hotel, who will also pay your taxi for you. This gentleman gets a tip any-</i></p> <p><i>how, when you leave, so he may as well earn it. If you have any trouble at the station, which you won't, ask the man with "Cook's" or "American Express" on his hat. It's his business to help you.</i></p> <p><i>About hotels:</i> There are so many good ones and all of them except the very swellest are, according to American standards, so cheap, that you are safe in going to any house recommended by friends or reliable tourist agencies. The main thing is to engage rooms in ad-</p> |  |  |

## THE BATTLE-FIELDS

Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood and Rheims can be done by train and automobile in one day; the Chemin des Dames and the Hindenburg Line in one day; Verdun in one day. A good job on Champagne and the Argonne takes two. Ypres is too far away to be done comfortably from Paris; it should be reached from Brussels or Ostend or Ghent. The other trips are best made from Paris. And they are best made under the expert guidance of tourist agencies. There is no such thing as seeing the devas-

## What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS  | Just a Few Odd REMARKS  | About COSTS   |
|---|---|---|
| <p><i>...cheon at the Café Lau-<br/>... under the trees of the<br/>...mpe-Élysées.</i></p> <p><i>... at Château Madrid in<br/>Bois—a hearty meal in<br/>...paration for a late din-<br/>... and a hard night.</i></p> | <p><i>You'll be up all night any-<br/>how, so stop for a few min-<br/>utes at the markets—where<br/>all Paris buys its food. Any<br/>time after 4 A. M.</i></p>                                     | <p>Seven days in Paris—</p> <p style="text-align: center;">* \$50.00<br/>—or—<br/>\$70.00<br/>—or—<br/>\$150.00</p> |
| <p><i>...cheon at Trianon Palace<br/>...el, Versailles—costly but<br/>...tiful.</i></p> <p><i>...ner—the last in Paris<br/>...time!—at Au Caneton,<br/>...e de la Bourse.</i></p>                                     | <p><i>Paris is different from any<br/>other city in the world.<br/>Paris is—well, Paris is Paris.</i></p> <p>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and im-<br/>possible to guarantee.</p> |   |

...nce; and to agree on a fixed price for  
...om and one, two, or three meals—as you  
...sh.

*...out tips—10% when you leave. Most  
...tels will distribute this sum for you.  
...me automatically put it on the bill.  
...n't pay twice! The same rule applies  
...restaurants. If you drink wine or bot-  
...d water, shave your waiter's tip a franc,  
...d give it to the wine boy. Drink ordi-  
...ry water in Europe at your own risk.*

*Mondays in Paris are off days. Most  
public buildings and some stores are  
closed all or part of the day.*

*Taxi everywhere—it is far cheaper than  
shoe leather. The meters are like ours  
only in francs instead of dollars. The  
driver gets the odd centimes as a tip.*

*When you leave, have the hotel get your  
ticket, check your trunk, and call your  
taxi. Don't hurry. Don't worry. Re-  
member, this is Paris!*

## See "Devastated France" Travelchart

...ated region intelligently by yourself. A day may be saved by dividing  
...ne work into two two-day trips and one one-day trip; if you don't care  
...or the Somme, the one-day trip can be eliminated. In short, you can  
...ee everything that the Americans did and familiarize yourself with  
...heims, Soissons, Verdun and the Marne in two trips of two days each  
...t a cost of about *forty dollars*.

# DEVASTATED FRANCE--in Four Days

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## IN THE MORNING

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Go to the Main Hall of the *Gare de l'Est* 30 minutes before train time. (You have previously booked your passage with one of the principal tourist agencies. Raymond and Whitcomb, rue Castiglione, American Express, rue Scribe, and Cook's, Place Madeleine, all run excellent trips with slightly varying itineraries. This is Cook's.) The tourist man puts you on the train for *Rheims*; and there, in the automobile, the morning's run is through the *Champagne Country* via *Cernay*, near where "The Lost Battalion" fought, into the *Argonne Forest*.

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In the morning, *Verdun* and the famous *Forts*. Large sections of the city are still in ruins; and the surrounding hills, though greener than they were at the end of the war, are treeless evidences of the heaviest fighting the world has ever known. You cross the *Meuse* and proceed by way of *Charny* and *Esnes* to *Montfaucon*, headquarters of the Crown Prince captured by the Americans; thence to *Cheppy*, *Verennes* and the *Gury Wood*, where Rupprecht's dugout is still visible; and finally to *Vienne le Château* for luncheon.

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No bothering with trains the next two days. The automobile leaves the office of the tourist company in Paris at 9 o'clock; passes through *Claye* and *Meaux*, "near points" of the 1914 offensive, to *Trilport*, *La Ferté-sous-Jouarre* and *Belleau Wood*; from "The Wood of the American Marine Brigade" to *Bouresches*, past *Hill 204*, through *Vaux* to *Château-Thierry*, where the American troops triumphantly entered the war.

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After a night in *Rheims*, the party visits the *Cathedral* and views the other ruins before starting on the long ride along the *Chemin des Dames*, scene of the fierce battles of 1917, in which the Germans were finally pushed back across the *Ailette*. Desolation is on every hand: *Craonne*, *Craonelle*, *Malmaison Fort*, *Lattaux Mill*, and, finally, *Soissons*. You will never forget the utter grimness of the *Chemin des Dames*.

*A fifth day spent in the region of The Somme would make your survey of Devastated France a complete one and would give some idea of the operations on the British Front, but it would add little to your general impression*



## Total Cost, About \$40

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### IN THE AFTERNOON

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After a very good luncheon, which is included in your ticket for the trip, the car takes the famous road through the *Forest to Carpentry* and *Romagne*; here is the largest American cemetery in France, containing the graves of 14,000 men; then on through *Brieulles* and *Conseuveys* along the *River Meuse* to *Verdun*. Here the tourist company feeds you again and puts you up for the night.

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The afternoon is spent in parts of the Champagne Country which show the effects of bombardment as tragically as any section of the devastated region. *Massiges, Beauséjour, Mesnil, Perthes-les-Hurlus* and *Souain* are masses of ruins. The surrounding country silent and uninhabited. The route follows the old *Roman Road* from *St.-Hilaire-le-Grand*, past the *Pompelle Fort*, to *Rheims*. A peep into a Champagne cellar—and the train to *Paris*.

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After luncheon at *Château-Thierry* and a visit to "The American War Memorial," the rest of the day is spent in the Valley of the Marne, every mile of which contains reminders of the two decisive Marne battles. The road stays in the valley as far as *Jaulgonne*, then through *Le Charmel, Cierges* and *Chaméry*. Here is the grave of *Quentin Roosevelt*.

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In historic *Soissons*, you are close to the culminating point of the trip through the War Zone. The road back to *Paris* leads through *Vic-sur-Aisne* and *Rethondes* to the clearing in the *Forest of Compiègne* where the 1918 armistice was signed; thence, through the town of *Compiègne*, via *Verberie* and *Senlis* to *Paris*, and the end of four hard days!

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of the *Battle-fields*. The route is via *Amiens*; the start at *Gare du Nord*; the price, \$11.00. The journey is worth while if you have the time, just for the Cathedral at *Amiens*—the noblest Gothic structure in the world!





## CHAPTER IV

### FRANCE—ON FIVE DOLLARS A DAY

THEY say it can't be done. Time was, "they" will tell you, when all you had to do was to figure up on your fingers the exact number of days that you could be away from the old desk, multiply the resulting number by five, and, presto! you had your European budget. But now, the high cost of tipping and riding and eating and sleeping is supposed to have eliminated the five-dollar bill as the daily unit of European traveling expense. "They" are wrong. I know because I did it for less. I did Paris and the Château Country and Provence for four dollars and eighty-two cents a day.

I didn't sleep at the Ritz, or tea every afternoon at Rumpelmayer's, or dine every night at Ciro's, or lunch every day at the restaurants in the Bois. But, in fifty-two days in France, I never had a really poor meal, and in fifty-two nights, I never knew an uncomfortable bed.

We landed at Cherbourg too late to get to Paris before midnight, so I determined to stay overnight at the attractive little hotel by the sea. To many, this would seem a deed of real heroism—to be so near to Paris and to sleep in Cherbourg—but to me

it was the thing I most wished to do. At home I lived in a big city. For a week at sea I had endured the crowded life of a floating apartment-house. I was glad to sit by my window in the quiet old inn, and get new impressions of French life from the fat little children playing on the rocks, and the barelegged fisher-folk digging for shell food in the muddy stretches laid bare by the tide.

Of course, I didn't stay in Cherbourg all summer. No American does that sort of thing anywhere in Europe. There is always the mad scramble to see it all at one time; although statistics show that once a person becomes a transatlantic traveler, he is always one, and that the only way to keep from going to Europe the rest of your life is not to go at all. Anyhow, I went to Paris; and stayed there eight days to my great edification and joy.

There were, however, many other places to which I might have gone from Cherbourg; and to which I have gone on other occasions. To the north, along the Channel coast, lie the famous summer resorts of Europe. Deauville, with its low white casino, its green gabled hotel, its cafés, its race course, its orange-tented beach; Trouville, its humbler and homelier neighbor, where it is possible to do the same things and see the same things for less than half the money; Cabourg, a delightful, sun-bathed resort, half-way between Deauville and Trouville in expense and charm; Houlgate, a simple seaside

## FRANCE—ON FIVE DOLLARS A DAY

place, where children grow fat and rosy under the Norman sun; and far beyond, the intriguing Channel resorts,—Le Touquet, Étretat, Lierpe and Boulogne—the choicest spots in summertime France.

At Dives, not far from Cabourg, is the Inn of William the Conqueror, where the Norman king spent the night before his historic trip to England. Back of the seaside resorts is the picturesque Norman country, culminating in the cathedral city of Rouen. A whole summer might be spent to excellent advantage exploring this wholly interesting country. Elsewhere, there is a chapter telling how to do it. But I could hardly recommend it as a week's beginning of a more comprehensive tour of France. The communications along the seacoast are very sketchy, and annoyingly slow for any one who has neither patience nor time. For the wanderer, Normandy is paradise. For the tripper, it is quite the opposite!

To the south of Cherbourg is Brittany, Normandy's rival in vacation picturesqueness. Because of its location, it is a more practical region to include in a month's journey through France. A fair enough train takes the traveler from Cherbourg southward to Pontorson, St. Malo, and Dinard. From St. Malo, it is an easy trip into the interior of Brittany as far as St. Briec, and back along the South Coast to Nantes. From Nantes, it is but a short jump to Tours, where the trip through the bal-

ance of the Château Country and Provence may be accomplished in the same manner as if the traveler had come from Paris through Blois and Orleans.

Railroad travel in Brittany is, on the whole, more satisfactory than in Normandy. The places of leading interest are more readily accessible. And more can be seen in a limited time. But, personally, I should not try to tack either Brittany or Normandy on to the month's trip through the other picturesque sections of France. The same length of time spent in Paris, either at the beginning or the end of the long swing around the French circle, provides more contrast and variety—and, if needed, more rest.

Paris in a paragraph! Now, indeed, we have something that can't be done. In the little shops along the Rue de Rivoli, are practical books that tell you how to see Paris in four days, a week, a month. In "Paris and the Battle-fields" I tell you how I did it in a week. The big tourist agencies will bundle you into a rubberneck wagon, and show you Paris in a day. But Paris is so wonderful, her charms are of such infinite variety, that it is impossible to cram even an hour of Paris sight-seeing into any one book. Paris is the city of secrets, the capital of the kingdom of romance. But it won't do to linger all summer on the boulevards any more than by the sea—not if we are to do justice to the Château Country and old Provence.

The center of the Château Country proper is the

city of Tours, a thriving French town, interesting for its modern as well as its ancient activities. Tours, during the war, was as busy as Chicago and nearly as American. It served as headquarters for our famous Service of Supply, which included the Quartermaster's and the Ordnance Departments; and at times it housed within the confines of its immediate neighborhood as many American soldiers as there were at the actual front. For this reason, as well as because it is the largest and most central city in the Château region, Tours will prove the most interesting and useful place from which to see the neighboring country.

There is, however, nothing in France south of Paris so quaintly intriguing as the old Roman cities of Provence. I loved the castles of Touraine; I enjoyed, as any pleasure seeker would, the luxurious comforts of Biarritz and Aix-les-Bains; but the real gems of the trip are Avignon and Nîmes and Arles and Carcassonne.

Avignon enjoys the double distinction of a good inn and an illustrious history. The former, which you enter under an archway into a courtyard banked with flowers, is the Hôtel de l'Europe. The latter—the town's historical importance—is connected with the temporary residence there of the Popes. Here is the famous Pope's Palace, a building that is to me more strong than beautiful; the engaging bridge of St. Benet; the square-towered

Cathedral; and the Church of St. Pierre de Luxembourg, the infant prodigy of religious history who became a cardinal at the age of fourteen.

Nîmes is not so engrossing, although well worth a short visit, if only for the Fountains (a species of Roman baths), the old Arena, which seated "twenty-two thousand people and was the Yale Bowl of its day," and the famous Maison Carrée from which the Church of the Madeleine in Paris is faithfully copied. These, and the Temple of Diana, near the Fountains, are jolly relics of a glorious past. But Nîmes' greatest attraction is not in the city itself, but out Remoulins way. The Pont du Gard is one of the great wonders of the world: a Roman aqueduct, one hundred and eighty feet above the river which it spans, built of huge blocks which have stuck together without mortar for two thousand years, a majestic monument to Roman thoroughness.

Arles is more satisfying even than Avignon or Nîmes, not because its history is so notable or its relics so faithfully retained, but because the whole town is more as it must have been in the ancient days. Arles is all old. It even smells old, awfully old! Nîmes and Avignon thrive. Arles refuses to. There is the Roman Arena, big enough to seat the population of Arles twice over; the Greek theater, in which very creditable outdoor performances are still given; and the famous Romanesque Cathedral



of St. Trophine, with its well-preserved cloisters, in many ways the most satisfactory piece of ecclesiastical architecture in southern France.

But none of these things is so fine, so utterly alive with the dead, as the walled town of Carcassonne. Seen from the road, the old city lies along the crest of a gently rising hill, its ancient battlements gleaming in the Provençal sunlight, riding at anchor, for all the world like a low gray battleship in a grass-green sea. Carcassonne seems even older than Arles, and smellier, and more thoroughly satisfying—for Carcassonne, though not strictly in Provence, *is* Provence!

After these jewels of the Pyrenees, there is nothing equally notable until we once again reach Paris, unless it be the view of Mont Blanc from Chamonix. On the chart, I have indicated an immediate return from the latter place to Paris and the boat; but do not think that this suggestion is based on anything but economy. When I reached Chamonix, France had not run out of sights, but I had run out of money; at least, I had just enough francs left, out of the two hundred and fifty dollars which I had planned to spend in France, to reach the Atlantic by the shortest distance and in the shortest time. An additional breakfast would have wrecked my solvency!

## “FRANCE---on Five Dollars a Day”

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | Where I Lived   | What It Cost Me   |
|--|---|---|
| CHERBOURG<br><i>One night</i>            | HÔTEL DU CASINO<br>Good and Frenchy.  | \$3.00 for dinner, bed and<br>breakfast.  |
| PARIS<br><i>Eight nights</i>             | See story.  | See story.  |
| BLOIS<br><i>Two nights</i>               | HÔTEL DE FRANCE<br>Only fair—Hôtel du Châ-<br>teau said to be better.                               | \$3.00 room and board.  |
| AMBOISE<br><i>Five hours</i>             | There is a small restaurant<br>on street running south from<br>the Château, where lunch is<br>good. | \$ .75 for luncheon.  |
| TOURS<br><i>Three nights</i>             | HÔTEL D'UNIVERS<br>A very good, plain hotel.  | \$3.50 for everything except<br>luncheons on motor trips<br>through the Château Coun-<br>try, which usually cost \$1.00<br>—and were very good. |
| BIARRITZ<br><i>Three nights</i>          | HÔTEL DU ROND POINT<br>Excellent.   | \$3.00 room and board.  |
| EAUX-BONNES<br><i>Four nights</i>        | HÔTEL VICTORIA<br>Plain but comfortable.  | \$2.00—everything.  |
| CAUTERETS<br><i>Three nights</i>         | HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE<br>Rather expensive.   | \$3.50 the cheapest rate.   |
| LOURDES<br><i>One night</i>              | HÔTEL DE LA GROTTÉ<br>Very good.  | \$3.00 for dinner, room and<br>breakfast.   |
| LUCHON<br><i>Five nights</i>             | HÔTEL DE LA POSTE<br>Good.  | \$2.50 a day.   |
| AIX-LES-THERMES<br><i>One night</i>      | HÔTEL DE FRANCE<br>Good.  | \$2.00 for dinner, bed and<br>breakfast.  |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| The Best Way to See the Sights   | Just a Few Other Things  | The Next Stop<br><i>How Far and How Much</i>  |
|--|--|---|
| Just walk around the town.   | White linen sheets and garlands of flowers lined the streets in honor of the Procession of Corpus Christi.   | <i>To Paris:</i> 6½ hours by train. Fare on train, 2nd class, \$4.00. Best railroad meal I ever ate, \$ .75.  |
| See Story.   | See Story.   | <i>To Blois:</i> 3 hours by train. I stopped over a train at Orléans to see the Cathedral.  |
| We walked to the Château of Blois to see the Pottery—the latter a good, stiff walk. A motor leaves daily at 1 o'clock for the Château of Chambord—round trip \$1.00.   | Don't miss the spiral staircase at the Château of Bois, cunningly arranged so that two persons on the same errand do not meet—a typical French device.   | <i>To Amboise:</i> 1 hour by train. The railroad fares are the same all over France. Most of the roads owned by the government. I always traveled second class. |
| The beautiful Château is very central. Don't miss the Leonardo da Vinci Chapel.  | This is the scene of the great massacre. Mary, Queen of Scots, fainted at the thought—but you won't!   | <i>To Tours:</i> 1 hour by train. For \$3.00 you can go by private motor to Chenonceaux, 2½ hours round trip.   |
| The Cathedral is reached easily on foot, but visits to near-by towns require motors, which are furnished economically by the railroads as sort of an auxiliary jitney service. You can go by train if you prefer. All day motor trips cost \$3.00. | This city was the American base of supplies throughout the war. Everywhere in the surrounding country are marks of the American occupation. The city isn't much itself—there are some old tombs and old glass—but it is the best place from which to visit the neighboring châteaux. | <i>To Biarritz:</i> 12 hours by train. A long hard trip, however you make it.   |
| The Casino is the center of the gay life of the watering place. Concerts and dancing nightly.  | The Palace Hôtel was formerly the home of the Empress Eugénie. It was King Edward's favorite hotel.  | <i>To Eaux-Bonnes:</i> All day trip by motor. Avoid poor luncheon at St. Jean Pied du Port. Take yours with you.  |
| Baths, Casino, wonderful walks.  | An ideal place for a weekend.  | <i>To Caunterets:</i> Half-day by motor—one of the finest rides in Pyrenees.  |
| Take inclined railroad to Raillière; carriage to the Spanish borders and motor to Gavarnie. Many beautiful walks.  | A gay place with shops, cinemas, theaters, a casino, and a famous confection, "Berlingots."  | <i>To Lourdes:</i> Leave about 12:30 by train arriving at 3 P.M. Wire ahead for seat in auto car to Luchon next day.  |
| Trolley car to church and Grotto. A short train trip to Pau. On way to Luchon you see Bigorre.   | Arrange visit if possible to take in a pilgrimage. Be sure to see evening procession with flambeaux.   | <i>To Luchon:</i> by auto car stopping at Bigorre for lunch.  |
| "Gem of the Pyrenees"—Beautiful walks. Golf course. Casino in Park. Theaters. Cinemas, many hotels.  | A good place for a long stay. I hated to leave, but the ride to Aix is superb!   | <i>To Aix-les-Thermes:</i> By auto car. Some of the finest views in the Pyrenees. Got a bad lunch at St. Giron.   |
| Interesting little town. American Y.M.C.A. here during War. Sulphur water abundant.  | Baths, Casino, and all that sort of thing, but on small scale.   | <i>To Carcassonne:</i> By motor, a long day's trip, costing about \$6.00.   |

## "FRANCE---on Five Dollars a Day"

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed  | Where I Lived   | What It Cost Me   |
|---|---|---|
| <b>CARCASSONNE</b><br><i>One night</i>    | <b>HÔTEL DE LA CITE</b><br>Excellent hôtel, situated in the old cité—by far the best place to stay. | \$5.75 for dinner, bed, breakfast and lunch. Well worth the money.  |
| <b>NIMES</b><br><i>Two nights</i>         | <b>CHEVAL BLANC</b><br>Good.  | \$2.00 a day.   |
| <b>ARLES</b><br><i>Two nights</i>         | <b>HÔTEL DU NORD</b><br>Excellent.  | \$3.00 including everything.  |
| <b>AVIGNON</b><br><i>One night</i>        | <b>HÔTEL D'EUROPE</b><br>Comfortable old inn.   | \$3.50 for dinner, bed and breakfast.   |
| <b>GRENOBLE</b><br><i>Four nights</i>     | <b>LE GRAND HÔTEL</b><br>An excellent hotel with a delightful garden.                               | \$2.50 a day for a good room and three very good meals.   |
| <b>AIX-LES-BAINS</b><br><i>Two nights</i> | <b>HÔTEL BEAU SITE</b><br>The name is right.  | \$4.00—and worth it.  |
| <b>ANNECY</b><br><i>One night</i>         | <b>HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE</b><br>Only fair.   | \$3.00—Dinner, bed and breakfast.   |
| <b>CHAMONIX</b><br><i>One night</i>       | <b>HÔTEL COUTTET</b><br>Couldn't be better.   | \$3.50 for dinner, bed and breakfast.<br>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee. |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| The Best Way to See the Sights   | Just a Few Other Things  | The Next Stop<br><i>How Far and How Much</i>   |
|--|--|--|
| Carcassonne was the most strongly fortified town of the Middle Ages. The old walls and ramparts have been wonderfully restored by Violette le Duc. From the open road, it is the most picturesque town in the world. Inside, it is a bit smelly. | The Rockefeller Foundation has done a splendid work here in the fight on tuberculosis.   | <i>To Nîmes:</i> By train in 2½ hours—about \$2.50.  |
| Walk to the Roman baths and the Fountains. Remou-lins is best done from here—by train and bus for \$ .60, by private motor for \$3.20.   | Ask for room on front of house facing old Arena. Actors from Comédie Française did a play in the Arena while I was there.  | <i>To Arles:</i> By train, about 1½ hours. Stop off at <i>Tarascon</i> for luncheon, \$ .50 at the station and very good. <i>Tarascon</i> is King René's town.   |
| Motor to Les Beaux, stopping at Montmajor. Walk to the Mistral Cathedral, old Roman Forum, Arena, Catacombs, etc. The hotel is built over the Catacombs.   | Arles is noted for its beautiful women, but I didn't see any. It is the most typical town in Provence—and the smelliest. By no means, however, should you miss it. | <i>To Avignon:</i> By train in about one hour—less than \$ .40.  |
| Pope's Palace, church, park, museum—all within easy walking distance.  | The Pope's Palace is open only at certain hours.   | <i>To Grenoble:</i> By train via Valence — six hours — 2nd class fare, \$2.50.   |
| Grenoble, a city of 80,000 people, is a welcome change from the rather primitive Château towns. There is a University with excellent courses.  | This is a great glove town—the industry dating back to the Middle Ages.  | <i>To Aix-les-Bains, Annecy, and Chamonix:</i> By auto car \$5.00 for the entire trip. Allow one day to get to Aix, stopping 2 or 3 hours at the <i>Grand Chartreuse</i> . Two hours from Aix to Annecy. Another day from Annecy to Chamonix. From there by night train to <i>Paris</i> and, if you have any money left, by motor through Normandy, to <i>Havre</i> —and <i>HOME</i> . |
| A famous watering place that lives up to its reputation. Gaiety vies with cures of this beautiful resort.  | The hotel housed four hundred and fifty American soldiers on leave during the war.   |  |
| A beautiful old town with an interesting prison and a more interesting lake.   | Good for a longer stay.  |  |
| Chamonix is filled with very cosmopolitan visitors. Mer de Glace may be reached by train.  | Be sure to ask for a room with a view of Mont Blanc. The view is free!   | Total cost \$252.00.   |





## CHAPTER V

### NORMANDY IN A BATHING SUIT

#### *A Month along the Channel Coast from Flanders to the Seine*

BETWEEN Ostend and Deauville, along the coasts of Flanders and Normandy, are fifty or more seashore pleasure resorts—each with the making of an ideal summer holiday. All of these places are connected by more or less regular means of transportation with Paris; the more important ones by fast express service on the main lines of the French railways. Many of them are connected with London by boat and train. But only a few of them are connected with each other! Thousands of pleasure-seekers have been from Paris to Deauville or from Paris to Ostend. Three hours suffice for either trip. But no one—so far as I know—has ever been from Ostend to Deauville by the long white line of pleasure which is the Norman coast. At least no one ever *had* been—until I took the trip in the summer of 1923.

The French railways are different from ours. One way is the feature which I have just described: The lines are arranged on the star system with Paris the center of the star. Another way is that



the trains never run anywhere you want to go. The early French railroad pioneers were very original folk. They loved tunnels, so they sent their trains wherever the tunnels were, instead of where the main centers of population happened to be. The railroad builders of Belgium became so jealous over the French tunnels and so low in their minds because they didn't have any of their own, that they actually shoveled enough dirt across the main line between Brussels and Paris to make a hill—and consequently a tunnel! Still a third point of difference between the French roads and ours is that if, by any chance, they actually do go to the place you wish to visit, they conceal the fact by giving the town a second, or "railroad," name.

If, for instance, you are taking your summer holiday in the conventional way at, say, Le Touquet, you go through some such experience as this:

"If you please," you say to the man who glowers out of the window in the Paris station, "I want to go to Le Touquet."

"Oh," says he, "you want to go to Étaples."

You assure him that you not only do not wish to go to Étaples, but that you never heard of the place.

"But at Étaples," he replies by way of repartee, "you can get a tram to Paris-Plage."

"But," you shout, "I'm not going to Paris-Plage."

## NORMANDY IN A BATHING SUIT

"Yes, you are!" With a triumphant gesture, he flings you a yellow ticket with four stamps on it. "See, monsieur, Paris-Plage—that's the railroad name for Le Touquet!"

I tell you these little things about the French railways so that you won't be surprised, after looking at the map, to find that whereas you can go from Paris to Ostend or to the neighboring French town of Dunkirk in less than three hours, it takes you more than two to go across the line from Ostend to Dunkirk. To some, this leisureliness might be a great impediment to the coast-line trip. For them I recommend the confusion and the bustle of the main-line travel. But for those who do not care how slowly they go so long as they are in the fields of Flanders and upon the slopes of Normandy—through the most picturesque and historic country in Eastern Europe—the slow, rambling local trains, the intermittent bus lines and the leisurely trams are a continuing treat.

I didn't go to all of the resorts along the coast—it would have taken all summer to make the rounds—but I did go to sixteen of them. And of the sixteen, I would place Ostend certainly in the first four. Ostend has everything which a beach resort should have, including a beach! And it has many other things which appeal to the American visitor. It is itself a monument of the War. For four years, air raids and sea attacks menaced the very

existence of the famous old resort. Even now, here and there along the gay water-front, are neatly painted, freshly built front walls to houses which no longer exist.

On the neighboring battle-field of Ypres, the Belgian nation still exhibits its wounds; but at Ostend it hides them behind painted façades of gaiety and pleasure. Yes, there is everything to intrigue the sentimental visitor in this thin line of bravely shining buildings which stand between Flanders and the sea!

And then, near Ostend, there is Zeebrugge, where the wreck of a German submarine base and the riddled hull of Britain's noble *Vindictive* bring back memories of now happily departed times; and Ypres, whose ruins still stand in glory. You don't have to see these things, if you don't wish to; you can spend four happy days on Ostend's smiling sands; four happy evenings in the gay life of her Casino; four safe, comfortable nights in one of the best resort hotels in the world. At Ostend, you can forget the war—or you can see as much devastation as you would see in the long sad journey from Paris to the Ruhr. And, afterward, you can run up to untouched Bruges, the most beautiful of European towns—and in the glorious view from the famous Belfry, forget that there ever was such an ugly thing as war.

Dunkirk and Calais, for all their historic and com-

mercial importance, are much less interesting than Ostend; but Boulogne is one of the most beautiful resorts on the whole coast; above, the ramparts and belfry of the old thirteenth-century town; below, the shiny white Casino and the long low piers of commerce and pleasure. The Upper Town at Boulogne is a vivid contrast to the bustling atmosphere of Calais on the one side and the comfortable charm of Le Touquet on the other.

There are two ways to do Boulogne properly. One is to stay at one of the very fair beach-front hotels in the city itself; the other is to hike out to beautiful Wimereux, where there is another of those "best" hotels which add so much to the comfort of a month on the Normandy Coast. Personally, I prefer Wimereux. But, with Le Touquet just ahead, nothing else in life is especially important.

There may be more beautiful seaside places than Le Touquet, just as there may be more beautiful stones than pearls, but if so, man has not discovered them. In fact, man had not even discovered Le Touquet to any considerable extent until about five years ago, when the Prince of Wales put the watering place on the social map. The Prince is always doing something for humanity. There is something about that young man that will carry him far. First thing you know, he'll be King of England!

The hotel where I stayed is directly on the shore. At low tide, the beach stretches far out to sea. There is nothing about the white sand and blue water to distinguish the landscape from the Jersey shore or the beach at Coronado. But that is only one part of Le Touquet's charm. Three minutes from the beach is a pine forest dotted here and there with lovely villas and threaded with fragrant paths.

In the center of this sylvan scene is the gambling Casino. Here is one of the many sharp contrasts of Le Touquet: eager excited men and women watching a small red ball fall into the wrong hole, when they might be out on the near-by golf links putting a small white one into the right hole. If you expect to enjoy summer-resort life in Europe—or winter-resort either—you must learn to treat the Casino as an inevitable part of every seascape. But then, you don't have to go inside the Casino, unless you go to dance or listen to the music or get a bite to eat.

At tea-time the Casino gardens present such a gay and charming picture that you forget the gambling rooms inside. On my last day there, I overheard this conversation.

"I didn't want to come," said the girl, an American of apparently twenty-two or twenty-three. "Le Touquet sounded like a game you might play on the grass."

## NORMANDY IN A BATHING SUIT

"With a fez on your head?" suggested her male companion.

"Yes; but now," she hesitated, "now, I think Le Touquet must be French for enchantment!"

Dieppe suffers in comparison, because, like Boulogne, it is a busy city as well as a delightful resort. But it has the advantages of its faults, being a center for delightful excursions and a good place to do your necessary shopping. (I should advise doing your unnecessary shopping a little later—perhaps at Deauville.) The things I shall always remember about Dieppe are the wide strip of green grass between the town and the beach—a relief to the eye after a series of sandy shores—and the personally important fact that I was nearly drowned in the Channel undertow.

The outgoing tide all along the Norman shore is strong and rapacious. It is no worse at Dieppe than it is at Le Touquet or Deauville or Cabourg, but it just happened to get me. I swam for all I was worth in arm-and-leg power until at last I could dig my toes into the wet sand and hang on until friends reached my side. I dare say the danger was nothing like so monumental as it seemed to me at the time, but I made up my mind that if I ever got back to safety and a typewriter, I should warn the world against the Norman tide.

The little side trips which I took to Abbeville and Rouen were among the most delightful features



of the whole vacation. These particular detours were necessary—unless I wished to spend another month on local conveyances of doubtful dependability—but they could have been multiplied to very good advantage, or at least extended to include in the social notes of the *Paris Herald*, but Étretat this was to be a sea trip, so I stuck as closely as feasible to the sea.

The surprise of the whole shore was Étretat. Ostend and Deauville I knew; the channel ports like Calais and Boulogne and Dieppe and Havre I had at least been through; Le Touquet I had read about in the social notes of the *Paris Herald*, but Étretat—I had never even heard the name. Obviously, however, others had. The sunny little watering place lying in a gap of the high Channel cliffs is a second Deauville—at least, a future miniature one—the possibilities of which are already recognized by a splendid crowd of well-bred English people, who help to make your stay at Étretat a continuing delight. In this latter respect, it is infinitely superior to the more cosmopolitan Deauville.

Now having said the only bad thing that can be said about Deauville—that the crowd is a bit mixed—I shall confess that I stayed nearly twice as long there as at any other spot on the coast; and I wish I might have made it two weeks instead of one. You know how it is: Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So spend whole evenings telling you how much better



Ormond and Miami are than Palm Beach, but when the winter comes around, you look in the Sunday Supplements at these annoying Palm Beach photographs—and there are Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So squatting in the Palm Beach sands. Well, Deauville is the Palm Beach of Europe.

Deauville's gambling importance attracts a large crowd of flashy people who follow the seasons from one gambling Casino to another. These people are not so much in evidence as you might think, for they sit up all night and sleep all day. The Casino also draws a very different clientele who come to listen to its opera and its concerts and to witness its plays and ballets. The leading Paris artists appear at the Deauville Casino throughout the season; and every Thursday afternoon the place is thronged with hundreds of short-skirted little French and English kiddies for whom a weekly party is given by the Casino management. Baccarat in one room and a *bal des enfants* in the next! That's Deauville.

Speaking of children: if you have any, don't stay at Deauville, but park them safely at the near-by small town of Houlgate while you run over to the more famous resort to indulge in pleasure more suited to your age. Take them over in the bus to the Thursday parties; and afterward, if you think it would thrill them, let them see the King of Spain or Mr. Rudolph Valentino or Mr. Georges Carpentier

taking tea in the middle of Deauville's main street—but six days a week, they are better off in the gardens and on the beach at Houlgate.

Just beyond Houlgate is the little un-resorty town of Dives, where, along about the year one thousand, William the Conqueror sailed for England. There is a little inn at Dives which is said to be the very house in which William slept. We, who know how George Washington is said to have slept all over the Atlantic seaboard, should have no difficulty in believing that the great Norman king once spent a night in this delightful old inn. But nowadays, in the picturesque courtyard, white-capped old ladies serve such a rich combination of cake and cream that William wouldn't stand a chance of sleeping there or anywhere else.

Beyond Dives is Cabourg. If I haven't already said that I liked Ostend or Le Touquet or Étretat best of all, I'll say it now about Cabourg. I suppose it's the same beach—Cabourg is less than five miles from Deauville—but somehow the sands seem whiter and the water bluer and the air clearer from the promenade at Cabourg than at any other point on the Norman coast.

However, as I look back on my summer by the sea, and try to choose the one place to which I would send my friends for an entire season, I am honestly at a loss. I can not recommend Cabourg at the expense of Étretat, or Ostend without Deau-

## NORMANDY IN A BATHING SUIT

ville and Le Touquet. In fact, I can not recommend any one of them in preference to all of them. So, if you are looking for a summer of sands and sunlight, I advise you to take the trip I took along the Norman shore from Flanders to the Seine!

# NORMANDY---in a Bathing Suit

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed  | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me  | What I Found to Do<br>and How I Did It  |
|---|---|---|
| <b>OSTEND</b><br><i>Five nights</i><br><b>BRUGES</b><br><b>YPRES</b><br><b>ZEEBRUGGE</b>                              | <b>HÔTEL DE L'Océan</b><br>Good beds, good meals, good people to deal with—facing Belgium's busiest bathers. \$3.00 a day for everything—and well worth it.   | What I liked best was to lie on the white sands—and "sunnyize"—but there are concerts, plays, movies and jazz at the Casino; and excellent racing at the track. |
| <b>DUNKIRK</b><br><i>One night</i><br><b>MALO-LES-BAINS</b>   | <b>HÔTEL DU CHAPEAU ROUGE</b><br>Good enough for one night. \$2.60 including meals.   | Realized for the first time what 177 air raids can do for a town.   |
| <b>CALAIS</b><br><i>Two hours</i>   |   | No visitor ever does anything in Calais but take a boat or train and go somewhere else.   |
| <b>WIMEREUX</b><br><i>Two nights</i><br>(Here or Boulogne) Two and one-half miles out of Boulogne.                    | <b>HÔTEL SPLENDIDE</b><br>Expensive but a good place to sleep while seeing Boulogne, \$4.20 a day for everything. <i>Hôtel de la Plage</i> is also good and about half as expensive.  | Rested—and went into Boulogne.  |
| <b>BOULOGNE</b><br><i>Two nights</i><br>(Here or Wimereux)<br>(I stayed one night in each place but it does not pay.) | <b>HÔTEL IMPÉRIAL</b><br>Facing sea—very good, but not quiet like hotels at Wimereux. \$3.00 a day.   | Didn't rest so much—but didn't have so far to go to see the sights. The Beach and Casino life is active.  |
| <b>LE TOUQUET</b><br>(Paris-Plage)<br><i>Three nights</i>   | <b>HÔTEL ATLANTIC</b><br>High class, rather expensive hotel, right on the sea. <i>The Golf Hotel</i> is better—if golf is your game. \$4.50 a day. Excellent French cooking. Room facing sea. Too expensive—but Le Touquet is Le Touquet! | The Casino is the center of gaiety. The Tennis Club, where all the European experts—including Suzanne—frequently appear, is near by. Bathing unsurpassed.       |
| <b>BERCK</b><br><i>A few hours</i>  |   | Admired the wonderful beach—but   |
| <b>ABBEVILLE</b><br><i>One night</i>  | <b>HÔTEL DE LA TÊTE DE BOEUF</b><br>\$2.60 for all.   | Found this beautiful old fortified town excellent change from the beach places.   |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Some Worth-while<br>Excursions   | Just a Few Other<br>Things  | To the Next Stop:<br><i>How and How Much</i>  |
|--|---|---|
| <p><i>To Zeebrugge</i> (via Blankenberghe) to see the submarines and the <i>Vindictive</i>.<br/> <i>To Ypres</i>: For the battle-field, the ruins, and the cemetery of the Tanks.<br/> <i>To Bruges</i>: For the Belfry, the canals and the laces.</p> | <p>Every bathing beach in Europe has its individual way of getting into the water. Ostend's horse-drawn bath wagons are the most individual of all.</p>                 | <p><i>To Dunkirk</i>: By train (probably the slowest in the world—but a lot of scenery for less than \$1.00—either 1st or 2nd class will do.)</p> |
| <p><i>To Malo-les-Bains</i>: A short train ride to a good sandy beach.</p>   | <p>Dunkirk is not a resort—just a busy port and a war monument. From now on we'll stick to beaches.</p>   | <p><i>To Calais</i>: By local train or motor bus (expense variable, not large) meeting main line to Calais.</p>                                   |
|  | <p>At Calais, you are almost in England—less than 25 miles from Dover.</p>  | <p><i>To Wimereux</i>: By train<br/> 1st class \$.49<br/> 2nd class \$.37</p>   |
| <p>Boulogne is divided into the Lower Town, with its modern Casino and hotels, and the Upper Town which dates back to the 13th century. You could spend a week wandering through the Upper Town.</p>   | <p>Wimereux is becoming a popular watering place, but is still quiet and restful.</p>   | <p><i>To Boulogne</i>: By car or train—just a few minutes' ride.</p>  |
|  | <p>Get your fill of antiquity at Boulogne—you won't get much of it at Deauville or Le Touquet!</p>  | <p><i>To Étaples</i>: By train.<br/> 1st class \$.24<br/> 2nd class \$.20<br/> Hotel bus and trains take you to <i>Le Touquet</i>.</p>            |
| <p>You really do not wish to go anywhere from Le Touquet.</p>  | <p>This place is the ideal combination—Atlantic City and Lakewood, Palm Beach and Aiken, Coronado and Del Monte—a sandy beach in a forest of pine! Good shops, too.</p> | <p><i>To Berck</i>: By local train.<br/> 1st class \$.26<br/> 2nd class \$.19</p>   |
|  | <p>—there are too many sanatoriums for me....</p>   | <p><i>To Abbeville</i>: By train via Rang-du-Fliers—less than \$1.00.</p>   |
| <p>To the Battle-fields of Crécy—by rail or motor—great stuff for history sharks!</p>  | <p>There is a fine Gothic church here—St. Vulfran's—with a beautiful façade. A very satisfactory town!</p>  | <p><i>To Le Tréport</i>: By train.<br/> 1st class \$.30<br/> 2nd class \$.24</p>  |

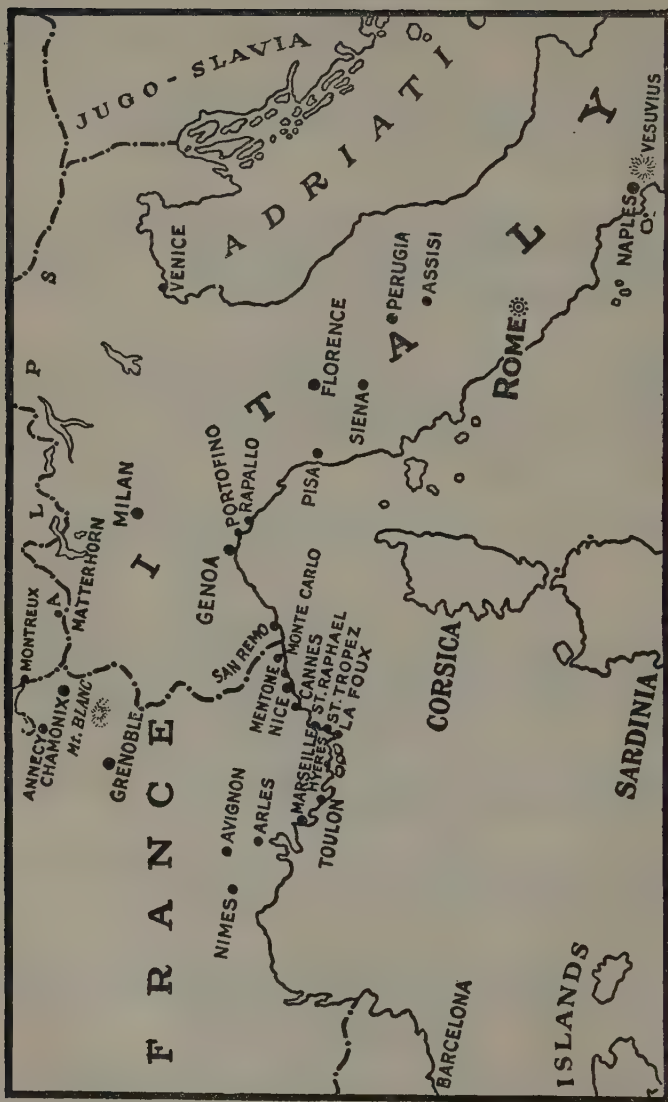
# NORMANDY---in a Bathing Suit

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed  | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me  | What I Found to Do<br>and How I Did It  |
|---|---|---|
| LE TRÉPORT<br><i>One night</i>  | HÔTEL DES BAINS<br>\$2.40 a day.  | Saw what a bathing resort patronized by real French people is like.   |
| DIEPPE<br><i>Two nights</i>   | HÔTEL D'ÉTRANGERS<br>The Royal is better, one of the best in the world, but very expensive. \$2.50 a day.                                 | Between the town and the beach is a stretch of green grass, a half-mile long and three hundred yards wide, which adds tremendously to Dieppe's charm. |
| FÉCAMP—and 16 other seaside places lie in the space between Dieppe and Havre.         |   |   |
| ROUEN<br><i>One night</i>   | HÔTEL DE PARIS<br>\$2.80 a day.   | Rested my eyes from the sea by exploring one of the oldest and most picturesque French cities.  |
| ÉTRETAT<br><i>Two nights</i>  | HÔTEL DE ROCHES-BLANCHES<br>A terrace restaurant and wonderful outlook on sea. \$3.60 a day and worth it.                                 | Étretat has everything—Casino, theater, golf, tennis, beach.  |
| DEAUVILLE<br><i>Seven nights</i><br>TROUVILLE<br>(The two towns are practically one.) | All the hotels in Deauville during the season are prohibitive in price. Eat and sleep in Trouville. <i>Hôtel Bellevue</i> . \$2.70 a day. | There is something to do in Deauville every hour of the day, but the most fun is to watch the people—notables from all over the world.                |
| HOULGATE<br><i>One night</i>  | HÔTEL ROYAL<br>Very, very good. \$2.60 a day.   | A great place to rest up in—after Deauville.  |
| DIVES<br><i>A few hours</i>   |   | Had tea, a wonderful feast, at William the Conqueror Inn—1,200 years old.   |
| CABOURG<br><i>Two nights</i>  | HÔTEL DU NORD<br>The <i>Grand Hotel</i> is the best—and out of season fairly moderate. \$2.40 a day.                                      | Took a last, long rest in the Norman sunlight.  |
| HAVRE<br><i>One night</i>   | HÔTEL CONTINENTAL<br>\$3.00 a day for a good bed and good food. One of the best small hotels in France.                                   | Climbed up to the wireless station on the cliffs above the town for luncheon—   |



# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Some Worth-while<br>Excursions  | Just a Few Other<br>Things  | To the Next Stop:<br>How and How Much   |
|---|---|---|
| <i>To Mers and Les Terrasses</i> —a beach and a cliff town, reached by a funicular.   | Le Tréport is at the foot of a high cliff—a very individual resort.   | <i>To Dieppe:</i> By local services—short ride and low price.   |
| <i>To Arques-la-Bataille:</i> To see the ruined castle and the mighty forest.<br><i>To Pourville, Varangeville,</i> and other beautiful Norman towns. | Dieppe is midway between Paris and London, the two largest cities in Europe, and draws the best class of people from both capitals.           | <i>To Rouen:</i> By train.<br>1st class \$.73<br>2nd class \$.50  |
| Connected by local services; moderately good and very cheap hotel accommodations.   |   |   |
| The ride down the Seine to Havre by boat gives you eighty miles of continuing delight.  | No more of a resort than Kansas City—but contains a more interesting Cathedral!   | <i>To Étretat:</i> (By boat and bus.)<br>1st class \$1.22 } to Havre<br>2nd class \$ .90 }<br>Motor bus—Havre to Étretat. |
|   | One of the coming seaside resorts—a future Deauville.   | <i>To Deauville:</i> By motor bus to Havre, and boat to Trouville. Boat fare:<br>1st class \$.54<br>2nd class \$.32       |
| Bus rides to <i>Honfleur</i> and <i>Cabourg</i> —and a brief train ride to <i>Caen</i> . Motor roads everywhere.                                      | August is the big month in Deauville and Trouville; bathing, horse racing, regattas, tennis, golf, fishing, dancing, theater—and the Casino.  | <i>To Houlgate:</i> By motor bus, just a few francs for a beautiful ride.   |
| Little farmhouse tea places within easy walking distance.   | Houlgate is ideal for children and for long stays—very snug place.  | <i>To Dives:</i> By bus, or on foot.  |
| Dives boasts some excellent potteries and a very good 14th century church.  | See the Leper's window in the Dives church, where lepers received communion.  | <i>To Cabourg:</i> By motor bus.  |
| <i>Cabourg</i> is too good to leave! I liked it better than <i>Deauville</i> , almost as much as <i>Le Touquet</i> .                                  | The promenade at Cabourg, two miles long and lined with shrubbery and flowers, is one of the most beautiful in the world.                     | <i>To Havre:</i> By bus to Trouville and by boat from there.  |
| —at the "Maison Rouge"—and a gorgeous view of the Norman Coast line. A wonderful good-by!   | From <i>Havre</i> , the train leaves for <i>Paris</i> , the Channel steamer for <i>Southampton</i> , and—the big Atlantic liner for NEW YORK! | 29 days by the sea.<br>Total cost—\$194.<br>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.  |



## CHAPTER VI

### THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

#### *The French and Italian Rivieras from Toulon to Tuscany*

THERE is a durable bit of Harvard undergraduate humor which runs something like this: One boy says to another, "I want to go to Boston the worst way;" and the other replies, "Take the Bowdoin Square trolley. That's the worst way." For many years, this gem was forever recurring to me whenever any one suggested going to Europe on one of those little French or Italian boats that take the long southern route by Gibraltar, Naples, Genoa and Marseilles. Two weeks at sea, when you could do the job just as well in less than one! The long way to Europe most decidedly seemed the worst way—until I took it. Now—time permitting—I would go no other way.

The small Italian boats may not have Turkish baths and beauty parlors *de luxe*; they may be shy of swimming tanks and Ritz-Carlton restaurants; but they are right there with the good cooking and clean comfortable cabins. And the French boats, to my taste, are even better. On the more tempestuous and storm-tossed northern route, they might

rock a bit but they do not take the northern route; they go instead over smooth and smiling seas through mild climates to warm and welcoming shores. They are what they purport to be—pleasure craft, and, as a friend of mine is fond of remarking: “They are only half as expensive because they take twice as long!”

If you are searching for Riviera sunlight, you get out at Genoa and work up; or stay on the boat until you get to Marseilles, and work down. Most Americans prefer Genoa because Columbus was born there; and most British prefer Marseilles, because Pytheas, the man who did for Britain what Columbus did for America, was an ancient Marseillesian. But, at the risk of seeming pro-British, I strongly advise Marseilles. The city itself isn't much: one of those important places, like Hoboken, New Jersey, for which little can be said and nothing done. In fact, the only thing worth remembering about Marseilles is that it *is* a city, and not, as most people believe, a patriotic marching song. But—it is the front door to a post-card paradise!

The neighboring city of Toulon exists to give American tourists a chance to send telegrams in case they forgot to do so at Marseilles. It is the first long stop—if you are lucky—after you board what is courteously but erroneously called a *rapide express*. Toulon is like Marseilles as to its past, which looms big in the careers of Napoleon and

## THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

Henry of Navarre; but it is quite unlike the great modern seaport as to its present. Nowadays, Toulon is important only because of its alleged naval and military advantages. Prosperity has passed the town by, and left not quaintness: just smells.

The train, however, has been sticking close enough to the Mediterranean to make this first hour's ride out of Marseilles a continuing revelation to eyes as yet unaccustomed to vivid Riviera coloring and intensive hillside gardening. Before Toulon, the hills are covered with asters destined to end their days as funereal immortelles; beyond Toulon are gayer flowers for gayer purposes; and at Hyères come the palms.

Just as there are New Yorkers who have never been below Fourteenth Street, there are hordes of Riviera tourists who have never been west of Hyères. It is the beginning—or the end—of the winter playground. Hyères is not a typical Riviera town. There is distinct individuality in the ruined castle on the hilltop, the centuries-old buildings and highways sprawling over the steep slope. But the streets of the modern town are lined with date palms and hotels for English-speaking people. English, English—everywhere English!

"I had an extraordinary experience at Hyères last winter," an old Riviera habitué once said to me; "I actually heard some one speaking French!"

Well, it isn't quite so bad as that; but Hyères is

pretty well Anglicized. Unlike the other Riviera towns, it lies about three miles from the Mediterranean; and, for that reason, the air is dryer and clearer and medicinally more desirable. The result is that there are almost as many Englishmen on crutches in Hyères as there are dates on palm trees. That's the chief trouble, in fact, the only trouble with the town. If you have anything the matter with you, get out at Hyères and stay there. The usual procedure, however, is to lead the gay life at Nice or Monte Carlo until you do get something the matter with you; then, go back to Hyères and get rid of it!

There are more smells in Grasse than there are in Toulon, only of a more desirable kind; for Grasse is the center of the perfume industry. In America, the perfume business scarcely ranks with the more solid branches of industry—like movies and chewing gum!—but in France, it is not only the Big Smell but the Big Noise. The French men use perfume almost as much as the French women—and both of them use it instead of soap. The result: a perfume manufacturer named Coty is the richest man in France!

But you may not go to Grasse—or even to historic St. Raphael. By the time you have circled behind the Maures Mountains and emerged between the red slopes of the Esterelles and the blue waters of the Mediterranean, your thoughts turn toward



Cannes and Nice and Monte Carlo. All through our Western States, many a thriving town, which was a center of trade when the farmer went to town on buckboards or behind ox-teams has been ruined by the motor-cars which now whirl the same farmer past them to the more distant but now equally accessible city.

So it is with San Raphael. The tourist travel, by motor bus and railroad train, sweeps by it to the larger and better known centers.

"But it's not fair to regard St. Raphael merely as a filling station," I said to an enthusiastic Cannesite, "St. Raphael is a famous town. It was from there that Napoleon embarked for Elba."

"Well," said she, "if he was looking for real solitude, I don't see why he didn't stay in St. Raphael!"

When you get to Cannes, and view its broad promenades, its shining sands, its wooded hillsides, its greenness and blueness and whiteness against the red background of the Esterelles—well, you can understand the lady's scorn for the wind-swept plains of St. Raphael. But you should not let the provincial attitude of Riviera natives or habitués hurry you by the smaller and less pretentious places. For my part, I wouldn't take the railway at all between Toulon and St. Raphael, but would use the excellent narrow-gauge which skirts the shore and visit such worth-while picture-towns as La Foux

and St. Tropez, more deserted even than St. Raphael in the tourist rush to Cannes.

The latter place is pronounced as if there were only one of them. Otherwise, it is more English than French. Indeed, there is astonishingly little about the Riviera to remind you that you are in France. The architecture is Italian; the inhabitants mostly English and American, and the shopkeepers Jews, same as at home. The chief social and racial differences are to be found between the English and American tourists. Here, in some cases, the lines are very closely drawn. One day I found myself sitting next to a distinguished-looking man in one of the big motor busses. He was an Anglo-Saxon—that I knew—so I took a chance.

"I believe," I said, "that we speak the same language."

"Not the same," he answered with a strong British accent, "but similar."

There are a great many of these "similar" people at Cannes. British premiers are forever dropping in to get themselves photographed—between sets or conferences—with Suzanne Lenglen and Lord Balfour. Almost any night in the season at Cannes, if you take a good look around the Casino, you can round up a quorum for a British cabinet meeting. The "*salon* of the Riviera"—that's what they call Cannes.

"And that's right," a hotel proprietor said to me

## THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

in Nice; "Cannes is the *salon*; and Monte Carlo the saloon. But if they want to have a really good time, they come to Nice."

There is a good deal in what the fellow said. I notice that the busses and trams between Cannes and Nice are always crowded—especially toward Nice. And once you land in the big playground, you see the reason why: Nice—as hundreds of second lieutenants know!—is the joy-town of Europe. A list of the carnivals and tournaments and fêtes of one kind and another with which Nice regales its winter guests would fill a small book. It is, as my host said, a place to have a good time. For one thing, Nice is much bigger than the other Riviera places—one of the very largest cities in France—so that no nationality or class of tourists can dominate it. Spaniards and Italians and South Americans—and the few Russians who can still make the grade—serve to punctuate the British Riviera atmosphere; and, in so large a town, there are enough French to hold up their end. You can be rich and careless in Nice, and play baccarat at the Casino; or you can be quiet and comfortable and get your mail at Cook's.

Nice, by the way, is pronounced as if she were a relative and not a condition; but, in every other way, the town lives up to its spelling!

From Nice, there are many cheap and excellent excursions to the most engaging inland points. I

can't imagine how the mention of Mr. Cook's reliable agency reminded me of excursions, but it did! And excursions from Nice, à la Cook, are not to be scorned by the most fastidious traveler. Most of them are by automobile; and all of them are good.

In fact, if you are traveling in France for the first time and do not speak the language easily, there is much to be said for staying in the train until you get to Nice, picking out a good comfortable hotel, and seeing all the French Riviera, and some of the Italian, in daytime trips. The cars are comfortable; the guides intelligent; and the fares exceedingly low.

After the Var Valley, and perhaps a day on the famous Corniche Drive, there is only one place in the world that would not be an anti-climax—and that is Monte Carlo. Here is the place you send the post-cards from, with all the snappy little phrases about how you broke the bank and wished Aunt Susie had been there to see you do it! As a matter of fact, if you have the sense you were born with, you haven't been to the Casino at all except to sit outside in the moonlight on the most beautiful terrace west of Cairo and listen to one of the best bands in Europe. But, of course, you won't have the sense you were born with—not while you are in Monte Carlo—and whatever your principles are in the old home town about gambling and gambling places,

## THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

you will hie yourself to the Casino at Monte Carlo just to see the wheels go round.

The games themselves are less interesting to the onlooker than you might suppose: Boule, which anybody can play; Roulette, which requires even less intelligence; and Baccarat, which absolutely forbids the use of the human brain. But the people who surround the tables, who hang on the turn of a wheel or a card, the greedy, sharp-eyed men who follow the gambling season from Deauville to Aix-les-Bains to Monte Carlo, and the haggard painted women who drag their flabby bodies over the same death-dealing course—they *are* interesting. And if you like your human nature strong and well-seasoned, they are well worth a one-time inspection. The second night, you will find them dull enough. The third night, you will decide that hanging around a Casino is the world's worst way to spend an evening. As for the danger of taking up the life of a gambler, all you need to do is to look into the eyes of those who have lived it. The habitués of Monte Carlo are the game's poorest advertisement.

But, Casino or no Casino, Monte is worth all the post-cards that were ever written about it. I have been many times along the Mediterranean coast from Marseilles to Viareggio; I have been thrilled by the brilliance of Nice and Cannes and soothed by the jeweled softness of Rapallo; but for sheer

beauty, naked and unashamed, give me Monte Carlo!

Mentone is more like Cannes—flatter and hotter near the sea, not so grandly rugged on the hills. It is the home of many rich and sober people, who live quietly in their villas or dine solemnly under the trees at Cap Martin—said trees providing about the only dependable shade east of Monte Carlo. Those who do not say that Hyères has the most healthful air on the Riviera, say that Mentone has it, unless they happen to have spent a winter at a little place called Beaulieu; in which case Beaulieu has it, unless—but this sort of thing could be continued indefinitely without satisfying all the partisan estimates of Riviera enthusiasts. The plain fact is that, in the winter, every place on the Riviera is so much more comfortable than any other place you every struck in your life that you instinctively feel that the place you happen to be at is a little finer than the one you have just left and infinitely finer than the one to which you are about to go!

If it weren't for the Italian customs officers at Vintimille (Ventimiglia), you would never know where the French Riviera ended and the Italian began. Surely there is nothing about San Remo, the principal resort of the northern Italian coast, to distinguish it from half a dozen of the towns between Hyères and Mentone. But a closer inspection of the terraced slopes behind the town, the



## THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

foot-hills of the Alps, discloses a more intensive cultivation and an even more varied and colorful bloom. San Remo is beautiful, and so is Bordighera; but the real gems of the Italian Riviera lie below Genoa—on the Etruscan coast.

The Italian railroads lead through so many tunnels that the Italian gentlemen find great difficulty in finding adequately lighted intervals in which to remove their shoes, so the ordinary American tourist can not expect much in the way of sight-seeing from train windows; but if he is fortunate enough to make up a party to share the expense of a good, strong, hill-climbing automobile—not an excessive sum with the lira worth about four cents in our money!—he will find the ride along the sea from Genoa to Rapallo one of the most interesting events of the whole Riviera trip—interesting in its panorama of sea and mountain, in its intimate glimpses of Italian village life, in its whirl of gloriously blinding color.

And at the end of the ride—Rapallo. I wish that you might come suddenly upon this town, as I did, from the hills above the bay: circling fringe of gaily painted houses along a painted sea, nestling intimacy of rounded shore and softly wooded hills. You must see Rapallo to understand the Italian Riviera—to understand that the special beauty of all

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\* Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee!

these little Italian watering places, as distinguished from the grandeur of the French resorts, is that you *can* understand them, appreciate them, love them.

Rapallo blends into Santa Margherita and Santa Margherita into Portofino, making a long curving line of beauty that culminates in the hidden fishing village at the tip of the Portofino promontory. You go from Santa Margherita to Portofino in a carriage. There is no railroad; and an automobile would be desecration! You stop when you come to the end of the road. There is nothing before you but an old church, with a beggar woman sitting on the steps, and a few small dwelling-houses with grape-vines and branches of trees growing out of the stucco walls. To the left is a flight of stone steps that bends sharply and blindly at the middle. Around the abrupt curve, and down a steep decline, lies the hidden town: a public square; barefooted women weaving and mending nets; men loafing about, watching; children naked on the pavements; yellow, pink, blue, green and red house fronts; painted cornices and window frames; bird cages and undergarments dangling from open casements; and beyond, the shining white beach, the rainbow fishing vessels, the glorious sky-like sea!

Portofino is, as Nature designed her and man left her, the end of the road. To the southward, there is still Viareggio and the enchantment of the Arno; but unless you have time to do Rome as Rome

## THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

should be done and push on to the jeweled beauties of Naples and its bay, there is no good-by picture so completely satisfying as your last look at this hidden, forgotten, down-stairs town.

There is nothing, there really should be nothing —after Portofino—but Genoa and the boat!

# THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed  | Where I Lived<br>and How Much I Paid   | What I Found to Do<br>and How I Did It   |
|---|--|--|
| MARSEILLES<br><i>One night</i>  | HÔTEL SPLENDIDE<br>Not up to its name—but has one good bed! \$3.66 for room and three meals.   | Found my way around town and strolled along the docks, the best and busiest in France.   |
| TOULON<br><i>Two hours</i>  |  | Minimized the smells by holding an orange to my nose.  |
| HYÈRES<br><i>Two nights</i>   | GRAND HÔTEL DE COSTEBELLE<br>Stands in a grove of pine trees. \$2.70 a day for everything.   | Gave thanks that I had escaped from Toulon—played golf on the hotel's excellent 18-hole course—breathed the good air—and forgot the world. |
| LA FOUX<br><i>One hour</i>  |  | Wandered about the forgotten town—and gazed at the shallow Gulf of Grimaud.  |
| ST. TROPEZ<br><i>One hour</i>   |  | Tried to remember that I was in France—and not in Arabia.  |
| ST. RAPHAEL<br><i>One night</i>   | HÔTEL CONTINENTAL<br>A good bed—the chief reason for getting out at St. Raphael. \$2.70 for the night and two meals.   | Started out to find out why any one preferred St. Raphael to La Foux or St. Tropez—and failed!   |
| CANNES<br><i>Three nights</i><br>ANTIBES<br>GRASSE                                | HÔTEL WINDSOR<br>Not the best in Cannes—but well situated, and medium-priced—for Cannes! \$2.75 a day for everything. A little less if I had stayed five days. | Did what everybody always does in this corking good town. There is none better anywhere.   |
| NICE<br><i>Ten nights</i><br>DRAGUIGNAN<br>DALIUS<br>DIGNE<br>VESUBIE<br>BEAULIEU | GRAND HÔTEL O'CONNOR<br>If it doesn't spoil your French holiday to spend it in a hotel with a Sinn Fein name, this is good and central.<br>\$3.00 a day.       | More than time, strength and pocketbook permitted—but I managed to do most things with the aid of the eminent Mr. Cook.                    |

## *The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me*

| Some Worth-while<br>Excursions   | Just a Few Other<br>Things   | To the Next Stop:<br><i>How and How Much</i>   |
|--|--|--|
| The best thing to do in Mar-<br>seilles is to take a train for<br>the Riviera.   | Marseilles is the second city<br>in France—about as big as<br>Newark, New Jersey.  | <i>To Toulon:</i> By train.<br>1st class \$.84<br>2nd class \$.54  |
| A steamer ride to Tamaris<br>or Les Sablettes is better<br>than staying in Toulon.   | Next to Brest, Toulon is<br>France's most important na-<br>val station.  | <i>To Hyères (La Pauline):</i> By<br>narrow gauge R. R.<br>1st class \$.31<br>2nd class \$.24                        |
| There is a wonderful first<br>view of the Riviera from<br>Mount Coudon—more inter-<br>esting to me than the regu-<br>lation trip to the mines of<br>Bormettes.   | Hyères is the oldest of the<br>Riviera resorts—and, be-<br>cause of its three-mile dis-<br>tance from the sea, the most<br>distinctive—but it's a bit<br>dead for live people.                                   | <i>To La Four:</i> By narrow<br>gauge R. R.<br>1st class \$.73<br>2nd class \$.54                                    |
| To St. Tropez—by boat<br>across the bay.   | Don't miss the umbrella<br>pines—and the bamboos.  | <i>To St. Raphael:</i> By narrow<br>gauge R. R.<br>1st class \$.48<br>2nd class \$.31                                |
| If you have time, stop off at<br>Fréjus and see the Roman<br>amphitheater.   | People who get up to see<br>sunrises are said to enjoy<br>St. Tropez no end!   |  |
|  | The wind at St. Raphael is<br>usually a little colder and a<br>little blowier than anywhere<br>else on the Riviera.  | <i>To Cannes:</i> By train.<br>1st class \$.42<br>2nd class \$.30  |
| One day should be given to<br>Grasse and the perfume in-<br>dustry. You should start for<br>Nice early enough to see<br>Antibes.   | Remember that all the Eng-<br>lish people you meet are Pre-<br>miers and Archbishops and<br>lady M. P.'s. Don't be dis-<br>couraged if they don't look<br>it!  | <i>To Nice:</i> By tram.<br>1st class \$.42<br>2nd class \$.28<br><br>Good bus service two or<br>three times a day.  |
| There is one every day for<br>a week—all by motor at rea-<br>sonable rates. The most im-<br>portant one is the ride along<br>the Corniche Drive on the<br>cliffs above Nice, Monte<br>Carlo and Mentone. | Plan the Corniche trip on a<br>soft misty day—if you can<br>find such a one—for then<br>the colors are more beauti-<br>ful and less blinding. This<br>drive is the biggest twenty<br>francs' worth in the world. | <i>To Monte Carlo:</i> via Beau-<br>lieu—by tram.<br>1st class \$.21<br>2nd class \$.12<br><br>Buses, if you prefer. |

# THE BANKS OF MONTE CARLO

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | Where I Lived<br>and How Much I Paid  | What I Found to Do<br>and How I Did It   |
|--|---|--|
| MONTE CARLO<br><i>Four nights</i>        | GRAND HÔTEL<br>Well up the hill in the center of the town. Faces Casino gardens. \$3.30 a day for good food and beds. | Lived a lazy life—got up late, read the Paris edition of the <i>New York Herald</i> , walked in the gardens, lunched long and heavily, slept, tea-ed outside Café de Paris, dined, and went to the Casino. |
| MENTONE<br><i>One night</i>              | HÔTEL ANGLAIS<br>Advertised as a "renowned family hotel." \$3.00 a day.   | Regretted that I did not stay one more night in Monte—and get the five-day rate.   |
| SAN REMO<br><i>Two nights</i>            | HÔTEL DE LONDRES<br>Faces the sea. \$3.00 a day.  | Wandered through the old part of the town—under arches, up stairways, past vine-clad houses.   |
| RAPALLO<br><i>Three nights</i>           | HÔTEL SAVOY<br>\$2.50 a day. The low estate of the lira cuts expenses in Italy. 10% added to bill to cover tips.      | There are beautiful drives and walks in every direction; excellent bathing except in coldest winter weather—and always the view.   |
| SANTA MARGHERITA<br><i>Two nights</i>    | GD. HÔTEL MIRAMARE<br>Boating and bathing off the front veranda. \$2.50 a day.  | Like Rapallo—and some consider it even more so. Just a few minutes' walk or ride from either that town or Portofino. All three places can be seen from any one of them.                                    |
| PORTOFINO<br><i>Two nights</i>           | HÔTEL SPLENDIDE<br>The finest view on the Italian Riviera. \$2.75 a day for de luxe accommodations.                   | The thing to do here is rest—and look.   |
| GENOA<br><i>One night</i>                | LONDON HÔTEL<br>Rather a come-down* after the Splendide, but near train and boat. Not bad. \$2.00 a day.              | Not much to do but wait for the boat—and think of all you have seen!   |



## *The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me*

| Some Worth-while<br>Excursions  | Just a Few Other<br>Things  | To the Next Stop:<br><i>How and How Much</i>   |
|---|---|--|
| If you haven't been to the old Roman village of La Turbie on one of your trips from Nice, take the little funicular railroad from Monte. The view is the best on the whole coast. | Take very little money with you to the Casino.<br>P. S.—Leave what you do take at home.   | <i>To Mentone:</i> By tram.<br>1st class \$.10<br>2nd class \$.06  |
| You must go out to Cap Martin for lunch or tea. It is done.   | Mentone is one of those places to which the English go to die.  | <i>To San Remo:</i> By train, via Ventimiglia (the Italian border).<br>1st class \$1.32<br>2nd class \$.96   |
| There is a winding hill road back of the town for driving or tramping.  | San Remo is no more beautiful than many of the French towns—but it is the first touch of Italy and well worth a two days' stay.   | <i>To Rapallo, via Genoa:</i> By train.<br>1st class \$1.01<br>2nd class \$.78<br>Do not stop at Genoa.  |
| The climb up Monta Rosa to the pilgrimage church of Madonna di Montallegro is favored by the very religious and the very vigorous.  | Here's where you get your lace doilies while you wait. The women are making them in every window and doorway.   | <i>To Santa Margherita:</i> By carriage—\$.60.<br><i>Note:</i> You come to Santa Margherita first by rail from Genoa, but it is better to go on to Rapallo, and work back. |
| Many drives up into the hills to Italian villages whose inhabitants have never heard a railway whistle.   | You can walk about in Santa Margherita and Rapallo in your pajamas. The Italian tourists in warm weather seldom wear anything else.                                       | <i>To Portofino:</i> By carriage—\$.60.<br>Santa Margherita is the nearest railway station to Portofino.   |
| Go down-stairs to the hidden fisher village of Portofino.   | Just as you have made up your mind that you have reached the oldest place in the world, your eye catches a black-painted Fascisti sign—and the signature, "B. Mussolini!" | <i>To Santa Margherita:</i> By carriage—\$.60.<br>Hence, <i>To Genoa</i> by train.<br>1st class \$.65<br>2nd class \$.50   |
| The Campo Santo, or cemetery, a mile and a half out of the city, is much fancied by those who crave for that sort of thing.   | The best thing to do in Genoa is to take a boat for America.  | <i>Columbus could do no more!</i><br>30 days on the Riviera.<br>Total cost—\$229.<br>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.          |



## CHAPTER VII

### VENICE: CITY OF MOONS AND HONEYMOONS

I LOVE to stand in the center of Saint Mark's Square and laught at Thomas Cook. For here, at last, is a city he can not show me. He can tell me that Venice was founded in something-or-other, and that it had so many dukes, who were worth so many ducats, and who died so many different kinds of deaths. He can show me the Cathedral and the Campanile and the pigeons in the Square, but he can not show me Venice. *That* I see for myself, suddenly, amazingly, unforgetably, as I push my tired way through the gloomy station doorway, and find myself—on the curbstone of Paradise.

There is no thrill in all the world, certainly no urban thrill, like the one that waits outside the smoke-stained Venice station. The grimy old train, crawling down from Milan, has been as commonplace as a "local accommodation" on the Nickel Plate. The station is as bare, black and barn-like as if its doors opened into La Salle Street, Chicago. But they don't! Instead of the grumblings of flat-wheeled trolley cars and the grindings and gruntings of flat-tired taxicabs, there are the musical cries of the Italian boatman: "*Gondola! Gondola!*"

And the answering calls of the blue-shirted Italian redcaps: "*Poppe! Poppe!*" Instead of the slimy sidewalks and dirty pavings of a city street, there are the radiant, rippling waters of an inland sea—the unexpected, unimagined beauty of the Grand Canal. Instead of New York, London, or any other city you ever saw or hoped to see, there is Venice.

If we arrive at night—and Mr. Mussolini is thinking of assassinating any Italian engineer who brings a train into Venice at any other time—we shall think we have lost our way and strolled uninvited into Heaven. I am not sure we should be wrong. I can imagine no heaven more lovely than an eternity of Venetian nights; no golden pavements more inviting than the silken waters of her canals: jeweled wavelets tumbling over one another to greet you on the lamp-lit station steps; shadowy, swan-like gondolas huddled by the water's edge; slender swaying boatmen silhouetted against gleaming palaces and a moonlit sky.

The Grand Canal is Fifth Avenue with palaces for shops and bridges for signal towers. It is the Champs Élysées, Unter den Linden, Piccadilly, Ringstrasse and Michigan Avenue, combined with the majesty of the Mississippi and the placid poetry of a summer mill pond. It is at once a thoroughfare and a dream. I saw it many times during my first stay in Venice. My window opened on the balconies above it. My mornings, some of them,

were spent in busy boating from palace to art museum, from the Rialto to the Square. My twilights, all of them, found me loafing lazily in cushioned gondolas, while a golden Italian sunset bathed sixteenth-century palaces in twentieth-century "back lighting." But I never found the Grand Canal more mysteriously intriguing than it was in the shadows of my first night, as I sat with my baggage piled high behind me in the roomy tonneau of my first gondola, on my first ride from station to hotel.

The elderly Valentino whose swinging oar directs and drives the gondola on its way will, if he is sufficiently impressed with our generous nature, converse in melodious Italian about the more famous "sights" along the way. With a gesture more eloquent than his unintelligible words, he will point to the magnificent Byzantine structure of the twelfth century, which is now the Civic Museum—and although we don't know whether it's the Doge's Palace or the Bridge of Sighs, we are very grateful; and we say, "Yes, yes," very loudly to show we understand Italian, and the boatman doesn't understand us any more than we do him; but an *entente cordiale* has been established, based largely on mutual expectancy, which will be dissolved only when we get his large bill and he gets our small tip. The latter, no matter how liberal, will not be enough—and, like as not, our gondolier will burst into the universal language of profanity, in which

we may converse freely and (this is one of the nice things about Italians) without lasting rancor.

The post-card senders have so successfully kept up the publicity campaign begun by the late Mr. Shakespeare that it is quite impossible to miss the gabled outlines of the Rialto Bridge or forget its Shylockian significance. Sudden tremors in the shoulders of the boatman Valentino warn that something unusual is about to happen; and just as we have marked with a cross the exact point on the Rialto where the merchant demanded his pound of flesh, the neck of the long black swan on whose back we are riding veers to the right between towering piles of moonlit architecture into sudden and foreboding darkness. This is one of Venice's myriad small canals—one of the side streets of Paradise.

The blackness fades gradually into soft grays and browns, just as it does in the streets off Broadway the farther we get from the electric brilliance of Times Square. The soft outlines of the smaller Venetian buildings, the homes and now and then the shops of the Venetian people, and the tiny, lacy bridges which span these smaller streams emerge into beauty as elusive as the strains of the distant music wafted around corners and over roofs from the placid waters of the lagoon. After many miraculous turnings and even more miraculous scrapings, the gondoliers using their soft voices for alternate horns and cursings, we too emerge, perhaps



## CITY OF MOONS AND HONEYMOONS

under the Bridge of Sighs, into the splendor of the lagoon.

Along the near shore are the great hotels of Venice, not towering skyscrapers, but ancient palaces, whose stately entrances give directly on the water, welcoming our barge as royally as they did the dukes and princes who once occupied the high-ceilinged, highly ornate chamber into which we shall presently be shown. But first, unless we are quite without a soul, we shall stay a moment on the marble steps to absorb the glory that lies on every hand: the rounded splendor of Santa Maria della Salute, the towering Campanile of San Giorgio, and the glowing horizon of the far-off Lido.

If we haven't brought a honeymoon with us—well, we are disgustingly out of luck!

Every morning I go to St. Mark's Square. But I have never been able to make up my mind whether it is better to enter it at the Cathedral end from the water, or at the far end from the town. By the first route, we accustom our eyes gradually to splendor: first in the small square or Piazzetta, sentineled by the two graceful granite columns which are topped, somewhat incongruously, the one by a winged lion, the other by Saint Theodore, who was patron saint of Venice before Saint Mark succeeded to the honor. The curiously inverted building on the right, each story heavier than the one below it, is the famous Doge's Palace. The court-

yard is magnificent, the famous Golden Staircase is becomingly ducal, and the almost hidden east façade, wasting its delicate beauty on the grim walls of the ducal prison, quite justifies the assertion that "there are few things in Italy more impressive than the vision of it overhead, as the gondola glides from beneath the Bridge of Sighs."

The Bridge itself was unfortunately spoiled for me by a sharp command from an attendant, delivered in perfect subway English, which admonished me to cease loitering within its Byronic precincts. "Step lively!" he shouted. And I did: off the Bridge of Sighs, out of the Doge's Palace, into the sunlit Square, to view the more beautiful architecture of the Ancient Library and to get the first and best glimpse of the Bronze Horses of Saint Mark.

The latter are traveled beasts. The Venetians, if my school-book memory serves me right, stole them from some Eastern potentate; and Napoleon, in the days of his greatness, stole them from the Venetians. The latter naturally thought that Napoleon's stealing was a much more despicable action than their own; and in the days of his humiliation they sneaked the metal steeds back to Venice and installed them once more on the second-story front veranda of Saint Mark's Cathedral. As I looked at them yesterday from the center of the Square and observed how lost they were against the ornate façade of the famous church, I realized again that Napol-

eon, with all his faults, had a habit of being astoundingly right. The emperor knew that these four steeds belonged on top of the Arc du Carrousel in the Garden of the Louvre, silhouetted in fiery abandon against the Paris sky.

If we enter the great Square from the non-Cathedral end, there is no gradual dawn of beauty. We come without warning into glory. On both sides are stately palaces, under whose shaded galleries admiring tourists stroll incessantly, awed by the magnificent proportions of the Square, fascinated by the glittering splendor of the shops. At the end, filling the horizon with incongruous beauty, is the mosque-like Cathedral of Saint Mark, its gay colors and myriad pinnacles softly shining through a rain-storm of the flying pigeons of the Square.

If we enter the Cathedral through one of its vaulted porches, we find ourselves in something very like a grotto, iridescent, diamond-studded, but filled with the dark mysteriousness of a sacred place. We must stand for a time with bared head and beating heart before we can distinguish the piled-up beauties of this glowing darkness: the multicolored, undulating marble floor, the walls of mosaic and gilt, the low roundness of the vaulted roof. An intimate church: combination of the chapel it once was and the cathedral it has now become.

The Square is the heart of Venice. The canals are its arteries. Saint Mark's is its soul.

Almost every church in Venice possesses a campanile, or watch tower, a sort of detached spire which rises at some distance from the building itself; but the one that dominates the famous Square is, because of its height, its location and its history, the most remarkable. In 1902, the original Campanile declared its independence by falling to the ground, as if in protest against its own futility. But the citizens of Venice refused to accept the decision of the Campanile, and proceeded to restore it, brick for brick, mortar for mortar, so there it stands, the most unattractive attraction in the Square.

The most attractive, if we can judge by the tourist crowds, is the long line of lace, jewelry and novelty shops that occupy the ground-floor fronts of the ancient palaces; or, if we judge by the native Venetians, the many little cafés and tea rooms whose chairs and tables reach far out on pavings. The Square is to Venice what the village green is to the small town: a meeting, gossiping, courting place—with ice-cream and cake perpetually served.

To the left of the Cathedral, as we face its doors, is a clock tower. Under the clock is an arch. And beyond the arch is the Merceria, Venice's busiest street. Beyond the Merceria, between the Square and the Rialto, is a long succession of commercial centers, tiny One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets and Lower Broadways, where the life of the city goes on unheeded by tourists' eyes. The Rialto,

## CITY OF MOONS AND HONEYMOONS

just as in Shylock's day, is a gay array of shops, containing many of the same materials as those in the Square, but priced for the local, rather than the visiting trade. Five minutes' walk to the Rialto Bridge often means twenty-five or thirty per cent. saving on a bedspread or a shawl. Beyond the Bridge is the flower and vegetable market, with the prices marked in charcoal on old pieces of newspaper, and the smelly picturesqueness of the fish market, an open-air emporium of ever-changing color and movement—and unchanging stench.

To the right and left of the main artery of business streets are the more modest Venetian homes. Some of them face one way on canals, but substantially all of them are approachable on foot. "On foot" is right, for there is no other method of land transportation in the whole city.

The modern Venetian is far more picturesque than his Milanese and Florentine neighbors. The swanky gondolier who propels his pleasure craft along the Grand Canal has to be colorful to maintain the ancient tourist traditions. But the everyday boatman of the small canal, poling along in his great scow, is a masterpiece in working clothes. He sings as he bends over his long oar; or curses a neighboring boatman who is trying to be a canal hog; or exchanges Latin pleasantries with smiling-eyed maidens, who make a long and flirtatious job of hanging out the family wash—a "wash" of oft-

times amazing colors and proportions, one garment pinned to the tail of another and dangling overhead in bewildering, double-headed combinations.

It mustn't be supposed that tourists are the only people who use the canals of Venice; or that guide-books are the only cargoes that take ship upon their waters. I have seen gondolas carrying brick and mortar, huge bunches of bananas, baskets of fish, cartons of fresh vegetables, barrels of wine, cans of milk, a family's household goods, an upright piano, a casket and a cow!

The Lido is that part of Venice about which the guide-books say too little and the fashion magazines too much. The Lido is what Palm Beach might be, if the Coney Island crowds could spend their Sundays there. And the most interesting thing about Palm Beach in those circumstances—and about Lido in any circumstances—would be the crowds.

I usually go to the Lido by steamer and return by gondola. The former creates the Coney Island atmosphere; the latter destroys it. And instead of going for my bath to the exclusive, roped-off beaches of "the luxurious hotels" I take the little tram car to one of the public bathing houses; hire a suit of prevailingly scant variety; and "mix it up" with the Venetians. By this procedure I obtain the minimum in cleanliness but the maximum in experience—for it is an experience to see an Italian fam-



## CITY OF MOONS AND HONEYMOONS

ily bathing with thousands of other Italian families, or lying for hours face downward on the sand, male and female backs bared to the Adriatic sun, unashamed and, oh, so happy!

After a morning with the Venetians it is amusing to go up to the big hotel and have luncheon with the 'Americans—for in these days of fallen grand dukes none but Americans can afford long stays at the Palm Beach end of the Lido. Coffee on the white terrace of the Excelsior Palace is worth the price of the entire luncheon. And the gondola ride back across the lagoon to Venice, beginning in twilight and ending in moonlight, will long remain in the treasure house of our mind the kohinoor of Venice's jeweled memories.

Venice from the lagoon! In the sunlight: a continuous story of smiling façades and radiant roofs, a long paragraph of pleasure, with domes for commas and campaniles for exclamation points. That is the way the Cabots saw her, John and Sebastian, returning from new-found America. In the twilight: a poem of deft shadings and soft cadences. That is the way Marco Polo saw her, sailing homeward from high adventure in the Far East. In the moonlight: a dream city of romance. That is the way Portia saw her, coming by barge from her native Padua. And that is the way every traveler *should* see her—once before he dies!

# VENICE

| DAYS      | What I Did in the MORNING   | What I Did in the AFTERNOON   | What I Did in the EVENING   |
|-----------|---|---|---|
| MONDAY    | <i>I always spend the first morning in the Square. Your hotel concierge tells you which way to walk—but it makes no difference—all roads lead to Saint Mark's—feed the pigeons and climb the Campanile for the view.</i>  | <i>The Cathedral is worth two hours on your first day, and half an hour a day as long as you stay. Competent guides explain everything. At four-thirty take a cup of coffee or tea or an ice at one of the cafés in the Square—sit outside, at Florian's if it is hot weather; at one of the sunny places if it's cold.</i> | <i>The first evening I spend on the lagoon, listening to the "Musica."</i>  |
| TUESDAY   | <i>The Doge's Palace is a long, hard half-day's work. See the courtyard, the doorway, the golden staircase—and among the pictures, the huge canvas of Tintoretto's Paradise.</i><br><br><i>Cross the Bridge of Sighs into the old prison—and before you leave, if you are as tired as I generally am, rest a moment on the loggia overlooking the lagoon.</i> | <i>Drink your after-luncheon coffee in the Square, and then wander through the Piazzetta to the Grand Canal.</i><br><br><i>Snare a gondola, and wave your arms to indicate you wish to make a "grand promenade" of the canals—a fine rest after the morning's sight-seeing. Be sure he takes you into the small canals.</i> | <i>The second evening I sit in the Square watching the people, listening to excellent orchestras, and sipping cold drinks. Try a "tamarindo."</i>             |
| WEDNESDAY | <i>After two days I feel strong enough to do the museums. Get some one at the hotel to write down the names or to tell your boatman—who will do the rest. The best pictures are in the smaller ones.</i>  | <i>After luncheon I finish the museums (there are many of them); sit a while in the Cathedral; have tea at the Danieli; and gondola until dinner-time.</i>  | <i>The third evening, I walk through the narrow little side streets, and on the passageways that sometimes line the smaller canals.</i>                       |
| THURSDAY  | <i>I hate to desert Venice even for a day, but it is a mistake to leave this part of the world without a glimpse of the Italian Tyrol. Mr. Cook runs an excellent all-day trip to Cortina.</i>  | <i>You leave by steam launch at 8 in the morning and return about 7:30 at night. En route, you motor through the Ampezzo Valley and the Italian battle-fields.</i>  | <i>The fourth evening, I go to bed. It is possible, though, to go to the opera, or the theater, or the movies—and there is always dancing at the Danieli.</i> |

# What I Did and What It Cost Me

## Where I Ate My MEALS

## Just a Few Odd REMARKS

## About COSTS

*The best restaurants in Venice don't serve meals!*

*Florian's, Quadri, and Olimpia* are apéritif and coffee places, where you go before and after luncheon and dinner. The first and most famous, Florian's, stays open all night. The *Lavena*, also in the Square, gets the tea crowd.

*All of these cafés* serve their patrons at little tables on the pavings of the Square. Their cakes, ices and cold drinks are most notable features of Venetian life.

*The Pilsen*, which is reached through a dark passage at the non-Cathedral end of the Square, is dear to me because of its excellent food and a little, old, bald-headed waiter, who lent me his umbrella.

*Saint Mark's Square* is the sitting-room of the Venice family, where all the visiting and entertaining and gossiping and most of the courting is done.

*The Grand Canal* does several serpentine twists. That's why you are always coming upon it unexpectedly out of the small canals; and that's why it's a poor thing to take your bearings by!

*There are many good pictures* in the Venice galleries, notably Titians, Tintoretto, and Bellinis—but none so beautiful as Venice itself.

*The Dolomites*, those picturesque red hills with the round heads, are not far from Venice—and in the summer, Mr. Cook will take you by motor far up into the mountains.

*There are no expenses in Venice*—if you keep out of the shops—except eating and sleeping. You walk most places; and if you don't, you ride in the ridiculously cheap gondolas. The Cathedral is free; so are some of the palaces; and the museum fees are little. You don't need a Cook trip to see the city, but if you take an all-day one, the fare is only \$2.00. The long motor trip is the chief expense—depending on how many make the trip. You can't, if you try, spend more than \$15.00 for sight-seeing. You needn't spend \$10.00.

*The hotels* get most of your money—the average charge for a single room in the big ones on the Grand Canal being \$2.00; and for three meals, \$3.00. Added to this schedule are various taxes and the service charge of 12%, making the week's bill about \$40.00.

*The cheaper hotels* lower this rate more than half—but, on the other hand, meals in restaurants raise it again. A good medium hotel, two meals a day in and one out, plus sight-seeing, cost me \$47.00.

# VENICE

| DAYS            | What I Did in the MORNING   | What I Did in the AFTERNOON  | What I Did in the EVENING   |
|-----------------|---|--|---|
| FRIDAY          | <i>I walk. The narrow street under the clock tower in the Square leads through narrower streets to the Rialto Bridge and the markets. The latter are busiest in the early morning, but interesting any time.</i>  | <i>The glass and lace factories usually get me after three or four days of resistance. A good way is to go with Cook at 2:30, to Murano and Burano. The trip takes about three hours.</i>  | <i>The fifth evening, after coffee at Florian's, I take a gondola through the shadowy small canals under bridges and between palaces.</i>   |
| SATURDAY        | <i>This is the day to shop—you've inspected the tourist shops in the Square and the native shops on the Rialto, and you've strengthened your knowledge of Venetian glass and lace—so take a morning off and go to it.</i>   | <i>Gondola across the Grand Canal to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute (Our Lady of Health), the big-domed building you've been looking at ever since you came. Walk back across the iron bridge in time for a long, last loaf in the Square.</i>   | <i>The sixth evening, I go back to the "Musica."</i>  |
| SUNDAY          | <i>Like everybody else in Venice I spend Sunday at the Lido, that wonderful combination of Coney Island and Palm Beach which forms the outer breakwater of the lagoon.</i><br><br><i>Take an early steamer—they go every few minutes—spend your morning on the public beaches.</i>  | <i>Lunch at one of the good hotels, the Excelsior, if you still have the price; and spend the afternoon watching Lido society having fun. You'll never have to look at the fashion pages again! You can gondola back to Venice, if you are not in a hurry—and who is?</i>  | <i>The seventh evening, I catch my train. (It's a good plan to pack and give your luggage to the concierge in the early morning. You won't need extra clothes at the Lido. Most of the natives don't wear any!)</i> |
| ANND<br>GENERAL | <i>Be sure to arrive at night—Stick your head out of the window of the train and yell "Facchino" (Fac-KEE-no). Withdraw your head and substitute your bags. The facchino will take you and bags to a waiting gondola outside the station. Give your trunk receipt to the man from your hotel. (Show the name of the hotel to the facchino, and he will find him.) He'll get your trunk immediately and load it on the gondola. You give the facchino five lire (twenty cents); and you give the hotel man nothing. The old man who pushes your gondola away from the steps expects a half lira (two cents). Then you sit back in your cushioned seat—and sail up-stream to heaven.</i><br><br><i>At your hotel, ask the man who helps you out of your gondola what to pay</i> | <i>the boatman. He will pay him and charge your bill, if you prefer. The one-man gondola charges 10 lire an hour or less; the two-man gondola 20 lire—but the station charge depends also on the amount of baggage. Don't fight with the boatman about tips. The hotel man will know what's right.</i><br><br><i>About tips—All the leading Italian hotels are under agreement to add 12% to all bills for distribution among the servants. Unless some extraordinary service is rendered by some one—probably the concierge—you can forget that the tipping system exists. The allowance is liberal; and the plan an excellent one.</i><br><br><i>The money is easy—I mean to count!—for the lira is worth, as I write,</i> |   |

## What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS  | Just a Few Odd REMARKS  | About COSTS  |
|---|---|--|
| <p><i>The Cavalletto</i> is directly across the small canal in front of the Pilsen. It is less modern than its neighbor, but bustling enough on a crowded night.</p> <p><i>The Vapore</i>, on the Ponte Pignole, is a small but distinctively Venetian place, worth visiting if you can find it.</p> <p><i>The hotel food</i> is distinctly good. I always eat breakfast and either luncheon or dinner at mine—and I could eat all three without missing anything but atmosphere.</p> | <p><i>Take Shakespeare with you</i> to the Rialto, Byron to the Bridge of Sighs, and Ruskin everywhere.</p> <p><i>If you have a balcony</i> overlooking the Grand Canal, why go to bed at all on this—your last night in Venice?</p> <p><i>There are more "sights"</i> in Paris, London, or Rome—but there is no sight in all the world like Venice on a moonlit night!</p> | <p><i>Seven days in Venice—</i><br/>Total cost:<br/>\$47.00.</p> <p>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p> |

about 4 cents. If you think of it as a nickel, and larger notes as multiplications of nickels, you'll be safe; and at the end of your trip, you'll have more money—or more purchases—than you thought. You'll find the money more useful than most of the purchases, unless you are looking for the Venetian specialties—lace, glass, bead bags, and embroideries. Don't buy anything in Saint Mark's Square, until you've looked for the same thing in the cheaper shops between the Square and the Rialto.

*In the Square* you will be pestered by touts for lace shops and glass factories. Treat them as you've always wanted to treat the neighbors (and never dared). If you wish to see the glass works, get a competent guide from Cook or the American Express.

*The tram steamers* which ply on the Grand Canal are cheap and speedy, but the gondolas are also cheap, and in Venice nobody wants to be speedy. In either case, write what you want to see on a slip of paper, show it to the boatman, and he will take you there without further effort on your part.

*Cook's office* is at the left as you face the Cathedral; the *American Express* and the *Post Office* are just beyond the other end of the Square.

*When you leave*, reverse the procedure when you came. Let the concierge get your gondola and load your baggage. Let the hotel man at the station get your porter and send you on your way. You can't go wrong!





## CHAPTER VIII

### ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

I AM in Rome in Holy Week of Holy Year. The stationery of my hotel bears this inscription: "*Tout chemin mène à Rome!*" All roads lead to Rome! And although this ancient boast is no longer geographically accurate, it is—spiritually—eternally true. There are so many Romes: ancient, modern, poetic, artistic, scholastic, religious, political. The city of the Forum and the Colosseum; of taxis and trams; of Keats and Shelley; of Raphael and Michelangelo; of schools and colleges; of Saint Peter's and the Vatican; of Mussolini and the King. To so many Romes all roads *must* lead.

But all the Roman roads are serious ones. The city is of little importance to any one unless he is interested in serious things—or would like to be. It is a good place to take off the dancing slippers and put on the comfortable low-heeled walking shoes; to go out and dig for culture, just as the archæologists have dug for it. I don't mean that the city is irretrievably dull; some of the Romans are lively enough—but you have to dig for them almost as deep as for the culture. At the time I

write, there is one hotel in the city, the *Russie*, where I can go at tea-time and dance to a good jazz orchestra; one hotel, the *Excelsior*, where I can dance de luxely until after midnight; one hotel, the *Grand*, where I can enjoy gala dinners of beauty and dignity. There are small cafés where Italians sing and dance. Some of the Roman streets, at night, are scenes of cheerful, nervous activity. But in the whole city there is no sense of gaiety such as greets me at every street corner in Paris and Brussels, in Venice or Naples. There's no moonlight in Rome except in the Colosseum!

"My road" is not, by nature, a serious one—certainly not a religious one—but I have so far assimilated the atmosphere of the Eternal City that I find my greatest pleasure in her churches. Perhaps I recognize in them the cementing links between the Rome of the school-book and the Rome of fact; for the gradual process by which the early Christians took over the pagan basilicas has so blurred the line between the Rome of Jupiter and the Rome of God that we now see only one long, uninterrupted glorification of deity. The ancient Pantheon is just as much a Christian temple as the new-built Saint Paul's-outside-the-Walls, although its stately portico antedates the Christ! It is impossible to stand on the marble pavements of this mighty building, lighted through a single opening in its rounded dome "as if heaven were looking down into the in-

## ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

terior of this place of worship," without feeling with Byron that here is a

"Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time."

In a very different way the pageantry of Saint Peter's constitutes itself a daily resurrection of the panoplied magnificence of the Cæsars. The huge open space in front of the church, providing one of the few truly imperial vistas of modern Rome; the encircling arms of Bernini's mighty colonnade, welcoming the awed pilgrim into an embrace as gigantic as that of the Colosseum itself; the stately steps, rising in leisured progression of the Great Vestibule, flanked by giant marbles of Constantine and Charlemagne; the Holy Door, opened once every twenty-five years by the golden hammer of the Pope; the vast interior, where "Majesty, Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled"; the great, towering palisades of marble and gold, rising to the ceilings of unimagined height; the High Altar, below which lies the golden Sarcophagus of Saint Peter, and above which rises the great spiraled canopy of bronze taken from the roof of the Pantheon; and, above all, Michelangelo's cerulean masterpiece, the Dome of Domes.

Yesterday, I stood by the famous bronze statue of Saint Peter, whose extended foot has been worn smooth and shiny by the kisses of the Faithful, spelling out the Latin inscription on the cornice of

the mighty dome: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven"; and so perfect are the proportions of the massive edifice that I could scarcely realize that the letters of this inscription were themselves six feet high, and that the pen in the hand of Saint Luke, in one of the four "gospel" mosaics, was more than seven feet long!

The church was not empty. It was one of those rare occasions when the Pope leaves the Vatican to celebrate mass at the High Altar of Saint Peter's. For hours the great crowds of pilgrims from every nation in the Christian world had been filing through the doors of the cathedral; other crowds of tourists like myself had swelled the throng. The assembled congregation would have taxed the capacity of any other auditorium in Christendom. But if you and I had been standing on the cornice of Saint Peter's Dome, instead of staring up into its vastness, and had looked down upon the heads and shoulders of all the people gathered around its High Altar, we should have seen only a tiny black oasis on a desert of marble whiteness—so unbelievably colossal is Saint Peter's at Rome.

Suddenly the oasis was full of movement. "Here he comes! Here he comes!" The whispers were in a dozen different languages; but the gestures, the cranings, the lifted heels were in the esperanto

of excited expectation. On the Vatican side of the church there was a slight commotion: the shifting of feet and the rustling of silks. Cardinal Merry del Val, aristocrat of the Roman Church, pastor of Saint Peter's, advanced from the High Altar. The heavy curtains parted. The Papal Procession began: a gorgeous company announced by trumpets and preceded by song, bishops and beneficiaries, knights and cardinals, the Palatine Guard, the Swiss Guard, the Patrician Guard, the Papal Chamberlains, and—borne high above the latter's scarlet shoulders in a great chair of red and gold—the Pope.

No spectacle I have ever seen—not even the convening of the Parliament by the English king—is one half so impressive as this entrance of the Roman Primate into the greatest of Roman churches. But even the coming of the Pope can add only completeness to a scene already incomparably magnificent. There are other great churches in Christendom, both Protestant and Catholic; in Rome itself there are three more of amazing size and beauty, Saint John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore, and Saint Paul's-outside-the-Walls.

Being a tourist and not a pilgrim, I found more interest in the artistic side of the Vatican than in the religious side; but there is no better example of how these two characteristics of the Eternal City melt into one than this mighty palace of a thousand

rooms, which is at the same time the home of the Pope and the greatest of Rome's many treasure-houses. There are other museums in Rome just as there are other churches. The Capitol, with its *Dying Gladiator* and its *Marble Faun*; the Ludovisi, with its *Pallas* and *Minerva* and its *Juno*; the Borgese, with its *Venus* and its *Sacred and Profane Love*; the Colonna, with its *Adoration* and its *Assumption*; and the Conservators, with its *Bronze Wolf*—all of these temples are worthy of many a worshipful visit. In the Vatican, itself, there are a thousand statues and paintings, any four or five of which would make the fame of an ordinary gallery; the *Apollo Belvidere*, the *Laocoon*, and the *Perseus* of Canova; the *Transfiguration*, *Coronation*, *Mysteries*, *Virtues*, and *Madonna* of Raphael. But nothing in all Rome, ancient or modern, pagan or Christian, thrills me like the Sistine Chapel of Michelangelo.

The Chapel, which is one of the Vatican's thousand rooms, is no larger than the front hall of a Long Island millionaire's country home. But there are nine pictures on its ceiling, each worth more in American gold than the Long Island millionaire's whole estate; twelve figures of the Prophets and Sibyls, priceless expressions of the master's genius; and at the far end, occupying the entire wall space, the famous *Last Judgment*, Michelangelo's mural masterpiece. There is no genius like Michel-



## ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

angelo's; no chapel like the Sistine. I would rather spend an hour there than an eternity in the Forum!

You might not agree with me. Most people don't. They go right from the train to the Forum, and stay so long it takes an archæologist to recognize them when they return. They have no time for the Rome of Michelangelo or the Rome of Saint Peter or the Rome of Mussolini. They are like Castor and Pollux, in Macaulay's famous lay:

"On rode they to the Forum,  
While laurel boughs and flowers,  
From housetops and from windows,  
Fell on their crests in showers.  
When they drew nigh to Vesta,  
They vaulted down amain,  
And washed their horses in the well  
That springs by Vesta's fane.  
And straight again they mounted,  
And rode to Vesta's door  
Then, like a blast, away they passed,  
And no man saw them more."

The Forum is much more interesting than it used to be, because excavators have now uncovered in considerable detail the geometrical proportions of life during the pagan era. There is nothing, however, in the upturned relics of stone and marble so important to most of us as the conviction that here in the narrow valley between the Palatine and Capitoline Hills, there lived and worked and fought and died the great figures of early Rome: Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony, Brutus, Pompey, Cassius, Cicero, Catiline, Augustus, Quintilian, Pliny, Virginius,

Appius Claudius, and a host of others whose names are more familiar to every American schoolboy than they are to you and me.

The Colosseum is not such a ruined ruin as the Forum. It lacks the almost complete preservation which makes the Pantheon such a living link with the dead past, but it has a vitality and substantiality which makes easy a mental reconstruction of its glories. I love to sit in the Colosseum, and fancy Rome once more at its imperial heights: "wicked, wonderful old city," built on hardships and bent on pleasure. I can see, almost, the emperor, the members of the imperial family, the senators, the magistrates, the fifty thousand eager spectators—and suddenly I feel sad that all the guide-books can find to say about the giant pile to-day is this excellent truism: "A visit to the Colosseum by moonlight is highly recommended when feasible." When feasible! When you are in Rome, and a visit to the Colosseum by moonlight is no longer "feasible," look about you and choose your sarcophagus. For the Colosseum by moonlight should be the high point of your Roman memory!

By sunlight, it looks so much like the football stadiums that have risen in recent years in the principal college towns of our own country, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, to Berkeley, California, that the casual visitor almost expects to hear the Roman college cheer. But the solemn-minded guide, if re-

mindful of the similarity, will tell you that the Colosseum came into existence well in advance of the college stadiums: which was, indeed, the fact. The Colosseum was built during the reigns of the Emperors Vespasian, Titus and Domitian; and was used for contests between Roman gladiators and between beasts and Christians. At the opening performance of the Colosseum in the year 64 A. D., lasting one hundred days, five thousand animals met their death. But, as Charles Dickens wrote: "Never in its bloodiest prime can the sight of the gigantic Colosseum, full and running over with the lustiest life, have moved one heart as it must move all who look upon it now, a ruin. God be thanked: a ruin."

Of course, the Forum and the Colosseum are only the beginnings. There are the Baths of Diocletian and Caracalla, Trajan's Column and Hadrian's Tomb, the Catacombs and the Appian Way. Yesterday, I spent an entire afternoon in the ruined Baths of Caracalla, reconstructing in my imagination the hot rooms and cold rooms, the men's gymnasia and the women's, the furnaces and shower baths, the subterranean abiding places of the faithful slaves. Here, and in the Baths of Diocletian—between the railway station and the Grand Hotel!—we see the forerunner of the European casino: baths, games, reading-rooms, libraries, theaters—all under the inclusive and purative name of Baths. And to-day, two thousand years after Caracalla, the name of

the corporation which operates the gambling casino at Monte Carlo, a strikingly similar institution, is "*Société des Baines de Mer*." Society for Sea Bathing! Walls crumble, but human nature remains throughout the ages!

Hadrian's Tomb, on the far bank of the Tiber—"Tiber, Father Tiber, to whom the Romans pray"—is interesting if only for its reminders of the rascally Benvenuto. Trajan's Column, because of its two thousand five hundred human figures, and Trajan's Forum, because of its two thousand five hundred cats (what was once accounted one of the wonders of the world has become the local "Bide-a-Wee Home" for stray pets!), are worth a careful scrutiny. The Trevi Fountain *must* be visited, if only to throw a penny in its waters to assure a prompt return to Rome. The Villa Borghese, now renamed the Villa Umberto I, is notable because Mussolini takes his exercise upon its bridle paths, because the gay tints of its flower beds vie with the gay plaids and gayer turbans of its nurse-girls, and because the view from the summit of the Pincian Hill at the fashionable hour of five-thirty is worth going miles to see—whether we look at Rome in the valley or the Romans on the hill! The Villa d'Este at Tivoli, in the hills beyond the Roman Campagna, contains the most beautiful fountains in the world, falling headlong over giant rocks and streaming upward into rainbow clouds.

## ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

But the real problem in Rome is not so much what to see, as how to see it. The merest fragment from the past, in itself unbeautiful and unmeaning, is worth seeing—and knowing. It may reconstruct a century or more of notable achievement. Every thing in Rome *should be seen*—and understood. Unless you are a student just out of school—and a very good student out of a very good school—it is impossible to accomplish this feat unassisted. Moreover, Rome is a most diverse city: of heavy grades and unsuspected distances; of countless magnificent palaces, piled end on end in baffling confusion: each open on different days for different lengths of time. And the people, for all their cosmopolitan character, are the poorest English scholars in Italy. In Rome, you must know Rome as the Romans know it, do things when the Romans say you can do them, and speak a language which they choose to understand. In other words, to see Rome, you must have help.

I have tried all kinds. I have been to the Roman library, and taken out a half-dozen or so of its “little volumes” and laboriously followed in the footsteps of those who “knew their Rome.” But by so doing I have fallen victim to personal tastes and eccentricities—the more eccentric because they were not my own!—and I have missed half of what I should see and most of what I *wished* to see during a short stay in Rome. Doubtless as a year or a lifetime spent in the company of these charming amateurs

would be a Roman education, a week with one of their books is a tourist catastrophe. I have purchased guide-books with more success as to thoroughness but with an irreparable loss as to inspiration. Rome seen with one eye in a guide-book is as ineffective as a sermon delivered with one eye on the notes. I have tried the private automobile, hired at extortionate American rates, which undertakes to make a grand tour of all the sights in one, two or three days, and, geographically speaking, does so. But I found myself looking at Rome through chauffeur eyes, as ignorant of Roman history—its true significance, I mean—as if they had always gazed on the Loop instead of the Forum. I have tried the private guide—an added expense to the private automobile. A good one is a joy, but a poor one is an abomination; and any one is expensive. So, in the middle age of my traveling experience I have fallen back on the much-abused but ever-useful sight-seeing bus.

The chief difference between Rome and the other capitals of Europe, Paris for instance, is this: Paris is a modern city with oldish features; Rome is an ancient city with modern features. I see a beautiful thing in Paris—the Madeleine, for instance—and I know it is beautiful. Napoleon attended to that: he arranged the vista and prepared the mind; he gave his production a Belasco setting. But there are beautiful things in Rome that no one



## ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

would know were there unless they were told. Paris has had showmanship. Rome needs it. And the tourist agencies—curse them for all their crassnesses and inadequacies!—know how to give it. They not only “know their Rome” but know their tourists. They divide the city into six parts of substantially equal interest and diversity. Each part requires about three hours of continuous sight-seeing; all six parts are distributed over three whole days; and each feature of each part is explained by a man of some education and appreciation. The tourist-agency method is not exclusive; it is not *de luxe*; but it is the one practical, inexpensive, satisfying way to see this treasure-house of the ages.

But all Rome was divided into seven parts, not six; and we must supply the seventh from our library shelves. The poets do not run sightseeing busses; but they can be of immeasurable use to us if we wish to see Rome not as she is but as she was. No reader thinks of the Eternal City without falling unconsciously into the verse of Byron, Browning, Keats, Shelley and Macaulay; and the prose of George Eliot's *Romola*, Marion Crawford's *The Roman Singer* and Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Marble Faun*. No one knows Rome in all her beauty and grandeur until he knows these writers and their literature of homage.

On the way to Saint Paul's-outside-the-Walls (the way Paul trod to his death) there is a minia-

ture pyramid. It is the Mausoleum of Caius Cestius, prætor, tribune, master of the sacrificial banquets, and now forgotten except for the antique wonder of his tomb. But behind that somber pyramid are graves of men whose names will be remembered when their marble monuments have crumbled into the dust of another and perhaps still another fallen Roman Empire: poets who have immortalized the Eternal City in eternal song. The British Cemetery is not like most burying-grounds. It is soft and beautiful, almost cheerful in its delicate beauty. "It might make one in love with death," said Shelley, "to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." And there he lies, together with the friends he knew and loved, in the city of which he sang.

Scholars and teachers from many lands have lived their lives in Rome, and gone to their graves in its beautiful cemetery. We seldom think of Rome as a modern college town; but such it is: to the extent of twenty thousand studious foreigners, who have come from all over the world to study history where history was, art where art is, and theology where Paul died and Peter lives!

Rome is a city of many seeming incongruities. The taxis throbbing up the rounding grade of the Via Veneto or through the narrow fastnesses of the Corso—where chariot races once were held—are no more Roman than the Baedeker-devouring men

## ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

and women who ride in them. To the worshipful antiquarian, the very cleanliness of large sections of the metropolis, its shining modernity, is an offense against the memories of Romulus and Remus and Castor and Pollux. But to the visiting tourist, especially in summer heat, all of these "desecrations" are convenient and comforting.

The Roman restaurants, none of which is especially Augustinian, keep up a semblance of appropriateness by serving the dishes of the country; and, in some cases, serving them exceedingly well. The Ulpia, down an alleyway from Trajan's Forum, is high class and high-priced; Biffi's in the Piazza Colonna is just as good, but not so picturesque; Libotti's, on the Via Francesco Crispi, is typical of dozens of sidewalk cafés, where patrons of modest incomes and immodest appetities may order *gnocchi*, *ravioli*, *minestrone* and *petto di pollo* without fear of disappointments or bankruptcy. For the jazzy tourist hotels which crowd the crumbling walls of the Pincian Gate I hold no brief. I have just eaten a meal in one of them, whose orchestra leader seems bent on observing Lent to the tune of *Charlie, My Boy!* But even these *de luxe* hostelries are not entirely out of step with history. I am sure that their cool luxurious restaurants would appeal to pleasure-loving Hadrian; and their orchestras, of course, to Nero! And I know from personal experience in July heat, the summer after the Princess Yolanda

married her man-at-arms, how completely their white marble bathrooms would meet the needs of the patrons of Diocletian and Caracalla.

Officially, Rome *is* a modern city, with modern responsibilities. It is the capital of a young and very vigorous state. Italy, as a nation, is not so old as its oldest citizens. More men are now alive who fought with Garibaldi for the founding of united Italy than fought with Grant for the saving of united America. But in the fifty-odd years since the present king's grandfather became the first occupant of the Italian throne, the new rulers of Rome have blanketed the city with an incrustation of modern monuments and edifices which threaten to obscure—at least, in size!—the artistic heritage of the ages. No eye can avoid the glittering immensity of the Monument to Victor Emanuel II, standing in colossal incongruity in the Piazza di Venezia at the foot of the Quirinal and Capitoline Hills; or the towering beauty of the Garibaldi Monument on the Janiculum, topping the topmost tip of the highest of the hills. Even the sacred Pantheon, “designed,” according to Michelangelo, “not by men but by angels,” has converted its “huge, black rotundity” into a mausoleum for the reigning house of Savoy.

It is fashionable in Rome to regret these usurpations: to prefer a policy of rendering unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's. But for me there is a thrill

## ROME: THE CITY OF SEVEN SOULS

in finding Rome once more gazing, if not imperially, at least bravely, on the world she long did rule.

Rome! A City of Seven Hills: Palatine, Capitoline, Aventine, Esquiline, Quirinal, Viminal and Celian. A City of Seven Souls: ancient, modern, poetic, artistic, scholastic, religious, political? Who knows? When some future Gibbon sits down to write a new "Rise and Fall" his work may fill not twenty volumes but a library!

# ROME

| DAYS      | What I Did in the MORNING   | What I Did in the AFTERNOON  | What I Did in the EVENING   |
|-----------|---|--|---|
| MONDAY    | <i>Bought sight-seeing tickets at the office of the American Express, 38 Piazza di Spagna for three days' motoring in and around Rome, accompanied by an experienced guide; beginning this morning about nine o'clock with the Piazza del Popolo, Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, the Prati or modern quarter, the Vatican, and the Sistine Chapel of Michelangelo.</i> | <i>After plenty of time for luncheon we started again, to the Appian Way, the Baths of Caracalla, Circus Maximus, Tomb of Scipios, Arch of Drusus, Porta San Sebastiano, the Aurelian Walls, Church of Domine Quo Vadis, Catacombs, Circus Maxentius, Tomb of Caecilia Metella; stopping for views of the Alban and Sabine Hills, and returning by the New Appian Way.</i> | <i>Nothing—but rest and sleep. There are movies and theaters for those who can work day and night!</i>  |
| TUESDAY   | <i>Most people need considerable expert help to see the city, so there were no vacant seats when the car started for the Palatine Hill, the Ruins of the Palaces of the Caesars, House of Romulus, Farnese Gardens, Augustus' Forum, Trajan's Forum, Monument to King Victor Emanuel II, Capitoline Hill, Statue of Marcus Aurelius, Palace of Venice, and the Corso.</i> | <i>At two o'clock, off to the church of the Capuchins, Reni's St. Michael, the Villa Umberto (formerly Villa Borghese), the Borghese Galleries, Pincian Hill, the Ghetto, Marcellus Theater, Temple of Vesta, Temple of Fortuna Virilis, Island Tiberina, Tombs of Keats and Shelley, Pyramid of Caius Cestius, and Church of St. Paul's-outside-the-Walls.</i>            | <i>Went to bed—and prepared for the morrow. A walk through the city streets is always profitable—if you don't get enough exercise by day.</i> |
| WEDNESDAY | <i>Knowing that the best was yet to come (that is always true in Rome) we started for the Trevi Fountain, the Temple of Neptune, the Pantheon, Circus of Domitian, Castle Sant' Angelo (Hadrian's Tomb), a long stay in St. Peter's, and a fine view of ancient and modern Rome from the Janiculum Hill.</i>  | <i>After St. Peter's, it didn't seem possible that there could be any more, but there was: Santa Maria Maggiore, Piazza Vittorio, the Scala Santa or Holy Stairway, the Basilica of St. John Lateran and the Baptistry, the Church of St. Peter in Vincoli, the Statue of Moses by Michelangelo and, last of all, the Colosseum.</i>                                       | <i>It is impossible for me to sight-see all day and go out again in the evening, so I save the "high life" for later in the week.</i>         |
| THURSDAY  | <i>Slept late and made a list of places to revisit "on my own."</i>   | <i>Wandered about the Forum with a little "floor plan" I bought from a guide, locating the various buildings, recalling what the sight-seeing man had said about them and—to my surprise—remembering some of the other things I learned at school.</i>   | <i>Dined late and well at the Castello dei Cesari, an old Roman palace far up on the Aventine Hill.</i>                                       |



# What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS   | Just a Few Odd REMARKS   | About COSTS   |
|--|--|---|
| <p><i>The cheapest way to eat in Rome is at your hotel or pension. An arrangement can be made for room and three meals a day at prices depending on the class of hotel—but always at prices lower than you can buy the same class of food elsewhere.</i></p>   | <p><i>I used the American Express sight-seeing facilities in Rome instead of Cook's, partly because I liked the groupings of the sights, but mostly because the starting point was convenient to my hotel. Cook's main office is in the Piazza Esedra.</i></p>               | <p><i>Rome is not a cheap city. There are charges of admission to most of the museums and palaces and long carriage and taxi rides which are unavoidable. For the first three days of sight-seeing, the amount paid to Cook or the American Express includes all these expenses. The same is true of the last day's trip to Tivoli. The three remaining days you pay for everything yourself.</i></p> |
| <p><i>If, however, you are sick of pension fare, as most people are by the time they get to Rome, you should make what is called a half-pension arrangement by which you pay less at your hotel, and buy one of your "principal meals" where you wish.</i></p> |  |   |
| <p><i>My own favorites—not including the restaurants of the <i>Excelsior</i> and the <i>Grand Hotels</i>, which are fine, but costly—are these:</i></p>  | <p><i>Sight-seeing in Rome is serious business. You have to get out your most comfortable shoes and jump into them with both feet!</i></p>   | <p><i>The three days' sightseeing in Rome cost me 175 lire including tip to driver. The Tivoli trip 130 lire. The three days "on my own" about 150 lire.</i></p>  |
| <p><i>Libotti's, a small sidewalk Café in the Via Francesco Crispi, the best "cheap" place I have found in Italy.</i></p>  |  | <p><i>Total (exclusive of food and sleep)—less than 500 lire, or about \$20.00.</i></p>   |
|  | <p><i>It is not necessary to take these three days of sight-seeing in succession; but if you have the strength, it is better to get a complete view of the city—and rest up afterward.</i></p>   | <p><i>The cost of hotels in Rome depends on the season—high at Easter and Christmas—fortunately somewhat lower in the tourist season. Room and board should cost not more than \$2.50 a day (60 lire) if all meals are taken at the hotel. Add 15% for service and taxes, \$15.00 for restaurants and amusements—and the week costs about \$60.00.</i></p>  |
|  | <p><i>Books to read in Rome: Hawthorne's <i>The Marble Faun</i>, George Eliot's <i>Romola</i>; Marion Crawford's <i>A Roman Singer</i>, <i>Quo Vadis</i> and <i>Julius Caesar</i>, also Byron, Keats, Shelley, Browning, and Macaulay's <i>Lays of Ancient Rome</i>.</i></p> |   |

# ROME

| DAYS          | What I Did in the MORNING   | What I Did in the AFTERNOON  | What I Did in the EVENING   |
|---------------|---|--|---|
| FRIDAY        | <i>Spent the morning at the Vatican, studying the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, and stopping on the way out for another look into St. Peter's. Protestant or Catholic, it is impossible to go too often into this magnificent building.</i>  | <i>Did a little shopping on the Corso, Rome's principal street, gazed at the Chigi Palace, where Mussolini has headquarters, took a carriage ride through the Borghese Gardens to the Pincian Hill—and dropped into the Hotel de Russie for tea.</i> | <i>Went to the opera—very good, and not so oppressive as in New York.</i>                         |
| SATURDAY      | <i>Threw a penny into the Trevi Fountain, so as to be sure to come back to Rome and visited the Capitoline Museum for another look at The Dying Gladiator and The Marble Faun.</i>  | <i>Fed the cats in Trajan's Forum, spent a wonderful half hour in the Pantheon, and prowled around in the new excavations on Palatine Hill. Then a twilight ride in an open carriage through the streets of Rome to my hotel.</i>                    | <i>Spent the evening in the Colosseum — by moonlight.</i>   |
| SUNDAY        | <i>Motored (with Cook) through the Roman Campagna to Tivoli visiting on the way Hadrian's Villa—enormously interesting ruins of a magnificent country house on the imperial scale.</i>  | <i>After luncheon at Tivoli, in the shadow of the Temple of the Sibyl, we spent a long, restful Sunday afternoon in the famous gardens and beautiful fountains of the Villa d'Este.</i>  | <i>Sunday dinner at the Grand Hotel—a remarkable function—followed by packing and good night!</i> |
| AND GENERALLY | <p><i>All roads, and most European vacations, lead to Rome through one central railway station. Porters, or facchini (fackeenos) take your bags through the windows or doors of your compartment, and conduct you to the open air. They understand "taxi" and the names of the hotels. Representatives of the latter meet you outside and attend to your trunk. If you are not sure about rooms, leave your trunk, and let the hotel you choose send for it later. Facchino's tip: 1 lira per bag.</i></p> <p><i>About hotel prices—In Italy, hotel rates</i></p> |  |   |

are not what they seem. You must always add about 15% to the price quoted for service (tips which the management distributes for you) and taxes, because you will find these on your bill when you go—along with the innumerable stamps which Italians place on every known document.

*Taxis* are much less expensive than in America; and carriages are about half as costly as taxis. The slow-going open carriages are by far the best way to see the city "on your own."

# What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS  | Just a Few Odd REMARKS  | About COSTS   |
|---|---|---|
| <p><i>Ulpia</i>, a high-class, rather high-priced restaurant in what is left of an old Roman temple, off the Forum of Trajan.</p>   |   |   |
| <p><i>Biff's</i>, Piazza Colonna, Rome's version of a famous Milanese café—under different management, but equally good.</p>  |   | <p>Seven days in Rome—<br/>Total cost:<br/>\$60.00.</p> <p>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p> |
| <p><i>Castello dei Césari</i>, overlooking the city from the Aventine Hill, a fine modern restaurant in a fine old castle—an ideal place for a Roman evening de luxe.</p> | <p><i>Don't buy cameos and other trinkets from street venders.</i> They are cheap and shoddy. Stores at the entrance to the square in front of St. Peter's are authorized to sell beads and crucifixes "blessed by the Pope."</p> |   |
|   | <p><i>Don't forget to drop a penny in the Trevi Fountain</i>, for you will surely want to come back many times to Rome!</p>   |   |

The Italian money is just like the French except that you may get a little more of it at the bank for a dollar. Treat the one lira pieces as nickels and the larger notes accordingly. Look out for the similarity between one lira, two lira, and half lira (50 centimes) pieces. The copper money is worth nothing except for tips.

Guides should be obtained—in case you don't take the sight-seeing trips—only from responsible tourist agencies and hotels. Rome is so confusing that the wrong

guide could take a month to show you what you should see in a day.

**Shopping**—the best shops are along the Corso, and near the Piazza Colonna. The place to buy photographs is the Piazza Spagna. Religious insignia are obtainable in the streets leading to St. Peter's.

When you leave, the hotel concierge will get your tickets, call a taxi or bus, and attend to your trunk. *Facchinis* will take your bags at the station, and put you in the railway carriage for a few lire.



## CHAPTER IX

### ITALY OUT OF SEASON

**I**N SUMMER, Italy is hotter than Omaha, yet every July and August, my cousin from Nebraska goes five thousand miles to get his sunstroke in the Circus Maximus. And in winter, Italy is colder than London in a February fog—yet, fashionable Britishers tumble over one another to spend Christmas in the Catacombs. If you have money to throw away on rush-season prices, go ahead—perspire with the Americans or freeze with the Britons. But if you wish to see the country instead of the tourists, and at little more than half the expense—take my advice. Try Italy out of season.

I did. I landed in Genoa September seventeenth—and sailed from the same port twenty-nine days later. I spent in Italy—all told, including hotels, restaurants, railroad fares, taxis, guides, tips and taxes—\$148.60. And I received for my money “the best vacation I ever had in my life.”

According to Cook’s man, I should have jumped from the pier at Genoa to the Leaning Tower at Pisa; but one of my friends had told me that it was worth the month’s trip just to see the Italians in bathing at Rapallo. And after my first hour on an

Italian railway train, I thought it was well worth while going in myself! Italians dress for traveling as we would if we were about to clean out the furnace—and with as good reason. It was an astounding thing to me on that first train to see an Italian gentleman come into a compartment filled with women travelers, and remove his coat, his vest, his collar and his shoes. But I soon became used to these little intimate touches. Italians were born without a sense of privacy. If you don't believe it, spend an hour, as I did, on the beach at Rapallo!

I stayed less than a day in Pisa, not because Pisa isn't worth many days—Shelley and Byron stayed there for years—but because the three things for which Pisa is chiefly famous, the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistry, are all in one place, a sort of idealized meadow on the edge of the town. Pisa *can* be seen in a few hours, and, if you have only a month for Siena and Rome and Venice and Florence, it *must*. Anyhow, no one of Pisa's three monuments, by itself, is so lovely as the jeweled beauty of the group; so perhaps it is better to carry away from Pisa a general impression of delicate, almost elusive charm, rather than a mass of unimportant detail.

It is extraordinary how details do obtrude—if you let them; such, for instance, as the deplorable fact that the buffet at the Pisa station served tooth-picks, but no butter; and also that



## ITALY OUT OF SEASON

Italians, when they travel, seldom sit down, but walk continually up and down the narrow corridors staring at one another's wives.

The latter sport lagged a bit as we left Pisa, for the track runs in and out of dark tunnels—an absolute waste in a country where lovers do not mind the light of day! But I had other things to look at—and do. Between tunnels, I was getting my first good glimpse of the varied scenery of Northern Italy—the beautiful rolling valley of the Arno, the woods, the hills, the ruddy villages and the sea. And everywhere gardens, tiny green spots retrieved from the sands of the Adriatic, and giant hillsides, terrace after terrace of luxuriant foliage, through which the train climbed slowly to the rocky summit of Siena.

Siena is Italy, the Italy of the Middle Ages. Oxen roam about the steep and narrow streets. The only "trolleys" in Siena run without tracks; and, many a time, the street-cars turn out for the oxen. Siena has walled itself against the world. Its houses are like a series of mountain fortresses—the foundations of one layer almost growing out of the roofs of the layer below it—the whole a great conical pedestal for the resplendent cathedral at its peak. Siena is almost too good to be true. It is so like the ancient cities in the story-books that it seems as if Joseph Urban or some other modern scenic artist must have reproduced it; or as if some giant toy-maker had fashioned its perfect outlines and dis-

played them with the legend, "This is a city on a hill."

There is more gold on the murals and altar-pieces of Siena than there is in the Italian national treasury. Pisan painters used gold to prevent the paints from sinking into the stone, and they succeeded. Some of the frescos—particularly in the Library of the Cathedral—look as if union painters had just been working on them when the whistle blew. The Cathedral is dazzling throughout, like a great diamond with its facets to the sun; and the setting for all this brilliance is the peaceful somberness of dark, high, narrow streets which no one seems to use. Everything is just as it used to be in Siena; religion, art, custom—even the low cost of living.

"It's the finest little town in Italy," remarked the father of four daughters, all of whom insisted on traveling in white dresses, "we stayed three weeks—the laundry was so cheap!"

Rome is different. Of late years, the thrifty Romans have been putting in modern improvements; and the tourist, even out of season, is expected to pay for them. But there is this difference between "in" and "out"—which I found holds good throughout Italy: in season, I should have had to pay top prices for minimum accommodations. Whereas, out of season, I obtained the very best accommodations at minimum rates. A hotel may advertise rooms at fifty to a hundred lire, but if you arrive

## ITALY OUT OF SEASON

with the crowd, you may be sure that none of the fifties are "available at the moment"; you feel yourself lucky to get anything at all at a hundred. On September twenty-second, there were plenty of fifties and not a few thirty-fives. However, for bed and food in Rome at any time of the year, it is safe to park five dollars a day where you can put your hands on it in a hurry. You may need it to satisfy Roman rapacity. But after one look at the wonderful new world which Michelangelo has created in the Sistine Chapel, you won't care. You would be willing to see Rome, and starve.

Rome is a bit complicated. Two little babies, with the help of a stray wolf, started the city, but a lot of grown people finished the job; and without considerable help from the modern wolves, who prowl about in guides' clothing, I found that I wasn't going to be able to make the rounds of all the museums and churches and ruins, to say nothing of staying long enough at each point of interest to learn what it was all about. So I surrendered myself unconditionally to one of the tourist agencies, whose guides and professors know where things are and when they can be seen and what they are when you do see them; and I advise any one else to do the same in this big, complicated, bewildering city. When in Rome, do as the Romans tell you!

Mr. Gibbon took several volumes to tell about Rome, and didn't half do the job. So, I am not

going to try to tell you about it in a paragraph, especially when I have failed to do the subject justice in a chapter! Half of the world's masterpieces and a large fraction of the world's history is waiting for you by the banks of the Tiber. All I can say is, that no matter how long you can stay in Rome, it isn't long enough: that you should sacrifice somewhere else in order to live in a central location, to get around in taxis, and to employ guides in Rome.

In the railway station at Naples, I walked behind a woman from Bangor, Maine. The bag, which she angrily defended from official porters, did not say "Bangor," but her back did. It was inevitable that her thrifty scheme of carrying her own luggage—something unheard of in lazy Italy—should attract the suspicious eye of the local customs official; and it was inevitable that she should mistake the latter for another one of those pesky porters; and that the two of them should get into a terrible row. So I lost sight of her in the crowd that gathered around to watch the bout, and I did not see her again during my stay in Naples. But I thought of her continually. Through her cold, uncompromising eyes I saw the filthy, unmoral city of Naples.

There is no use pretending that I liked Naples. The town had looked beautiful, ten days earlier, when our boat had put into its beautiful rainbow bay, before steaming on to Genoa. It looks almost as beautiful as you approach it from Capodimonte.

## ITALY OUT OF SEASON

But, in spite of its glorious, sun-warmed coloring, and its setting between the mountains and the sea, Naples is not beautiful. It is a dirty city, filled with dirty people, doing dirty things—in public. Goats and cows and naked children and fat purplish old women litter the street. Half-dressed, evil-smelling adults sprawl on the sidewalks and in the alley ways. Naples is a tenement window without curtains—a city without shame. In Rome, before the massive beauties of Michelangelo's deathless marbles, I had learned to love and respect the human body. In Naples, I loathed it.

But I had to go to Naples, if I wanted to see Pompeii and Vesuvius, and, of course, everybody wants to do that. I do not know which is the more impressive; the city that died, or the volcano that killed it. As you walk about the living ruins of Pompeii, and see the lava-covered figures of men and women and children in the postures they were in twenty thousand years ago, when the mountains engulfed the plain, when you see before your twentieth-century eyes the gesture of a man who lived only seventy-nine years after Christ, you are filled with the sense of the unchanging, inescapable permanency of human existence. And then, when you look up at the smoking menace of the mountain, you shudder at its precariousness.

Pompeii redeems Naples—and so does Capri. I should have liked to spend the winter in the latter

place, and in Sorrento, but as I was spending only a month in all Italy, I hurried back, through Rome, with a day to split between Assisi and Perugia, to Florence—the most satisfactory city I have ever known, a city delicate as its laces, radiant as its pearls, eternal as its art.

It may seem almost irreverent to speak of Florentine laces and pearls in the same sentence with Donatello and Botticelli and Michelangelo and Andrea del Sarto and Leonardo da Vinci, but perhaps you have not seen Florentine lace and Florentine pearls—in Florence. Florence's museums are magnificent, but, to women visitors, its shops are irresistible.

"I started out one morning with one hundred and twenty-one girl students who said they wanted to see the pictures," confided a Florentine guide, "but, by noon, I had lost all but four!"

However, you must save some time for the paintings and statues—about a year, if you have it at your disposal!—for you will soon realize that you were wrong about Rome. Half of the world's masterpieces can't be in Rome, because more than half of them are in Florence. But Florence is not so large as Rome. You can see most of it, and understand a good deal of it in a few days—especially out of season. In the summer rush, an official of the Uffizi Gallery told me, they sometimes "put through" three thousand tourists in one morning.



## ITALY OUT OF SEASON

Don't let anybody put you through the Uffizi! That is not the way to see the greatest art gallery in the world.

Florentines think that Michelangelo created the earth and the fullness thereof; and after a short week in lovely Florence, it is easy to agree with them. But the Lord did a good deal for Florence, too, especially in sending through the heart of the city the cooling, soothing waters of the Arno, and furnishing a good excuse for the most graceful bridges in Italy.

It is astonishing how much pleasure an Italian gets out of a bit of water. And the Florentine certainly gets his physical and spiritual money's worth out of the slender Arno. By day, he washes himself in its cooling waters, walking in "careless like," with or without his clothes; or performs the same service by his tired horse; at twilight, he floats about on the river's surface, with now and then a lazy stroke of a long double paddle—the blades shaped like rose leaves and just as gaily tinted. And, in the evening, he strolls along the banks of the Arno, and makes love. We have much to learn from the Italians. Think what we could do with a really good sized river like the Mississippi!

Venice is much more impressive than Florence. I came upon it at night, out of the dirty old Italian train, through the grimy, smoky station—into Paradise. The moonlit waters were at my feet. Two

husky gondoliers seized my luggage, tossed it into the waiting gondola; and in less time than it takes to read it, I was taxi-ing along the Grand Canal to my hotel. There are no street-cars in Venice, no busses, no cabs, no automobiles, no trucks. The gondola does everything.

Venice is no place to do anything that requires any really close concentration. There is no such thing as sight-seeing in Venice. There are two or three inferior picture galleries, containing some very superior pictures, the Doge's Palace (which you can't help seeing) and the Bridge of Sighs (which everybody points out to you), and the rebuilt Campanile (which isn't worth seeing), and St. Mark's. But most of these "sights" are within the well-known stone's throw. You can do the whole job in an hour—and not see Venice at all.

What you need in Venice is what you primarily have—nothing to do. You should start out each day without knowing where you are going, and land by a different route at the same place—St. Mark's Square. And after you have done this for a few days, and have eaten breakfast at Florian's restaurant, and put out in a gondola at night to listen to the *musica*, and wandered about the Cathedral a dozen times until you begin to appreciate its lacy elegance, and have got yourself into a condition where you wouldn't recognize a job if it came up and tapped you on the shoulders—then you know

## ITALY OUT OF SEASON

Venice. I had just reached that point when I had to go to Milan.

Milan, with its massive Cathedral—as different from Venice's as a police dog is different from a pekinese—and its blurred but beautiful *Last Supper*, would be considered a gem in a country that was not studded with jewels like Siena and Rome and Florence and Venice. I am glad that I went there. I should undoubtedly be glad if I had gone to Ravenna or Verona or Bologna. But, after Venice, Milan was only a stopping place on the way to Como and the Lakes.

The fashionable season was over when I stepped off the boat at Bellagio, and walked across from the landing to the hotel that overlooks Lake Como—for what was to be my last night's sleep in Italy. This is the spot that made the romantic novel and the picture post-card possible. To go there yourself is to make them believable. And, that evening, as I sat on the terrace, and watched the waters ripple in the fading glow of my Italian moon, I reached a conclusion about Italy: If there is one thing in all the world more satisfying than to spend a month with the poetry of Siena and the grandeur of Rome and the perfection of Florence and the dreaminess of Venice—that one thing is to spend an evening at Como, and think about it!

# ITALY OUT OF SEASON

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me   | The Best Way to<br>See the Sights   |
|--|--|---|
| GENOA<br><i>One night</i>                | HOTEL SAVOY<br><i>Opposite station. By auto bus<br/>from pier, walk from R. R.<br/>station.</i><br>\$1.00 for room—meals extra.<br>Hotel always full—telegraph.  | Walk around town and taxi<br>to Campo Santo.  |
| RAPALLO<br><i>One night</i>              | HOTEL ELIZABETTA<br><i>By hotel auto bus</i><br>Comfortable family hotel.<br>\$2.00 for room and food.   | Sit on the sand and watch<br>Italians in swimming and<br>listen to music at Casino.   |
| PISA<br><i>Few hours</i>                 |  | Taxis are cheap and quick<br>to Leaning Tower, Cathedral<br>and Campo.  |
| SIENA<br><i>Three nights</i>             | PENSION CHINSARELLI<br><i>By carriage. Good boarding<br/>house. \$1.50 for everything.<br/>Very popular—wire ahead.</i>  | Take your time and drive<br>outside the city walls.   |
| ROME<br><i>Seven nights</i>              | HOTEL ANGLETERRE<br><i>Via Condotti</i><br><i>By taxi—about twelve blocks</i><br>Central—You must be con-<br>veniently located if you ex-<br>pect to see much in a week.<br>\$2.25 for room. \$5.00 a<br>day covered everything in-<br>cluding meals and taxis. I<br>took taxis and saved hotel<br>bills by shortening stay.<br>Rome is not cheap—even in<br>the fall. | Distances in Rome are great<br>and taxis not expensive. Do<br>not try to see the sights by<br>yourself. There are too<br>many. And some galleries<br>are open only on certain<br>days. Professors Forbes and<br>Reynard or guides from<br>Cook's or the American Ex-<br>press take you everywhere<br>and explain everything. Any-<br>how don't wander about the<br>Catacombs alone. |
| NAPLES<br><i>Two nights</i>              | HOTEL LUCIA<br><i>By hotel omnibus</i><br>Simple but very good.<br>\$1.75 for room.  | Go to Pompeii and Vesuvius<br>with Cook—he owns the rail-<br>road up to the mountain.<br>Go to Capri by boat. One<br>day is enough for Naples<br>itself.  |
| CAPRI<br><i>A few hours</i>              | This is a great trip! By<br>morning boat from Naples to<br>Capri. By afternoon boat<br>from Capri to Sorrento.<br>HOTEL TRAMONTANO, at boat<br>landing. \$2.40 for room,<br>dinner, breakfast, and taxes.<br>Wire ahead for low priced<br>room in Annex Syrene.<br>Drive next morning to Am-<br>alfi. After luncheon, drive<br>to Cara and take train to<br>Naples.    | Use cabs, but make bargains.<br>Get cab in Sorrento through<br>hotel, as drivers are not re-<br>liable. Do not use cab from<br>Cara to Naples—the ride is<br>unattractive.  |
| SORRENTO<br><i>One night</i>             |  |   |
| AMALFI<br><i>For luncheon</i>            |  |   |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Some Good Places to Eat  | Just a Few Other Things  | The Next Stop<br><i>How Far and How Much</i>  |
|--|--|---|
| Restaurants poor and expensive.  | Columbus did a good thing when he left this town.  | 105 miles to Pisa (Rapallo 1 hour out).<br>1st class \$3.24<br>2nd class \$2.06   |
| Better eat at hotel.   | As beautiful as Palm Beach.<br>As funny as Coney Island.   | Only a short ride to Pisa. (Leaning Tower on left of train.)  |
| Eat in Station Buffet, good but not especially cheap.  | The tower is the main thing. Save your appreciation for Siena.   | 72 miles to Siena.<br>1st class \$2.18<br>2nd class \$1.40  |
| Hotels, restaurants nothing extra—stick to pensions.   | Let this town "sink in." Don't miss San Gimignano (by train), a town of many towers.   | 163 miles to Rome.<br>1st class \$4.88<br>2nd class \$3.10  |
| Good ones are dear, cheap ones unattractive. Hotels better. For change, I suggest dining at Castel Costantino on hill outside city. You may like the artichokes cooked in oil in the Ghetto cafés. I didn't. I would rather see the Michelangelos than lie in bed with a stomach ache. | Rome was not built in a day, and can not be seen in seven—that is, all of it. But a week with the professors and guides will give you happiness all the rest of your life. Spend your money in Rome on time savers. You may not come again!—but stay a month if you can. More than half the world's masterpieces are in this town. | 159 miles to Naples.<br>1st class \$4.68<br>2nd class \$2.94<br>I wouldn't travel 2nd class in Italy. In England or Germany, yes—perhaps even in France—but in Italy, people take off their shoes to rest their feet, and Italian fleas never rest! |
| Bertolini Terrace for lunch, tea and view—luncheon \$1.50 but worth it. Try Neapolitan nut ice-cream.  | Be thankful you did not come when Naples was even hotter! Look out for fleas and flies. The summer crop is durable.  | Back to Rome—after a night in Sorrento, via boat to Capri. Then from Rome to Assisi. Buy your ticket to Perugia; an hour farther on.  |
| Lunch at Quisanoff Café in Capri, and watch the artists eat. Eat at your hotel in Sorrento. Lunch in the old Cappuccini Convent—now a hotel—at Amalfi.   | Your most expensive side trip until you get to the Italian Lakes—but worth the money, if you have it with you, just to see the gardens by the sea at Sorrento.   | 297 miles from Naples to Perugia via Rome.<br>1st class \$8.88<br>2nd class \$5.60<br>There are few sleeping cars in Italy. Get tired sight-seeing and sleep sitting up.  |

# ITALY OUT OF SEASON

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me  | The Best Way to<br>See the Sights  |
|--|---|--|
| ASSISI<br><i>One night</i>               | HOTEL SUBASIO<br><i>By omnibus.</i> All right for one night. \$1.50 for everything. (Take a bath—you'll get none in Florence.)  | Walk up the hills—it's good for you.<br>N. B. I didn't.  |
| PERUGIA<br><i>A few hours</i>            | HOTEL BRUTANI<br>is good—and cheaper than the Subasio in Assisi if you prefer this place to Assisi.<br><i>By omnibus.</i>   | Not so famous as Assisi but more pictures and statues.   |
| FLORENCE<br><i>Five nights</i>           | PENSION CASALI<br><i>By cab—about ten blocks</i> Florence is filled with excellent hotels—the Grand, Hotel de Ville, Italie, Anglo American—but none are so truly Florentine as this famous old place.<br>(And when you are in Florence you must be Florentine! Ask Mr. Casali.) \$1.40 for everything (except running water—and there isn't any of that.)  | Ask Mr. Casali's advice—or get a guide until you know the town. Guides are indispensable for the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries and cheap. There is an excellent guide named Billi who thinks Andrea del Sarto is greater than Raphael. There is no gallery in the world like the Uffizi.  |
| VENICE<br><i>Five nights</i>             | HOTEL MONACO<br><i>By gondola—together with my baggage.</i><br>A high-class hotel on the Grand Canal.<br>\$2.75 for everything.<br>After putting up with frugal accommodations in Florence—where culture is the thing—spend the money in Venice—where gaiety and joyousness is the thing. (By taking only a room and eating out, you might better this figure. But Venice is always rather expensive and over-crowded.) | Walk to St. Mark's Square and stay there all day. Then take a ride in a gondola up the little canals at twilight. Go out one evening in a gondola on the Grand Canal, and listen to the <i>musica</i> . Take a steamer to the Lido for a sea bath. That's all, unless you wish to see the glass factories at some shop-keeper's expense. |
| MILAN<br><i>One night</i>                | HOTEL NORD<br><i>Opposite station by walking</i><br>\$1.50 for room.  | Take street-car to Cathedral. Cab to Galleries.  |
| THE LAKES<br><i>One night</i>            | HOTEL BELLAGGIO<br><i>1½ hours by train and boat</i><br>Hotel at landing. Room \$1.25.  | Sit in a rocking chair and look at Lake Como.  |



# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Some Good Places to Eat  | Just a Few Other Things  | The Next Stop<br><i>How Far and How Much</i>  |
|--|--|---|
| You feast your eyes, not your stomach, in Assisi.  | The original Franciscan monastery is the Magnet.   | Perugia is only an hour on the way to Florence.   |
| Eat at Hotel Brutani—not bad for sleeping, either.   | What nature did not do for Perugia—art has done.   | 106 miles to Florence.<br>1st class \$3.24<br>2nd class \$2.04  |
| In Florence, you eat three meals a day at home, and two abroad; cakes and an appetizer at Doney's or Giacosa's between 11:30 A. M. and 12, and tea between 4 and 6 at Gilli's on the Piazza Vit Emanuele. Paoli's is owned by the waiters. Try the farthest room at Lapi's.                                      | Take plenty of time to see the pictures. In the summer three thousand trippers are rushed through the Uffizi in a morning. In October, there won't be any one there but you—and Michelangelo. He is everywhere in Florence. P. S. Save a little time for the pearl and lace shops—if you are proof against temptation. | 187 miles to Venice.<br>1st class \$5.44<br>2nd class \$3.38<br><br>Stop off at Bologna and have a sausage—if you can spare the time.   |
| Eating out in Venice is good and cheap. Cavalletto Restaurant, near the Square, is one of several inexpensive places. Restaurant Pilsen is fine but costly. Coffee at Florian's, on little metal seats and tables set out in the Square is an absolute requirement. Cakes and ices at the same place afternoons. | You can see St. Mark's, the Doge's Palace and the Campanile in a day—in one glance from a favorable position in the Square. The pictures are good, but, after Florence, not very impressive. A day would be enough for Venice—if it weren't for Venice! You simply have to loaf around to get that.                    | 170 miles to Milan.<br><br>1st class \$4.88<br>2nd class \$3.08<br><br>Your last long railroad journey! When you get home, you will thank God for the American railway—but you won't regret your happy hours on the Italian ones. |
| Cafés Savigni and Biffi, near Cathedral, better than hotels.   | See da Vinci's <i>The Last Supper</i> and be on your way!  | 100 miles to Genoa.<br><br>1st class \$3.08<br>2nd class \$1.95   |
| Good hotels and good food at every landing.  | Send your last post-card.  | And a bus to the boat!<br>\$148.60 complete.  |

Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.



## CHAPTER X

### A MONTH ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

*The sea the Tyrians dared explore;  
The sea Odysseus wandered o'er;  
The sea the cruising Northmen harried,  
That Carthage wooed and Venice married.*

—EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN.

IF YOU start from the center of the world—which every American knows is in the vicinity of Cleveland, Ohio—and sail due east four thousand miles, you come to the monumental milestone which was once supposed to be the western boundary of that world. Nowadays, you do not think of Gibraltar as a boundary or as a place; scarcely ever as a rock. It's a saying or a trade-mark; or at most a scene in an English novel, where the remittance man who has played into the hands of the international spies sees hope dawning over the bay through the smoke from four of His Majesty's battle-ships. But even in 1926, Gibraltar, with its companion, Ceuta, on the African coast, forms for you and me a giant gateway out of the world of facts and factories into a new-old world of smiling skies and laughing waters.

Perhaps, if I had approached Gibraltar from the Atlantic, as most sea-going Americans do, I might

have been more impressed with the military value of the great natural fortress; but I had journeyed overland through the colorful land of Spain; and to me Gibraltar seemed rather like a British corn on a Spanish toe. In these days of Big Bertha warfare, it is doubtful if the great rock could stand off another of those protracted sieges which has made its name the universal synonym for impregnable strength; but the British still take Gibraltar very seriously, and maintain it with much impressiveness and doubtless at great expense as an outpost of empire. It may not be any more impregnable than were the walls of Liège, but it stands as a solid monument to the inescapable presence of the British flag—and the British tourist!—throughout the world. The flag already flies from Gibraltar's battlements. Some day, when the old fort has been turned into a Cook's office, there may be erected on Gibraltar's summit a monument of the tourist—mackintosh, umbrella, tea-basket and all!

In one important sense, Gibraltar is still the end of the world. For in the little garrison town are gathered discouraged and disillusioned representatives of all the races of the earth. A stroll along Waterport Street leaves the tourist with a profound thankfulness that he is a spectator and not a participant in Gibraltar's cosmopolitan life. But not all of Gibraltar is grim. There are the tropically beautiful Almeda Gardens, from which the shining walls

## A MONTH ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

of Tangiers may be seen across the Mediterranean, the historic Europa Point and the picturesque Moorish market; and, by way of contrast, the British dockyards.

Gibraltar is not only the gateway to the Mediterranean, but to Spain. If you have the time, you will be doing well by yourself if you travel overland through the principal Spanish cities to Barcelona; and from there by tramp steamer to the African Coast—if possible, by way of the picturesque and seldom visited Balearic Islands.

But, if you haven't time for Alfonso's country on this trip, you can leave Gibraltar with the comforting thought that you, at least, have all Spain *before* you, and follow the lure of the Mediterranean to Algiers and the African Coast.

If Africa suggests to you negroes and John Brown's body and that sort of thing, you will be disappointed in Algiers at the height of its winter season. Algiers is but an overnight journey from Europe; and every year, more and more of Europe comes to Algiers. From the Mediterranean, the town gleams white in the sunlit space between the blue waters and the snowy Atlas Mountains. The lower part of Algiers is as French as the Rue de Rivoli; the upper part as Mohammedan as Mecca. There are streets in Algiers less than four feet wide and steeper than the ascent to heaven; and there are also parades and terraces as broad and sophis-

ticated as the Bois de Boulogne. Twenty wonderful mosques adorn the city; and to the most famous, that of Djama-el-Djadid, pilgrims are forever flocking to view the tomb of Sidi-Abdes-Rahman. Above Algiers proper is the green height of Mustapha Superior with its fine residences and tropically beautiful gardens.

If you have a little extra time in Algiers, you'll spend it in the Public Library and Museum viewing the cast of the Christian martyr, Geronimo; or you'll run out to Biskra for the Garden of Allah. Your choice will depend somewhat on your taste in reading! Myself, I prefer Biskra; but for other reasons. The trip takes you to Constantine, the most picturesque town in Northern Africa, to the ruins of Timgad, and to the Sahara.

The easy jump by boat from Algiers is to Tunis—the Bagdad of the Arabian Nights recreated for a winter's holiday. There is no place in the world where Arab city life has been so little disturbed as in the old, narrow, winding streets of Tunis. Even the modern city borrows antiquity from the relics of old Carthage which have been used in the construction of its arches and colonnades. The Bardo, where, in their days, the Beys used to live the life of Kelly, contains what may be mildly described as a harem *de luxe*. The main room is shaped like a cross! Otherwise, there is nothing notably religious about its cupolas and arabesques.



An adjoining room, filled with cooking utensils, strikes a practical note; and suggests that the stomach has always been considered by experts the shortest distance between two hearts—or several, as the case may be.

Tunis, as you may have guessed, is not exactly an Anglo-Saxon town. If you are the kind that longs for the speech of your own people, for the smoke of your own factories, and the view from your own back stoop—and who isn't that kind?—you will find yourself gazing sadly west from the arches of the Kasbah, and humming the refrain of *Home, Sweet Home*, unconscious, perhaps, that in the cemetery below, thousands of miles from "Home, Sweet Home," is a monument that marks the burial place of John Howard Payne, the composer of that song. Mr. Payne served two terms as American Consul at Tunis and died on African soil.

If you can tear yourself away from the bazaars, or Souks, where the gaily dressed natives offer you elaborate Arab jewelry and bright yellow slippers and many other trinkets reminiscent of Cairo and Constantinople, you will run over and take a look at the glory that was Carthage. If you confine your researches to the original site, there isn't much of the old Phœnician city left except its glory; but over the whole Tunisian area are scattered a good many of the relics of Dido's time. The view from the Byrsa, the little hill around which the Phœni-

cians built their city, still commands the head bay, surrounded like an amphitheater by towering mountains, from the highest of which Salammbô was wont to gaze from her terrace across the Mediterranean toward the Italian shore.

One of the many ways in which we have it "on" Salammbô is that we don't have to stop at gazing; we can grab one of the big touring liners at Tunis and be in Palermo or Naples the following day. Of course, there are many other places to go to from Tunis. We might keep along the African coast as far as Tripoli; and from there we might make the long jump to Egypt, Palestine and Constantinople, returning by way of Greece. It is physically possible for a steamer to make this round trip in a month and also include much that we wish to see in the western waters; but it isn't physically possible for you and me to do it and have the leisurely, restful vacation which we need. If you are keen on doing the whole jog at one sailing, take one of the big, comfortable liners that start from New York for a two- or three-months trip to the Orient. The gentlemanly conductor will show you everything from the Four Horseman of the Apocalypse to the Tomb of Tut-Ankh-Amen. You will find it most instructive; for as the eminent Boswell truly said:

"The grand object of travel is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On these shores were the

## A MONTH ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

four great empires of the world: the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean."

Right, Mr. Boswell! But so much is too much to assimilate in one month's vacation. Some day, we'll do Egypt and the Near East; but these thirty day's we'll spend in western waters, in golden harbors and on story-book isles.

The Bay of Naples is good for a week—or, if you have the time, for an eternity! The harbor is a vast natural colosseum with Vesuvius sitting in the emperor's loge and smoking his great, gray pipe. The city, as you steam into the harbor, is the most beautiful urban thing on earth, but, near to, as I have said before, I don't like it. Naples is too dirty and sprawly and noisy; but it is different from anything else in the world, and for that reason is worth a day or two before going out to Sorrento to sleep it off.

The Neapolitans never go to bed. Half of them sing all night in the Café Chantants; about twenty-five per cent. of them congregate under your windows and discuss their love-affairs in terms which happily you can not understand; and the remaining twenty-five per cent. take off their clothes and sleep in the street. In many Italian towns, I have seen perspiring little babies without anything on, sleep-

ing on the sidewalks; in Naples, the babies are just as warm, but somewhat older! The street scenes of Naples are unforgettable, "displaying," as one writer so modestly phrases it, "every variety of careless Neapolitan life and all its animation."

And—if there's anything you miss in the streets of Naples—you'll find it at the Museum. To that guarded spot have been removed most of the richest relics uncovered by the early excavators at Pompeii, leaving the buried city itself, when you reach it, a somewhat denuded antique. This robbery of Pompeii—as the hotel keeper at the latter place will eloquently inform you—was a great mistake; and one which the later scientists are not making.

Before leaving Naples for Pompeii, be sure to get official permission to visit the "new excavations." There you will see Pompeian life just as it was lived two thousand years ago—the finest bit of restoration work in Europe. The trees and shrubs, which you see growing in the Pompeian atria, are not the same trees and shrubs that died before the time of Christ, but they are the same identical varieties, growing where the ancient roots were found. In one place, the spring you see bubbling with all the enthusiasm of youth is the very same spring which bubbled two thousand years ago to quench the thirst of Bulwer Lytton's immortal lovers. And above the town, Vesuvius is still smoking!

The old adage about there being plenty of room

at the top is not so true of Vesuvius as it used to be before Mr. Cook built his railway up its steep side; for a ceaseless flow of tourists now rises and recedes where once the burning lava rushed. Those who aren't happy looking at a mountain except from the narrow end will "Cook it" up Vesuvius; the others—with whom I shall always book a comfortable chair!—will view Vesuvius from Mr. Tramontano's veranda at Sorrento.

The only reason for ever leaving Sorrento is to go to Capri or Amalfi. I did both by day and slept each night at Sorrento; but either is worth a longer stay. The Blue Grotto at Capri is one of the few natural freaks that is really beautiful—almost as beautiful as the regular daily sunset at Sorrento.

From Naples there are always steamers cruising up the Italian seaboard past the Tuscan Riviera to Genoa; or southward to Palermo, the capital of Sicily; or westward to Sardinia and Corsica. And just a night's journey from Naples is Rome!

Assuming that you have either been to Rome or are reserving it for a more thorough inspection than is possible during a month's tour of the Mediterranean, you will choose between Sicily and Sardinia; and, to my way of thinking—if you haven't already been there on your way from Northern Africa—you'll choose Sicily. Palermo, Catania, Taormina, Messina, and the untamed Ætna make a thrilling three-days sojourn in an enchanted isle!

# A MONTH ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

Where I Went  
and How Long  
I Stayed

Where I Lived  
What It Cost Me

GIBRALTAR  
*One night*

HOTEL BRISTOL.....\$3.00 a day for room and board.  
The best hotel in Gibraltar—with a fine view looking  
toward Africa. There is a better hotel at Algiciras, across  
the bay, which I prefer for a longer stay.

THERE are two good reasons for interrupting your Mediterranean trip at the very start to see something of Southern Spain: the country is so unbelievably beautiful; and so far off the beaten track of tourist travel. At Gibraltar, you are within a few hours' ride of Granada, Seville and Cordova. You may never get so close to them again.

In the travelchart, *Ten Days in Old Spain*, is a description of a trip through this Andulasian country starting and ending at Madrid. The same trip, omitting the long ride from Madrid and back, may be made just as conveniently from Gibraltar. A "circular" ticket, which may be purchased at Cook's office in Gibraltar, allows you to visit the three great cities in Southern Spain in any order you may wish, going from one to another in easy stages, and returning to Gibraltar to catch a later boat.

## NORTHERN AFRICA

ALGIERS—*Two nights* .....

HOTEL CONTINENTAL .....\$3.20 for everything  
In the town, but overlooking the bay.

TUNIS—*Two nights* .....

TUNISIA PALACE HOTEL .....\$2.50 for everything.



# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Some Worth-While<br>Excursions  | Just a Few Other<br>Things   | The Next Stop<br><i>How and How Much</i>  |
|---|--|---|
| <p><i>To Algeciras:</i> By steamer six miles across the bay in Spain.</p> <p><i>To Ronda:</i> In Spain, by train.</p> <p><i>To Tangier:</i> In Morocco, by boat, a sleepy, Oriental town.</p> | <p>The Straits, which separate Europe and Africa, are less than thirteen miles across at Gibraltar.</p> <p>The Rock itself is nearly fourteen hundred feet high. Last year 5,000 vessels stopped at Gibraltar—and bought English coal.</p> | <p><i>To Algiers:</i> By boat. Fortnightly sailings by Bland Line steamers—but you can arrange to get passage on one of the tourist liners that ply frequently during the winter. Price varies.</p> |

Between Gibraltar and Seville is a little mountain village named Rhonda which boasts a good hotel and a grand view. It is worth a night's stop, or a week's rest. The fourth most interesting city in the Andulasian region, Malaga, may also be included in the journey between Gibraltar and Grenada.

The long beat to Madrid and back, much of it through rather uninteresting country is hardly worth while unless you are planning a long stay in the Spanish capital. Moreover, unless your trip is made at the right season of the year, in the spring or fall, the climate of Castile is apt to be a rude interruption of that luxurious warmth, for which you have come to the golden Mediterranean.

See Spanish story and travelcharts.

The best way to see Northern Africa is to go from Algiers to Constantine by train for a one night's stay; from Constantine to Batna by train for a few hours at the ruined city of Timgad; to Biskra by train for as long as you can afford to stay in this most picturesque of Arab cities, the home of "The Garden of Allah" and the gateway to the Sahara; and from Biskra to Tunis by train, stopping if you have time for a night's rest at the delightful seacoast town of Bone. Excellent hotels in all these African towns, usually known as the Transatlantique Hotels, are run by the company which operates the French line steamships to America. Algiers is a beautiful, successful city, almost European in finish and sophistication. Tunis contains the most engaging Arab quarter in the world and the famous labyrinth of Souks. But Biskra is the Desert—and the Desert is Africa!

*To Tunis—By boat:*  
It would be misleading to set down here my actual, detailed expenses for steamship fares—because you might not get the same steamers. The best way is to hop on whatever vessel is going your way at the time you want to go. The cost for individual trips will vary according to type of boat and time of sailing, whether you require berths for two nights or meals for two days, etc. But it's just an overnight trip from *Tunis* to *Palermo*.

# A MONTH ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

Where I Went  
and How Long  
I Stayed

Where I Lived  
What It Cost Me

## SICILY

PALERMO—*Two nights* .....  
CATANIA—(*Mt. Aetna*) .....  
TAORMINA—*One night* .....  
MESSINA .....

HÔTEL DES PALMES .....\$3.00 for everything  
HOTEL EXCELSIOR .....\$2.70 for room and two meals.

## SOUTHERN ITALY

NAPLES—*Two nights* .....  
POMPEII—*One night* .....

HOTEL SANTA LUCIA .....\$2.70 for everything.  
Little hotel opposite entrance to old city—name escapes me.....\$2.00 for room and two meals.

VESUVIUS—*Sorrento at night*  
SORRENTO—*Two nights* .....  
*Including trip to Amalfi.*

HOTEL TRAMONTANO .....\$2.90 for everything.  
One of the fine old hostleries of Europe.

CAPRI—*One night* .....

HOTEL QUISISANA.....\$2.60 for room and two meals.  
On the hill.

## ITALIAN RIVIERA

*Five Nights*

GENOA—*A few hours*.....  
RAPALLO—*Two nights* .....  
SANTA MARGHERITA .....  
PORTOFINO .....  
SAN REMO .....

The Italian Riviera is less expensive than the French, even though the lira may not be less than the franc.

HOTEL SAVOY .....\$2.50 for everything  
HÔTEL MIRAMARE .....\$2.50 for everything  
HÔTEL SPLENDIDE .....\$2.75 for everything  
HÔTEL DE LONDRES .....\$3.00 for everything

## FRENCH RIVIERA

*Ten Nights*

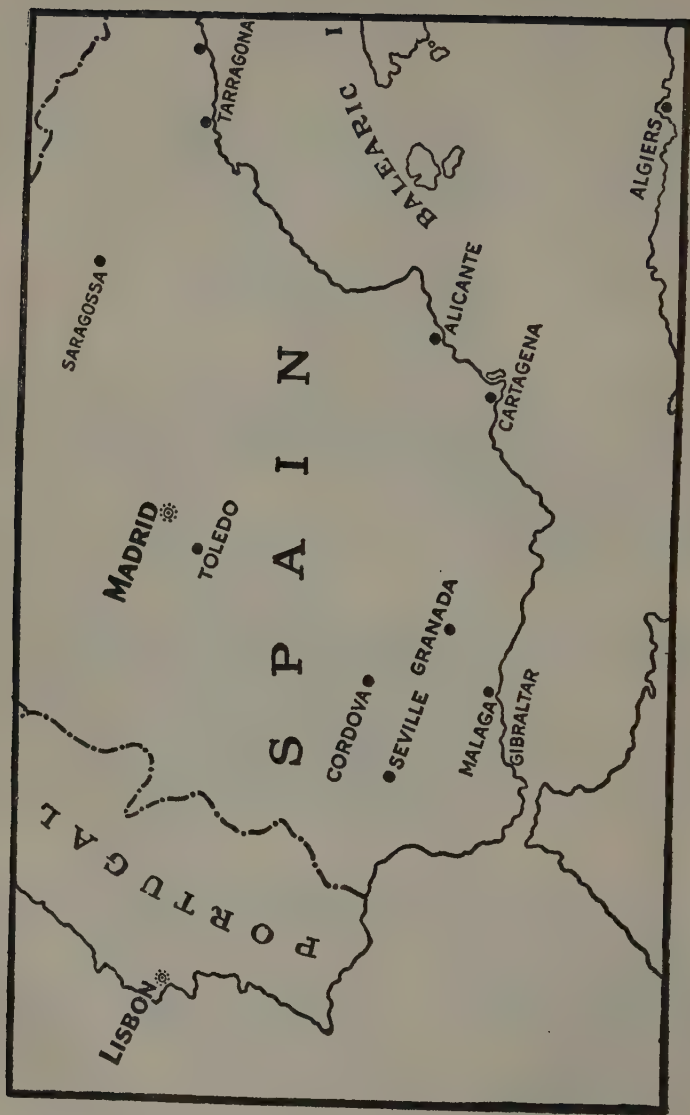
MENTONE .....  
MONTE CARLO .....  
NICE .....  
CANNES .....  
HYÈRES .....  
MARSEILLES—*One night* ....

My long stays were at Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes.

HÔTEL ANGLAIS .....\$3.00 for everything.  
GRAND HÔTEL .....\$3.30 for everything.  
GD. HÔTEL O'CONNOR .....\$3.00 for everything.  
HÔTEL WINDSOR .....\$3.60 for everything.  
HÔTEL DE COSTEBELLE .....\$2.70 for everything.  
HÔTEL SPLENDIDE .....\$3.60 for everything.  
Near the station.

# What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Some Worth-while<br>Excursions  | Just a Few Other<br>Things  | The Next Stop<br><i>How and How Much</i>  |
|---|---|---|
| <p>You can do <i>Pompeii</i> and <i>Vesuvius</i> in two days and a night on your way to <i>Sorrento</i>. From <i>Sorrento</i> you can do <i>Amalfi</i>, an all-day trip by land, and <i>Capri</i> by boat. At <i>Capri</i>, be sure to see the <i>Blue Grotto</i>—omitting all purchases of coral beads.</p>                                  | <p>At <i>Naples</i> you can board one of the big cruising liners for Athens, Jerusalem, Cairo, and the land of old King Tut; or you can sail to Sardinia and Corsica; or you can go by rail to Rome, Florence, Venice, Milan and Genoa; or you can do Sicily, as I did, and then cruise along the coast to Genoa and the <i>Rivieras</i>.</p> | <p><i>Around the Bay:</i><br/>A series of short, inexpensive trips by train, boat and motor.</p>  |
| <p><i>Mt. Ætna</i> is the principal item in the Sicilian landscape. The ascent is usually made from Catania, not far from Palermo; but the weather—unfortunately—was unpropitious when I was there.</p>   | <p>Summer is the Sicilian season for mountain climbers—but winter for normal human beings.</p>  | <p>Around <i>Sicily</i> by rail, short, inexpensive train rides.<br/><i>To Naples</i> by boat or from Messina, by ferry and train, along the Italian coast.</p>   |
|   | <p>The railroad runs close to the shore most of the way from Rapallo to Marseilles. Just get on a train, enjoy the view from the windows, get out at the attractive places, and stay as long as you can. That's the way to enjoy the <i>Riviera</i>—or any other place.</p>   | <p><i>To Marseilles:</i><br/>By train. Your railroad ticket for the entire <i>Riviera</i> trip—Genoa to Rapallo, Rapallo back to Genoa, and Genoa to Marseilles—will cost you about \$7.00, first class, or \$5.00 second class; using trains for long runs and trams (or busses) for short runs.</p> |
| <p>For excursions, wait until you get to <i>Nice</i>, and consult Mr. Cook. He has thought of everything. Ten thousand Americans used his office last winter. You can do it this winter. Be sure to include the <i>Grand Corniche</i>. There are beautiful shore places west of Marseilles—and inland to the North is Provence—and Paris.</p> | <p>The end of a perfect month.</p>  | <p><i>To New York:</i> By boat. 30 days (without Spanish trip), \$239.00.<br/>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p>  |



## CHAPTER XI

### MADRID AND OLD SPAIN

THERE is only one trouble with Madrid. It isn't Spanish. Paris is French, London is English, Berlin is German, but Madrid, in spite of the Rastro, the Prado, and the Escorial, is predominately cosmopolitan. In becoming the modern capital of an ancient nation, Madrid has gained beauty, wealth, power, importance—but it has lost the soft charm of untouched antiquity.

The rest of Spain hasn't. In the Basque country, San Sebastian has taken on some of the airs of its French neighbor at Biarritz; but for all its beautiful casino, its comfortable hotels, its villas, and its royal palace, it is nothing but a tiny Spanish fishing town—all dressed up for a summer holiday. Bilboa, destined to become the great port of Spain and already a promising center of art and literature, is imparting sophistication and prosperity to the hitherto almost untouched Basque coast, but it is, like the country which surrounds it, indubitably Spanish. The bronzed inhabitants of the land that nestles in the southern foot-hills of the Pyrenees, the men with their round caps, the women with their gay kerchiefs, are so Spanish that they are

almost unlike the Spaniards, themselves. They have remained true to traditions. The others, they think, have fallen away. They would like to form a nation of their own—a true Spanish nation.

If you come to Spain by way of Marseilles, the Mediterranean and Barcelona, you see another Spanish land, Catelonia, as different from Madrid as Madrid is different from the rest of Spain. Here you feel the stirring pulse of new thoughts, new enterprises, new spirit; you meet scholars grappling with the problems of the new world, business men adapting the methods of the new industry, incendiaries lighting the torch of the new sociology. Everything in Catalonia is new *but in the old Spanish way*. Even busy, bustling Barcelona has managed to preserve, underneath its veneer of progress, the individuality which makes for strength in national life. It depends on the wisdom or lack of wisdom of King Alfonso and his advisers whether this enduring sense of nationality is to be expressed in a new Spain or in a separate country, Catalonia; like the Basque, more Spanish than Spain, but not of it!

Below Madrid lies the Andalusian paradise of song and story. There are three “must” cities in Southern Spain. If you enter the country from Gibraltar, you meet them in what is to me the order of their beauty: Granada, Seville and Cordova; if you come from Madrid and the North, you



reverse the process; but in neither case is there the slightest cause for worry; for ten days, you'll be in the Spanish heavens.

Granada, thanks to Washington Irving, is almost as well known to Americans as Rip Van Winkle. The capital of the ancient Moorish kingdom still retains many of its Arab landmarks; but, in late years, the tourist rush, the new hotels crowding to the very edge of the Alhambra, the insistent guides, the importunate beggars, the beginnings of industrial and commercial awakening, and all the other penalties of popularity have marred the ancient beauty of the town. Nothing, however, short of absolute devastation, could mar the deathless beauty of the Alhambra, that transplanted jewel of the Orient. Much of the intricate carving of the Alhambra is restoration; some of it smacks of hurried, careless work; but the general effect is preserved: the graceful arches, the picturesque corners, the alluring vistas, and, now and again, the baffling perfection and multiplication of the original detail. There is poetry in every tile of the Alhambra; and history, and romance. There is more of Spain in its tiniest tracery than in acres of the asphalt of Madrid.

Seville is a community like Madrid and a memory like Granada. It is one of the few old cities of the world that is as full of life as it is of death. The relics are wonderful. The tiling of the Alca-

zar is more generally genuine than that of the Alhambra, its delicate carvings quite as authentic, and its flowered gardens the most beautiful in all Spain. The Cathedral is cool and restful and attuned to worship. I know nothing so likely to bring the calloused modern back to God as an hour in the Seville Cathedral. And the famous Giralda, that ancient tower of ageless brilliance, is the most graceful monument below the Pyrenees. The Murillos in the Museum are the finest in the world. But, more than all, I love Seville, the living city, the community that sits joyfully in the Andalusian sunlight, making a virtue of loafing and a religion of love. For loafing: the Calle de las Sierpes at any hour of the day or night; for love, or that flirtatious Spanish substitute: the Paseo de las Delicias, the Sevillian's twilight promenade. And then, if you wish to spoil it all, there is the bull ring; for Seville is the center of the bull-fighting industry, and her Andalusian bulls and her Andalusian matadors are the finest in the world.

Cordova is the Sleeping City, heavy with its great past, unmindful of its passing present. It is nothing at all except what it was; and, Arab-like, it doesn't care what it is going to be. Nowhere in Moorish Europe do suns shine hotter, winds blow softer, or pavings glow whiter than they do in the city of the Khalif. If Cordova had only itself, its hot, anachronistic, lazy self, it would be the most

engaging city in Spain. But the Spanish God has been kind. He has given to Cordova the most satisfying expression of Moorish life in Spain, a greater architectural triumph than the Alhambra, the largest and in some ways the finest church in the world. The Mezquita at Cordova is not forbiddingly religious. It greets you at its gates with a garden of oranges, a sleepy Oriental garden, where women sit about the great fountain with dark red pitchers that are never filled; smudgy beggars loll on stone seats, asking alms but content with warmth; crimson acolytes add diverting brightness to the scene. And within the mosque, the visitor comes first on a shadowed replica of this scene: a garden of arches, a forest of columns, a warmth of color and a profligacy of time. I don't know how many arches there are in the Mezquita, how many capitals, how many columns—there are thousands—but I do remember that each is different from the other, that each is an unspoiled line of grace, and that the effect of the whole on the eye, the imagination and the soul, is, in my experience, incomparable.

None of these things exists in cosmopolitan Madrid. None of them can be seen without that comprehensive tour of the Spanish kingdom which is becoming more and more a tourist pastime. But Madrid holds her head high among cities—and justly—not because she is older or finer or more beguilingly picturesque, but because she is what her

people have made her—the ultra-modern capital of an ageless land!

In contrast with the Moorish cities of Andalusia—Seville, Granada, Cordova—Madrid, with its broad streets and stately buildings, its parks and museums, its gay air of cosmopolitan life, is a modern metropolis, a New York beyond the Atlantic, a Paris below the Pyrenees.

But I no sooner make up my mind that the Spanish capital is nothing but a city of railway stations and hotels and bathtubs than I find myself rubbing elbows with antiquity in the Rastro, the Puerta del Sol or the Plaza Mayor—those three old squares as famous in Spanish story and song as Sancho Panza or the Cid. Of course, the Rastro is much more than a square. It is a region, a market, an institution. Every day, especially Sundays, sharp-eyed gypsy tradesmen display their wares on improvised tables or dump them in maddening confusion on the dirty cobblestones. In the broad Plaza and in the adjoining streets is everything that any one could possibly wish to buy—if only one can find it. I could have provided myself with a matador's costume or an extra mud guard, a pair of earrings or a pair of shoes, a kitchen range or a fake Velasquez; and, if I had dug deeply enough, I could have found somewhere in these countless heaps of seeming junk many articles of value and distinction: rare books, lace, brocades, lacquers and sacred relics.

How the inhabitants of the Rastro, gypsy types most of them and wholly untutored except in their own trade, come into the possession of some of these treasures is a subject on which there are many opinions.

"The Rastro," says the poet, "is the sport of the sea—an isolated shore, to which the deepest and bluest of waters send their flotsam and jetsam."

"Nonsense!" says my American friend, who has lived in Madrid a long time. "The Rastro is a thieves' market. You go there on Sunday to buy back what's been stolen from you during the week!"

There are equally divergent impressions to be gained from the Puerta del Sol. Some people see only the vanished Puerta, the gate; others see only the ever-present Sol, the sun. Some see ghosts, and others tramcars. But everybody sees a lively and picturesque meeting place: a long, irregular, ugly, noisy, crowded and wholly charming spot. If a Spaniard is overcome by an irresistible desire to start a fight, or a fire, or a revolution, he goes at once to the Gate of the Sun and gets it off his mind. Spaniards have been doing just that for centuries. And if any foreigner succeeds in capturing Madrid, either by force or marriage, he or she makes a triumphant entrance through the Puerta del Sol. I can shut my eyes anywhere within its precincts—provided I can find a place where it is safe to do so—and see Anne of Austria, Napoleon, Murat and

the Duke of Wellington marching arm-in-arm through masses of tooting motors and clanging trolleys to disappear finally in the subway station in the center of the square!

Everybody starts or ends at the Puerta del Sol. Sometimes, as I wander about the city, it seems almost impossible to keep away from it. But no one, unless he is a Spaniard or a map-hound, can find the Plaza Mayor; first, because it has been renamed the Plaza de la Constitucion, and second, because it isn't meant to be found. It is hidden within the walls of four rows of houses and is approachable only through dark and ancient archways. I came upon it first on a hot and sunny Monday morning, when I was pursuing a blade of green grass seen through a shadowy gateway; and I stayed to reconstruct among its fine old buildings, its countless balconies and its curious arcades one of those royal and ecclesiastical fête scenes for which the Plaza Mayor was once famous throughout Castile.

On such occasions—whether the attraction were a bull-fight, a religious play, a horse race or a beheading—fifty thousand of the king's loyal subjects crowded the balconies and windows of the houses that line the square, and the king, himself, his queen and his court, lent color and dignity to the scene. To-day there is nothing in the Plaza Mayor more exciting than an equestrian statue! Yellow tramcars rattle through its arched gateways. Chil-



## MADRID AND OLD SPAIN

dren play in its grassy gardens. And underclothes of various sizes and denominations hang from the balconies once graced by royal furbelows.

I went from this scene of vanished regal magnificence to the Royal Palace of to-day, and no other transition could so well illustrate the twofold beauty of Madrid. The Madrid Palace was designed by the brain of one great man and built under the devoted superintendence of another. Inside, there is little of the grimness so common in royal treasure-houses, and a good deal of the gay glitter so long associated with the Spanish Court. Outside, it is monumental. From the stony valley of the Manzanares, it looms up like a vast Acropolis; and through the stately gateways of its courtyard it recreates the abandoned grandeur of Versailles. It is the monument to Spain's vanished greatness, and the symbol of her dawning aspirations.

The present king's father, Alfonso XII, was an enthusiastic collector of armor. He inherited many valuable specimens from his ancestors, Charles V and Philip II, and added others of his own selection until he was the admitted possessor of the finest collection of chain, plate and fluted armor in the world. Then, he had an idea: he would commission skilled wood-carvers to fashion life-size figures of the ancient kings and heroes, copied wherever possible from the paintings by Velasquez and other Spanish artists in the Prado Museum, and he would clothe

these figures—themselves, their horses, their children, even their dogs!—in the actual trappings which they owned and wore.

It was a great idea. It transformed the Royal Armory, which is in the west wing of the palace, from the usual exhibition of glassed-over junk—of no interest to any one, unless he be John W. Vulcan, himself!—into an amazing scene of knightly splendor. From the moment I entered, I felt as if I were back in the days of tourneys and crusades, shaking hands or breaking lances with the heroes of my dreams.

Just behind the palace are the Royal Stables, considered by many more interesting than the Palace itself. For one tourist who longs for a view of Charles V's sword or his collection of tapestries there are a hundred who insist on seeing Alfonso XIII's collection of cream-colored horses. The king is a great horseman—some say the best in Spain—and an indefatigable winner of racing cups. While I was in Madrid this spring he was the leading competitor, under his modest title of Duke of Toledo, in the great "Carreras de Caballos" at Aranjuez; and there are few race courses in Spain where he and his horses are not the most prominent figures. However, the greatest attractions of the Royal Stables are not the occupants of the stalls. In the harness-room and the coach houses is a collection of royal equipages and trappings which is quite

## MADRID AND OLD SPAIN

as unrivaled as the collection of armor in the Royal Armory; and even more successful, it seemed to me, in helping to reconstruct the actual life of the past four centuries.

But there is nothing in the Armory or the coach houses more medieval in its pageantry than the formality which surrounds the every-day life of the present sovereign. Every morning, just before luncheon, King Alfonso changes his guard.

Against the massive background of the Palace, on a broad plaza flanked by graceful arches and lofty railings, two regiments deploy in intricate figures below the windows of the royal apartments: one relinquishing, the other assuming, the honor of guarding His Most Catholic Majesty and partaking for twenty-four hours of his royal fare. Two regimental bands blare. Two sets of gaily caparisoned officers wave their plumes and rein their steeds. The red and dark blue of the infantry clash with the gold and light blue of the cavalry. It is a lively, sparkling, dancing, anachronistic scene!

At the other end of the city is another Spanish spectacle, which seems to the Anglo-Saxon visitor an even greater anachronism: the bull-fight. Of course I went—and regretted it. Just as you'll go—and regret it. But it is indubitably a part of any thoroughgoing effort to "see Madrid"; and the preliminaries, at least, are not without a very lively interest. Five minutes before the fight begins,

## TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

the sandy surface of the ring is crowded with people; but suddenly, without the intervention of a policeman, the space clears. The spectators crowd on to the hard benches. The amphitheater buzzes. The gate opposite the royal box opens wide. Two mounted policemen, dressed in gay plumes and tassels and swords, prance into the ring. Behind them march the heroes of the day, the *espadas*, or matadors. (One of the young men who performed when I saw the fight this spring is a millionaire several times over. He gets fifteen hundred dollars every time he enters the ring.) Behind the matadors come the *banderilleros*, whose duty it is to tire and annoy the bull before the actual killing by the matador; and behind the *banderilleros* ride the mounted *picadors*, who will soon be exposing their blindfolded horses to the fury of the bull; and finally, the teams of beplumed mules ready to drag off the carcasses of the bulls and the horses! This colorful, but gruesome procession advances to the royal box. The supernumeraries retreat to places of safety. Some one throws out the key of the bull pen. The crowd shifts nervously on the benches. The American women cover their eyes. And the bull rushes headlong to his fate.

This is where I usually leave. For I feel much the same about Spanish bull-fights as I do about Spanish menus: the best things on the bill are the *hors d'oeuvres*! But I went this spring as the guest

## MADRID AND OLD SPAIN

of a Spanish friend who confided to me, just before the fight began, that he had raised on his country estate all of the bulls that were to be killed that day; and I sat next to a young man, the son of a Spanish statesman I had long admired, who shrugged his shoulders when I said that I couldn't bear to look at the sacrifice of innocent horses, and muttered in Spanish: "What is a horse?"

So there was no escape. I sat through the six fights which constitute an afternoon's "sport," and six times I wished I was in the Prado.

My advice, if you want to know Spain in her true beauty, is to spend ten minutes at the bull ring and ten years, if you can spare them, at the Prado, that most satisfying of art museums. But I can not go to the Prado in the twilight—so I go to the second most beautiful spot in all Madrid, Retiro Park. This is the city's playground and its pride. Under the branches of its "love trees"—so called because the blossoms come first and the leaves afterward!—and along the fragrant paths of its rose gardens, the nurse-girl and her charge, the soldier and his girl, the tradesman and his wife, spend long hours of gay and happy leisure. And on its broad drive-ways, from dusk until dark, beautiful women in beautiful motors parade luxuriously.

I used to regard the museum at Madrid as a sort of private monument to the great Velasquez, because nowhere in the world is there a collection

## TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

of the works of one master so dominating or so complete. But this spring I spent long hours in the corridors devoted to the other Spanish notables, Goya, Murillo, El Greco, Ribera and Zurbaran, and to famous artists of the Dutch and Italian schools; and I realized for the first time that here in Old and New Madrid was something finer than I had dreamed: a really satisfying treasure-house of art.

The Prado reminds me, as nothing else in Madrid can, of the glory that was Castile. It was to her glittering court, the richest and most powerful in Christendom, that Columbus went to beg for money with which to cross the Atlantic and find America. And a morning in the Prado brings back this vanished glory. The long-faced Spanish princes, the round-faced little infantas, the great gentlemen and great ladies, immortalized by genius, speak eloquently of centuries of power and wealth and culture. The very existence of so vast a treasure-house, filled with paintings and sculptures so exquisitely chosen, is evidence of Spain's long mastery of the world; for no people but the richest and the most cultured could have assembled in far-off Madrid so much of the world's fineness.

Of course, the golden shadow of Velasquez is over every wing and corridor of the Prado. Sixty of the finest pictures in the gallery he painted himself. Hundreds of the others he selected on his trips to Italy for the Spanish Crown. But it is pos-



## MADRID AND OLD SPAIN

sible, in the rooms devoted to El Greco and Goya, to see how much these two, one the predecessor and one of the successor of the master, contributed to Spanish art and life. Murillo, always beautiful, always colorful, is no more beautiful or colorful in the Prado than he is in half a dozen other European galleries. And I never did think he was especially Spanish! But El Greco, the Greek *emigré*, and Goya, the Aragon peasant, began and finished the pictorial history of Spanish grandeur.

There is little use for a guide in the Prado. The pictures are well arranged and clearly marked. But if you have one, he will tell you two things which are interesting and true: that it is impossible fully to appreciate El Greco until you see Toledo, the Dead City, or Goya until you see the Escorial, the Tomb of the Dead Kings.

Toledo—a two hours' ride from Madrid—is said to be the oldest city in Europe. It is certainly one of the most picturesque. Its Cathedral is so vast that it would hold half a dozen modern churches, and next to the one at Seville is quite the finest in Spain. Almost as impressive as the Cathedral, itself, are the synagogues, built by the Jews who fled from Jerusalem when Nebuchadnezzar sacked the Holy City. More than anything else in the "dead city," these ghostly links with Bible times emphasize the antiquity which stalks its narrow streets and hides beneath its crowding roofs.

Of course, Toledo has its Moorish mosque and its Alcazar. Every old Spanish city has! And it has what almost no other community has seen fit to preserve: the home of its most famous citizen, maintained in its entirety as it was during the great man's lifetime. Toledo is proud of the great El Greco. And she may well be proud of El Greco's house—and the treasures which it contains.

As for the Escorial, there is no minimizing the grim grandeur of this mammoth mausoleum of the kings and queens of Spain. It is built of solid granite in the shape of a giant gridiron, and covers five hundred thousand square feet of ground. To me, the most interesting part of the whole pile is the palace proper, where Philip II spent the last fourteen years of his life surrounded by so much evidence of death and decay. A church, which would be a massive structure by itself, is embedded in the center of this giant mound of masonry. It is by far the most interesting religious building in or about Madrid. But perhaps the most impressive thing about it is the feature I like least—its crypt.

Mr. Cook, whom I have always found enthusiastic and reliable about tombs, says that the Escorial is the eighth wonder of the world, and almost as notable in its funereal way as the pyramids of Egypt. Maybe so. Once within its gray walls this strange combination of royal residence, church,

## MADRID AND OLD SPAIN

monastery and mausoleum is curiously interesting. And the tapestries, most of them woven from paintings of Spanish life by the great Goya, are wonderful. Tapestry is Goya's true medium, just as mosaic is Michelangelo's. But as for the tomb part, I fear I have not yet acquired the cemetery urge.

On the way back from the Escorial, which is in the mountains about thirty miles from the capital, I had a beautifully sunlit view of Madrid as a whole—a great white city on a hill. And suddenly I realized how much I liked it. You know how you feel when the train draws into the old home station? Well, I had some such feeling as I came back from the house of death to the city of life. I thrilled to see the gleaming façades of the live king's magnificent palace, and to think that I would soon be sitting in a modern, well-ventilated theater, listening to lively Spanish music and keeping time to livelier Spanish dancing!

Perhaps, after all, it is this new Madrid that holds the greater lure: The Madrid of wide streets and graceful avenues, of comfort and wealth and soft allurements, the Madrid of Alfonso and his English queen. I can not be sure. For here is a city of baffling contradictions, the Prado and the Bull Ring, the Escorial and the Park; something less than Paris or New York, something more than either of them; a deathless link between the present and the past—a two-edged sword of pleasure!

# MADRID

| D<br>A<br>Y<br>S                          | What I Did in the<br>MORNING   | What I Did in the<br>AFTERNOON  | What I Did in the<br>EVENING  |
|---|--|---|---|
| M<br>O<br>N<br>D<br>A<br>Y                | Rode around town with Cook, whose main office is at 15 Avenida de Penalver. The bus starts at 10 A. M., and leaves its load at the Prado Museum at a luncheon time. The fare is about \$2.50.  | Being in Spain, I did as the Spaniards do—nothing until the cool of the afternoon, when I took myself to the <i>Retiro</i> , and watched the fashion parade until dark.   | Went to the <i>Roma Theater</i> to watch <i>Senorita Argentinita</i> , the best of the native dancers.                                |
| T<br>U<br>E<br>S<br>D<br>A<br>Y           | Went up to the <i>Palace</i> to spend an hour in the <i>Royal Armory</i> and to see the <i>changing of the guard</i> in the palace courtyard—a beautiful spectacle.  | Visited the <i>Royal Stables</i> . Permissions to enter the Stables—and the Palace, itself—are obtainable through the American Embassy.   | Dined late, as the Spaniards do, and went to bed—as they <i>don't</i> .   |
| W<br>E<br>D<br>N<br>E<br>S<br>D<br>A<br>Y | Spent three happy hours in the <i>Prado</i> —all of the time in the rooms devoted to the Spanish masters.  | Saw the King play polo. (This opportunity may not come during your stay—but there is almost always some sporting event in or near Madrid where Alfonso is visible.)   | Went to the opera—fair singing, good dancing and great enthusiasm for the tenor.  |
| T<br>H<br>U<br>R<br>S<br>D<br>A<br>Y      | Back to the <i>Prado</i> to see the Dutch and Italian rooms—and to take one more look at the <i>Velasquezes</i> —and for a walk through the <i>Plaza Mayor</i> and the <i>Puerta del Sol</i> .   | Went to the bull-fight—The hotel concierges know how to get the tickets Americans like: in the upper tier, on the shady side, and near an exit!   | Ate what I could—and went for coffee and a dance to the <i>Palace Hotel Grill</i> .   |
| F<br>R<br>I<br>D<br>A<br>Y                | Motored to the <i>Escorial</i> with Cook, leaving at 9:30 and returning at 5:30 P. M. The road is poor—but it hurts less in the big bus than in a small car—and it leads through typical Castilian country for about an hour and a half. | The price of the trip—about \$8.50—includes a very good luncheon and admission fees to all parts of the <i>Escorial</i> —and, of course, the guide. You can't get anywhere in this mammoth pile of masonry "on your own." | Dined at <i>Tournié's</i> , had coffee at the <i>Ritz</i> , and went to Madrid's sportiest supper place, the <i>Palais du Glace</i> . |

# What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS   | Just a Few Odd REMARKS  | About COSTS   |
|--|---|---|
| <p><i>Most of the good hotels in Madrid have French chefs, and if I am lucky enough to find one who knows his business, I stick to him.</i></p> <p>Madrid is almost the only large city in Europe where I prefer hotel food to restaurant food, but there is a reason—the Spaniard will insist on cooking everything in oil!</p> <p>There is one very good French restaurant—<i>Tournié</i>, 13 Calle Mayor.</p> <p>And one well-known Spanish place where the cooking is not too oily—<i>Lhardy</i>, 6 Carrera de San Jeronimo.</p> | <p><i>Don't try to do everything the first day. If you do, the climate will "get" you—and you won't enjoy the rest of the week.</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>The heat in the middle of the day is such that most things close between one and three.</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>The Spaniards seem never to go to bed. The Puerta del Sol is thronged until early morning.</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>There are other art museums in Madrid, and several private collections that may be seen—but the Prado comes first!</i></p> <hr/> <p><i>If either of the long trips fails to intrigue the visitor, he can put in an excellent day walking about the city.</i></p> | <p><i>Nothing is cheap in Spain. The Spanish peseta has not depreciated in value as the French franc and the Italian lira have done—that is, in exchange for American dollars—so living is more like the American scale.</i></p> <p><i>All of the sight-seeing can be done for about \$25.00.</i></p> <p><i>The hotel, including three meals a day, with fair comfort, costs about \$6.00 a day, or \$42.00.</i></p> <p><i>Miscellaneous expenses — tickets to the opera, the theater, and the bull-fight, are rather stiff—with extra cab fares—about \$10.00.</i></p> |
|  |   | <p>Seven days in Madrid—<br/>Total Cost:<br/>\$77.00.</p>   |

# MADRID

| DAYS              | What I Did in the MORNING   | What I Did in the AFTERNOON   | What I Did in the EVENING   |
|-------------------|---|---|---|
| SATURDAY          | <p><i>Went to Toledo by train</i>—Cook runs a bus trip which starts at nine and returns at seven, but the road is long and bad. By starting a little earlier and returning an hour later, I had a very leisurely, untiring day. When you get to Toledo, go to the hotel, leave your coats and umbrellas, and go out to see the town. Everything is near by, and easily seen. The most interesting sights are the <i>Cathedral</i> and <i>El Greco's house</i>.</p> <p>The Toledo "Cook" trip goes on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; the Escorial trip on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.</p>           |   | <p><i>Dined late and slept.</i> (Court rooms are preferable to street rooms—and the top floor should be avoided in summer.)</p> |
| SUNDAY            | <p><i>Took a carriage to the Rastro</i>—and spent the morning in the "thieves' market."</p>   | <p><i>Visited the interior of the Royal Palace</i>—and spent the last Madrid twilight in the <i>Park</i>.</p> | <p><i>Dined</i>—and packed—and took one last walk through the <i>Puerta del Sol</i>.</p>  |
| ANND<br>GENERALLY | <p><i>When you arrive</i>—There is less English spoken in the Madrid stations than in France or Italy—but the porters understand "taxi" and the names of most of the hotels. Better write the latter on a sheet of paper. The porter gets one <i>peseta</i> for each piece of luggage—too much, but the official scale.</p> <p><i>Don't get your trunk</i> until you are sure your room is all right. Then, hand your baggage receipt to the concierge.</p> <p><i>Spanish hotels</i> do not add 10% for service. You do your own tipping when you leave.</p> <p>The <i>peseta</i> is worth fifteen cents.</p> |   |   |

## TRAVELING IN SPAIN

**By train:** Buy a Kilometrical Ticket good for 3,000 or more miles. The rate is about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a mile, first class. The second class is comfortable, but seldom found. Circular tickets covering most of the places on my itinerary cut the cost about twenty-five per cent.

**By boat:** Coast line steamers run frequently but irregularly. Railroads can be used when boat sailings are not convenient. The cost of boat travel varies.

**By motor:** There are fewer bus lines in Spain than in most European countries; and private motors are comparatively expensive.



## What I Did and What It Cost Me

### Where I Ate My MEALS

### Just a Few Odd REMARKS

### About COSTS

I can not recommend any of the small "typical" cafés, unless you prefer atmosphere and generally bad atmosphere—to food.

*Late dining* in Spain is a disease that you can't help catching. The Spaniard uses our dinner hour for out-of-doors fun and dines between nine and ten.

Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.

There is very little difference between the price of a meal in a hotel and a café. The small hotels are a bit cheaper.

*Don't save up* your bull-fight until the last day—because you'll go away with the wrong idea of Madrid!

Don't confuse it with the two-peseta pieces. The pennies are useful. Each is worth a cent and a half. The Spanish dollar—five pesetas—is about sixty cents. There are twenty-five, fifty and one hundred peseta notes.

*See that your luggage* travels with you—or it may not travel at all.

*Don't go out* in the middle of the day.

*Don't try to hurry*—yourself or anybody else.

*When you leave* let the concierge do all the work. He knows!

## GOOD HOTELS IN SPAIN

|                 |   |
|-----------------|---|
| GRANADA .....   | HOTEL WASHINGTON IRVING.....\$3.60 for everything |
| SEVILLE .....   | HÔTEL DE FRANCE .....                             |
| CORDOVA .....   | HOTEL REGINA .....                                |
| TOLEDO .....    | HOTEL IMPERIAL .....                              |
| SARAGOSSA ..... | HOTEL UNIVERSO .....                              |
| BARCELONA ..... | REGINA HOTEL .....                                |
| MALAGA .....    | HOTEL CORTES .....                                |
| ALICANTE .....  | HOTEL SIMON .....                                 |
| VALENCIA .....  | HOTEL FOUR NATIONS .....                          |
| TARRAGONA ..... | HÔTEL DE PARIS .....                              |

# TEN DAYS IN OLD SPAIN

# Toledo - Cordova

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | Hotels in Which<br>I Stayed  | The Principal Sights and How<br>to See Them   |
|--|--|---|
| TOLEDO                                   | No over-night stay.  | See the <i>Madrid</i> chart.  |
| CORDOVA<br><i>Two nights</i>             | HOTEL REGINA<br>A first-class hotel with a beautiful shaded garden and a good cuisine. It pays to be as comfortable as possible in Southern Spain. It's awfully hot! | <i>The Mezquita</i> at Cordova is the most picturesque religious building in Europe—unlike any other church in the world. You need a guide. There are two excellent ones at the hotel—the thick-set man with glasses especially helpful. Make one trip with him—and go yourself the next day.<br><br><i>The House of the Marquis Varnia</i> , Master of the King's Horse, is a fine example of better-class Spanish home. The house and patios are usually open to visitors.<br><br><i>Cross the Moorish Bridge</i> , get the river view of the city, go out into the mountains to the Moor's Palace of <i>As-sahrs</i> (a four-mile motor ride), visit the <i>Museum</i> —and the <i>Mezquita</i> again before you go. |
| SEVILLE<br><i>Three nights</i>           | HÔTEL DE FRANCE<br>A quiet, restful, cool hotel in the center of the city.   | <i>The Alcazar</i> is still used by the King and Queen of Spain as a royal residence. A few pesetas to the attendant will open the living rooms to inspection. But the ancient, tiled apartments are by far the more interesting—and the gardens are an unending delight.<br><br><i>The Cathedral</i> , where Columbus's bones are said to lie, is the most satisfying place of worship in Spain. Its Tower, the celebrated <i>Giralda</i> , is the most conspicuous landmark in Seville. Next is the <i>Gold Tower</i> ; next the <i>Bull Ring</i> !   |
| GRANADA<br><i>Two nights</i>             | WASHINGTON IRVING<br>Selected for its name and its nearness to the Alhambra. Good service. Not too expensive—but no view.  | <i>The Alhambra</i> is the third and, thanks to Irving, the most famous of the great Moorish ornaments to Spain—and it is indubitably the most beautiful. Much of the detail is restoration—but the vistas and the contours are eternal. The view of the Moorish Gardens from the arched windows of the Queen's Chamber is exquisite. The Court of Lions and the various halls which surround it are the most magnificent and elaborate specimens of Moorish architecture in Europe. There are other things in Granada—but not for me!  |
| MADRID                                   |  |   |

# Seville - Granada

*Total Cost About \$80*

## Just a Few Odd Remarks

## The Next Stop—and How to Get to It

Doing *Toledo* en route to the south saves the long tiresome trip back to *Madrid*.

By night train to *Cordova*.

Save some time for the town itself—to walk along the hot white streets; to study the beautiful facades of even the simplest residences, to glimpse the green gardens in their patios, and to catch the breeze that always issues from the cool interior to the blazing sidewalk. This is Spain.

A morning's trip by train to *Seville*.

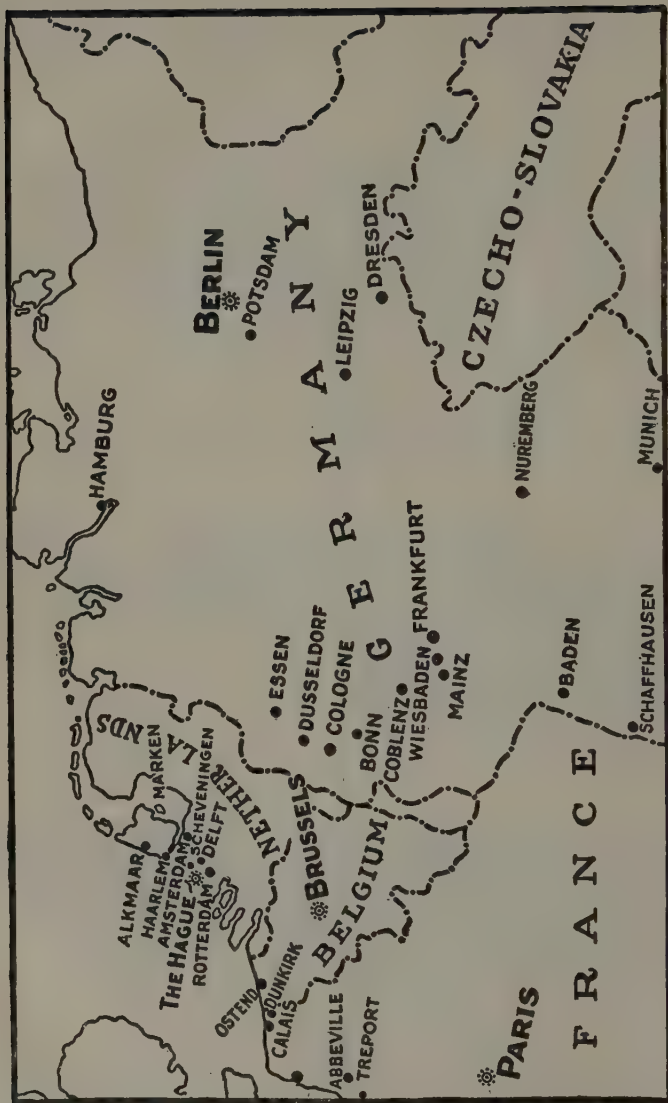
Before leaving for Spain, it is well to plan your itinery and buy your ticket from a tourist agency for the round trip. So-called circular tickets are 25 per cent. less than ordinary ones.

Take Seville easily. Get acquainted with the Calle de las Sierpes, where the male Sevillians loaf all day, and the Passo de las Delicizs, where the feminine inhabitants parade in the afternoon from twilight until dusk. And spare at least half a day for Murillo. This was his home—and the paintings in the museum are his best.

A fairly long day's trip to Granada—or an easy night one. The country is well worth seeing—if the day is not too hot.

You can go to the Alhambra again and again—but if one day is enough, you might run down to *Malaga*, which is near by, or to *Algiciras*, where you can look at the *Rock of Gibraltar* before taking the final trek to *Madrid*—and the workaday world.

By night train, a long journey to *Madrid*. If you came to Spain from *Paris* via the *Pyrenees* and the *Basque Country*, go out through *Catalonia*, via *Barcelona*, the *Mediterranean* and *Marseilles*. Then you will have seen all of Spain.



## CHAPTER XII

### BERLIN BELONGS TO THE WORLD

WHEN the American Ambassador to France, in the dark days before the Marne, announced an American protectorate over the monuments and museums of Paris, he established for all time the principle that a nation's art treasures belong not only to the nation but the world. And that is the spirit in which the devoutest ally may still approach the splendors of Berlin. There is a divine neutrality about magnificent architecture. The Brandenburg Gate has no monarchistic leanings; and it is no less beautiful because taxicabs have replaced chariots beneath its mighty arch. Imperial palaces—in Paris or Rome or Vienna—house masterpieces as well as mischief-makers; and the Berlin Schloss is no less impressive because its chief exhibit has run away. Nature, too, is an internationalist. The grass in the Tiergarten is just as green, the leaves on the trees in Unter den Linden just as thick, and the beer gardens in the Kurfürstendamm just as wet as they were before the war. Berlin is still Berlin—the most beautiful modern city in the world.

If Julius Cæsar had gone sightseeing there in-

stead of in all Gaul, he would have reported that the city was divided into two parts: the one that centers around the Brandenburg Gate; and the one that centers around the Imperial Palace; and that the two parts were linked by the velvety chain of the Linden. The Gate stands majestically at the head of the famous avenue, just as the Arch of Triumph stands at the top of the Champs Élysées; and, just as the Bois de Boulogne lies beyond the Arch, the famous Tiergarten stretches luxuriously behind the Gate.

The massive standstone structure, which thus bisects the town, is less than a hundred and fifty years old—nothing is very ancient in Berlin—but its reproduction of the pure Greek design is so faithful and the surrounding buildings are so dignified that it stands out in ageless simplicity among the modern city's more elaborate monuments. There are five passages beneath its lofty cornices, each wide enough for carriage or automobile; the middle one, slightly wider than the rest, reserved under the old régime for members of the imperial family! On either side of the gate itself are appropriate buildings in the same pure Doric style; and in front of it, toward the Linden, is a noble square lined by fine buildings of uniform height—not unlike the Place Vendôme without its Column, and called, not inappropriately, Pariser Platz.

Beyond the Gate lies the road to Charlottenburg,



a long white line through the green expanse of the Tiergarten. The name of this famous park means a Garden for Animals, for it was here that early Hohenzollerns went out and shot their breakfast deer. Of late years, the only animals in the Tiergarten are marble ones, except for an occasional escaped hyena from the near-by zoo; and now, even such intrusions are rare; most of the animals in the cages were shot during the war because there was no food to spare for them.

To the left of the Gate on the garden side is a high stone fence behind which is concealed the famous Foreign Office of the German Reich; and in the wall is an inconspicuous doorway through which the Kaiser used to slip privately into the cabinet meetings of his ministers. The Foreign Office is now occupied by officials of the German Republic—and the family entrance is securely locked.

On the right, through broad avenues lined with statues of Prussian and Brandenburg kings—good eaters, every one of them!—is the Koenigsplatz, or King's Place, punctured by its gold marble Victory Column and flanked by the mammoth Reichstag and the gargantuan bronze Bismarck. To me, this imposing but incongruous group of statues and buildings is the least beautiful and the least appropriate feature of the Tiergarten. The Bellevue Palace at the far end, on the River Spree, a sort of up-town home of the imperial family, is less pretentious and

far more charming. But the Reichstag for all its massive ugliness is like everything else in this most imposing of European capitals, so impressive that it is overwhelming. Even German blunders are big ones!

Imagine Times Square, New York, infinitely extended and removed to the residential section of a mid-western city, say Euclid Avenue in Cleveland, with some of its brighter lights turned low to suit its more solemn surroundings, and you have the broad avenue of pleasure which stretches from the Tiergarten to the Grönewald—the Kurfürstendamm—Broadway with a long name, and trees and lawns and gardens; that is what it is; and that is the position it holds in the lighter life of Berlin. The beer and wine gardens that line its shaded sidewalks are of the highest respectability; its open-air cabarets and concert auditoriums spaciouſly comfortable; and the music which floats out over the tree tops as fine as it should be in the country which is still the musical center of the world.

In this part of the city, only the lighter operas are done, but in the state auditoriums, grand opera in the best Wagnerian manner plays to crowded and enthusiastic throngs. Pavlova was there when I was in Berlin, and Chaliapin; and everybody, even the waiter who served my breakfast, was talking about them. I went to an operetta contrived from the melodies of the elder Strauss and sung by a

cast of grand opera fame and quality; and to two revues, one at the Max Reinhardt Theater, written with immeasurably more wit than their Parisian counterparts and staged with Broadway beauty and magnificence. The theater attendants insist on taking my hat and coat away from me; and the audience insists on eating a full meal in the foyer between the acts; otherwise, theater-going in Berlin is as pleasurable as it is in New York or London.

The restaurants along the Kurfürstendamm and in the inner town are of all kinds and prices. Some serve food and all kinds of drinks; some food and beer, some food and wine; but none food alone. They aren't cheap, the good ones; nothing is in Germany since the gold mark came into style; but most of them give a full and reasonable meal at noon for about seventy-five cents. There are three or four exclusive places where the food is as good and the prices as high as they always are in such cosmopolitan establishments throughout the world. The most interesting cafés, however, run chiefly to beer and sandwiches, pickles and sauerkraut, music and fat!

Parts of the Kurfürstendamm are fashionable for residential purposes; and so are many of the streets of the Charlottenburg section between the avenue and the river; but the most imposing houses, many of them embassies, are grouped on Tiergartenstrasse, the tree-lined avenue which parallels the park and leads back to the Unter den Linden section

of the city. The massive buildings that line the Linden itself are chiefly hotels, clubs, libraries and business buildings; but most of them are so becomingly uniform in height and style that the architectural unity of the Pariser Platz is successfully maintained through the brief mile which separates the Gate at one end of the famous avenue from the Palace at the other. It is this graceful uniformity, combined with the commodious breadth of its driveways, its green central parkway and its greener trees, that makes the great Berlin thoroughfare one of the world's most impressive streets. It is, without question, the most dignified street in Europe—and next to the Champs Élysées—the most beautiful. In the late twilight, in the early evening, in the noon sunlight, after a morning shower, it is exquisite.

But the suavity of Unter den Linden finds no echoing gentleness in the grim façades of the Wilhelmstrasse. Here, the buildings are governmental. And they look it. The most impressive, surely the most interesting, is the official residence of General von Hindenburg, President of the German Republic. It lies far back from the street, with a high iron fence and two black-helmeted guards in front of it, and because of the actuality of power which it represents, it seems far more imperial than the Imperial Palace itself. Just beyond, on the same side of the street, is the official residence of the

## BERLIN BELONGS TO THE WORLD

Chancellor; on the other side, in the Wilhelmplatz, is the celebrated Number Seven, from whose windows Ambassador Gerard watched the German army marching off to war; and a block farther on, at the corner of Leipsigerstrasse, Berlin's principal business street, is what was once the War Office, now used for government purposes of a more peaceful character. The Wilhelmstrasse is impressive—but in the solemn mausoleum manner.

There is curiously no such sense of departed glory about the group of palaces at the other end of the Linden. The mighty Schloss, the pivot building of the little island on which the Hohenzollerns erected so many monuments to their transient greatness, always was a grim-visaged affair on the outside and an appalling maze within. It is hard to achieve coziness in a seven-hundred-room house! But it is possible to achieve on such a scale a grandeur which withstands revolutions and outlives dynasties. When the original castle was built in the time of the Electors there was a "tilting yard" on the south side, but later occupants of the Schloss did their tilting in more commodious arenas. Each king and emperor in his turn added something—in bulk at least—to the original, unpretentious nucleus, until in Wilhelm II's time, it was a royal residence worthy of the powerful nation over which he ruled. The magnificently furnished living quarters have been preserved as part of the Museum of Industrial Arts,

into which the historic building has been converted. Near by is the Kaiser's private garage, a modest building about the size of an American state capitol, in which he kept between sixty and seventy automobiles, and at the time of his hurried departure one hundred and sixty-five horses; the garage is now an office building, housing, among other things, an institution known as The Town Library!

There are several churches on or near the island, all rather uninteresting. The Cathedral is the largest; but since it is only about twenty-five years old, it doesn't have to be visited. The Opera House, chief of the many in Berlin; the Old Palace, where the Kaiser's father used to sit in the corner window and watch the girls go by; the University, a fine dignified group of connected buildings needing only age to make it as scholarly in appearance as it is in achievement; and the Crown Prince's Palace, now the Museum of Modern Art—each adds a touch of beauty or interest to the Palace end of the town. But the chief beauty and the chief interest of Museum Island are contributed by the museums themselves. They deserve, and receive, countless pages in any guide-book that keeps the rules. They command reverent consideration in one that doesn't.

The most important, the Kaiser Frederick Museum, is as appallingly new as most of the other famous buildings in this most modern of European capitals. It was completed as late as 1904. But it



contains collections which have been long in the making, both in Germany and other parts of the world, and provides a thoroughly catholic representation of the art of the ages. There is an especially strong representation of Rembrandt. I liked best the wretchedly hung *Man with the Helmet*; others prefer *Daniel's Vision* and *Susanna*. There is the famous Holbein, *Portrait of George Gisze*, dominating one room; and, in another, Vermeer's *Pearl Necklace*. All of the Dutchmen are there, Franz Hals, Van der Meer, Gerard Douw, Van Dyck, and Peter de Hooch; but the Treaty of Versailles took most of the Van Eycks back to his beloved Ghent. It is a notable treasure-house—not so inspiring as the Louvre or the Uffizi or the Prado—but wholly satisfying.

The other collections are less important for themselves than they are for the historic buildings in which they are housed. But in the picture gallery of the San Souci Palace at Potsdam, just outside Berlin, are several excellent things by Rubens and much of the best work of lesser men. Potsdam is Berlin's imperial suburb. The Old Palace, in the center of the town, is a simple, classic structure, built in defiance of the rococo spirit of its times; within are the living apartments of Frederick the Great preserved as he left them, including the famous private dining room from which the royal table could be lowered through a trap door—a device deservedly

unpopular with the kitchen gossips of his time! Near the Palace is a statue of General von Steuben, who was—until 1914—co-hero with Lafayette in the story of our own War of Independence. The statue was presented by the United States Government in 1911; and is embellished with protestations of friendship. It occurred to me that these must have seemed a bit incongruous to Potsdamites during our triumphant march through the Argonne. But accidents like that are bound to happen, especially in a city like Berlin, where all the statues are of real people, instead of gods and goddesses. The latter are always in fashion, never controversial, and much less embarrassing—except in their attire!

The Marble Palace, to the north of Potsdam on the Heiliger See, is a structure charming in itself and because of its location and view. But it yields in beauty and interest to the tiny, one-storied San Souci—to my eye, the most exquisite possession of the Prussian state. San Souci is not so much a palace as a garden—fountains, statues, leafy paths; terrace crowning terrace, until they themselves are crowned by the yellowed façade of a long, low building less than forty feet in height, built from designs by Frederick the Great and chosen by the most notable of Prussian kings for almost continuous residence. Within, the spirit of the great ruler stalks through every royal apartment from the Watteau-hung gallery to the bedroom in which he

died. The huge, semicircular Corinthian colonnade on the north side of the Palace is quite in keeping with Frederick's majestic character but is a rather incongruous back piazza to his charming suburban house.

The late Kaiser—or "the last Kaiser" as he is universally called in Berlin—chose as his summer residence the largest and, to me, the least attractive of the Potsdam mansions, the New Palace. Here we have the town-hall, state-house, general-post-office style of building carried to the ultimate. The main palace sits in the middle of a great park, looking for all the world as if it were the Manufacturers' Building at a World's Fair. Directly in front of it runs a long straight driveway, as wide as a city street; and across the drive, as if they were the apartment-houses on the other side of the street, are two gigantic buildings connected by a triumphant archway. These modest dwellings were for the imperial retinue. The general effect is much the same as if Massachusetts saw fit to unite with the two smaller states of New Hampshire and Vermont and erect a first-class combination state-house and hotel at Fitchburg or Nashua! But—the buildings are so huge, the statues so many, the decorations so elaborate, that the impression of wealth, power, even majesty, is unescapable.

I have seen magnificent royal residences in all the ancient capitals of Europe, and dismissed them

along with their catacombs and colosseums as relics of a civilization long since past. And that is what they are. But here in Potsdam and Berlin men of our day and generation, presumably of sound mind, had been spending other people's money with a reckless prodigality abhorrent to our times. The New Palace at Potsdam, seven hundred feet long, the Schloss in Berlin, six hundred feet long, the sixty-seven automobiles, the hundred and sixty odd carriage and saddle horses in the royal stables—the whole unbelievable establishment makes the visitor to Germany understand the causes of the war, as he never could understand them from ink-stained documents or musty archives. As I stood on the steps of the New Palace, and again, as I stood once more in the famous Lustgarten in Berlin, looking up at the balcony from which William II made his fateful war speech to the German nation, I didn't have sympathy for the Kaiser, but I did have the beginnings of understanding. I felt that the grandeur of imperial Berlin might have turned my un-imperial mind and sent me out to wreck the world!

I say what I do in appreciation of Berlin out of a sore heart and an unwilling mind. I hated to go to Germany after the war. Most people did. They disliked the idea of pleasuring among the men and women who had backed the Kaiser in his raid against the world. They feared that Berlin in poverty would be depressing; that Berlin in prosperity

## BERLIN BELONGS TO THE WORLD

would be repellent. So they didn't go. Then, they did. A few sturdy tourists crossed the Rhine. An occasional business man penetrated the Ruhr. Art-lovers went back to Munich; book-lovers to Leipsig; cure-lovers to Baden-Baden. Finally, the tourist army entered Berlin. And loved it. I, for one, am glad I went; and I am willing to accept the Ambassador's theory: Berlin—beautiful, imposing, majestic Berlin—belongs to no one nation and to no one race. *It belongs to the world.*

# BERLIN

| DAYS      | What I Did in the MORNING  | What I Did in the AFTERNOON   | What I Did in the EVENING  |
|-----------|--|---|--|
| MONDAY    | Most cities should be done in a preliminary way with the aid of "rubberneck wagons"—but not Berlin. There are two central points of interest—the Gate and the Island. I chose the Gate. First I bought a small map—the Germans make excellent ones—and, starting from the Gate, did the Tiergarten, the Reichstag, Bellevue Palace, the Wilhelmstrasse, and the Unter den Linden in the morning. | After luncheon I taxied to the Lustgarten in front of the Imperial Palace, took out my trusty map and located one by one the principal buildings of the Island end of town. If you wish to supplement what you see by yourself with a sight-seeing trip, with everything explained by a guide, there is such a service, starting frequently from the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden. Price \$2.50. | This was my hardest sight-seeing day, so I planned nothing more exciting than an early dinner and a long night's rest.                           |
| TUESDAY   | I did the Palace Museum first because I wanted to see the Kaiser's living quarters, which are now open to the public. The exhibit—Industrial Arts—is not so generally interesting as statues and pictures.   | A walk in the Tiergarten, a view of the fine residences on Tiergartenstrasse, a visit to the zoo, and a long rest in one of the beer gardens de luxe on the Kurfürstendamm.   | <i>Rigoletto</i> at the Opera House. If I had been there in time I could have bought a seat in what used to be the royal box.                    |
| WEDNESDAY | The Reichstag was sitting when I was in Berlin—sitting is somewhat too passive a word for its gyrations—so I did the big building in the morning, climbed the Victory Column in front of it, and learned the first names of the fat Brandenberg Kings whose marble effigies line the Siegesallee.  | Along the Wilhelmstrasse from the Unter den Linden, past the President's residence, and the Chancellor's, to Wilhelmplatz, Number 7, on the far side of the place, is, or was, the American Embassy. Leipsigerstrasse, just beyond, is the shipping street, two blocks down it to the left is Friedrichstrasse, which leads back to the Unter den Linden, a cup of coffee or a beer.                                | Made an early start for the Grunwald, spent the evening in the Terrassen am Halensee, a concert garden, and watched the crowds in Luna Park. (1) |
| THURSDAY  | The Kaiser Frederick Museum should have at least a half-day. It is one of the great museums of the world. You can't miss the Rubenses. Don't miss the Rembrandts—and that wonderful portrait of George Gisze by Holbein.   | I took the museum slowly; so I had to go back after lunch to finish up. Afterward I strolled about the Island, looked over the University and the Library and stepped into the old palace of William I, where the monarch's simple rooms have been admirably preserved.   | A long, slow, costly, but eminently satisfactory series of evening meals at Peltzer's. Some might prefer a revue.                                |



# What I Did and What It Cost Me

## Where I Ate My MEALS

## Just a Few Odd REMARKS

## About COSTS

The German eats a small breakfast when he first gets up, a huge dinner at noon, and no formal meal at night. To make up for this latter abstemiousness, he begins at 4:30 or 5 to drink coffee, beer or wine with what he calls sandwiches—and he keeps up the process until he goes to bed. The way to get regular nourishment and, at the same time, see the life of the town is to arrange for room, breakfast and noon dinner at your hotel or boarding-house — and spend your evenings munching as the Germans do, wherever you find yourself. I thought the following places were the best:

### EXPENSIVE.

- Peltzer Grill*—  
5 Neue Wilhelmstrasse.
- Hiller*—  
62 Unter den Linden.
- Horcher*—  
21 Lutherstrasse.
- Kranzler*—  
25 Unter den Linden.

Don't spend any of your first day *inside* the palaces and museums. Get a general idea first of the city's grandeur.

Taxis are high in Berlin, but trams and the underground take you everywhere that you can't walk.

There is a place in the Friedrichstrasse where the plump bar maid makes a wonderful "Prairie Oyster"—a raw egg, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, oil, salt, two kinds of pepper, and tomato catsup.

### SLIGHTLY LESS EXPENSIVE.

- Traube*—  
117 Leipsigstrasse.
- Kempinski*—  
25 Leipsigstrasse.
- Regina-Palast*—  
10 Kurfürstendamm.
- Linden*—  
44 Unter den Linden.

In these Dawes Plan days, it is futile to put on paper anything that purports to be a dependable cost figure for a week in Berlin. When I was there the gold mark was worth about twenty-four cents and the cost of living, regardless of exchange, was high. My week cost me just about what it would to stay the same time at the same grade hotel in New York.

If living conditions in Germany improve and the exchange figures that your home bank can give you remain fairly even, you might better my experience. The trend *should* be that way. But, for safety, put aside an American vacation fund for your German visit—and be prepared to spend it largely, in the good old American way!

Not more than  
\$100.00.

Not less than  
\$50.00.

Before the theater, during and after it, you eat sandwiches, hunks of bread or rolls cut in two, with spiced meats, pickles, salads and what-not piled high upon them. Then, you try to sleep.

# BERLIN

| DAYS             | What I Did in the MORNING  | What I Did in the AFTERNOON   | What I Did in the EVENING  |
|------------------|--|---|--|
| FRIDAY           | Thursday was a hard day, so I made Friday an easy one. I wandered into the Arsenal, a military treasure-house, not so alluring since the war; spent a half-hour in each of the Old and New Museums; and strolled among the Pergamon sculptures in the latter's colonnade. Very interesting A. M.   | After Berlin's modernity, I found it worth while to go out to Charlottenburg and see the old palace there, dating back to 1695. The mausoleum is interesting for those who go in for that sort of thing. And Charlottenburg, itself, with its well kept, flower boxed homes, is good German life.   | Supper and music at the Regina-Blast—and the evening at one of the open-air concert gardens on the Kurfürstendamm.                                 |
| SATURDAY         | I had meant to check off a museum a day; but Saturday caught me with two undone. Both were fortunately not taxing. The National Gallery and the Crown Prince's Palace both contain modern art, the former specializing in nineteenth century, the latter in twentieth. They are really one museum—and wholly worth while.  | On Saturday afternoon I took it "easy," as all the world should, lunching late and largely at Traube's, packing a one-night bag, trekking by rail to Wannsee, a place of gorgeous gardens, and taking boat to Potsdam for the night. A restful preparation for a big day!   | Early to bed in Potsdam.   |
| SUNDAY           | The easy way to do Potsdam is to see the Old Palace and the New Palace in the morning and the Orangery and San Souci in the afternoon. This scheme omits the Marble Palace, to the north of Potsdam, on the Heiligersee. If you stay in Potsdam one night only, as I did this time, and have a bag to pick up on the way home, it is wise to do the Marble Palace first, if you do it at all. Then the Old Palace, then lunch. This plan has the disadvantage of leaving the two most interesting palaces for the afternoon, but it is the only way that is  | both practical and thorough. In the afternoon go first to the New Palace and work back through the Orangery and Sans Souci. If you wish to avoid crowds, go to Potsdam earlier in the week. Sunday is the people's day—and that is why I chose it. To me, the people of a city are more interesting than the most magnificent palace; but perhaps everybody wouldn't agree with me—especially about Berlin! Every day there are trips to Potsdam by motor-bus with guide—starting point Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse. Fare about \$5.00. | Went to a Berlin <i>first</i> night—a modernization of old musical themes by Johann Strauss. Excellent way to spend a <i>last</i> night in Berlin! |
| AND<br>GENERALLY | <p><i>Tourist conditions in Germany</i> are as they always were. Passport visas are cheap—short stays especially—and custom requirements not at all rigorous. All wartime regulations have been abandoned—and officials and citizens cooperate to give the tourist—especially the American—the time of his life. "Germany invites you" is the national slogan.</p> <p><i>When you arrive in Berlin</i>, you will find porters on the platform who understand English. Hand them your bags through the window, tell the one who shoulders them the name of your hotel and whether or not you want a taxi or horse cab (<i>droschke</i>): The latter are cheaper. A policeman outside the platform gate will hand your porter a check entitling you to the cab you wish. You'll be surprised how many people understand you.</p> |   |  |

## What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My<br>MEALS   | Just a Few Odd<br>REMARKS  | About<br>COSTS  |
|---|--|---|
| <p>MODERATE.</p> <p><i>Pschorr's</i>—<br/>165 Friedrichstrasse.<br/>51 Französische Street.</p> <p><i>Patsenhofer</i>—<br/>71 Friedrichstrasse.</p> <p><i>Sedlmayr</i>—<br/>172 Friedrichstrasse.</p> <p><i>Die Zelte</i>—<br/>Garden restaurants in the<br/>Tiergarten on the banks<br/>at the Spree. Music and<br/>crowds in the afternoon.</p> | <p>There are all kinds of cultural things happening every evening, just as there are in every big city, but I have a low taste—I like to go with the crowd.</p> <hr/> <p>An early start for Potsdam in the morning allows you to spend the night at your own hotel and avoid the nuisance of a bag—but it makes a long, hard day.</p> <hr/> <p>The first thing that impressed me about Berlin was its vastness—but on Saturday night I was amazed to see how easily and comfortably I had seen it. The arrangements for tourists are excellent; the officials helpful; and the people surprisingly friendly.</p> | <p>Seven days in Berlin—<br/>Total cost:<br/>\$50.00 to \$100.00.</p> <p>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p> |

*Tips* are usually not added to your hotel bills, as in most Continental countries, but are included in all restaurant charges—even drinks. Porters, taxi-men, etc., expect less than one mark—how much less depending on service or distance. *Money* in Germany is easy to understand. Only the gold mark, or bills redeemable in gold, are in circulation. The mark is worth about twenty-five cents. Don't forget that five-mark bills are a dollar and

a quarter, not a dollar; and larger ones in proportion. Pfennigs are hundredths of marks. Fifty-centime pieces are plentiful and convenient.

*On leaving you will find your hotel porter most efficient in starting you. The station porters do the rest. Don't hesitate to speak English. Even taxi-men understand you—and they don't pretend that they can't!*



## CHAPTER XIII

### ROUND THE REICH IN THIRTY DAYS

SOME people think that when they have seen London they have seen England, and when they have seen Paris they have seen France; though no one, unless he were a New Yorker, would think that when he had seen New York he had seen America. The truth is that the principal city of a country is often least representative of the nation as a whole; and in no place is this truth more important than in post-war Germany. Berlin is wonderful—but it is just Berlin. Prussian Germany is as different from Bavarian Germany as Czechoslovakia from New Jersey; and there are similar differences, almost national in character, between all of the semi-independent principalities of the German Reich. Some sections have changed appreciably since the war; some not at all. It is this variety of experience that makes Germany at the present time especially intriguing both to business and pleasure tourists.

If you find yourself in Paris, as half of the American nation seems to do, take the southern route and work up to Berlin, Hamburg and the Rhine. The

first stop might be Stuttgart or Baden-Baden. I'd make it the latter. Baden-Baden is the most famous of German watering places, and the most beautiful. It is called "The Pearl of the Black Forest"—and if the Germans have reached the point of producing pearls in forests instead of oysters, Baden-Baden is certainly the jewel in the chain. The big season is in August, culminating in the Grand Semaine on the celebrated Iffezheim race track; but the hills, the valley, the waters, and, above all, the Forest, are always there. If you are still a little doubtful about venturing into "the enemy's country," I advise making the dive at Baden-Baden. It is a good way to take the rough edge off your German trip. And if the resort, itself, doesn't accomplish it, the Black Forest and, perhaps, Heidelberg will!

It is an all-day ride from Baden-Baden to Munich; and it should be taken by day. The tracks cover some of the most beautiful hill and forest country of Southern Germany, landing you in the twilight in all the glory of the Bavarian snow-capped mountains, the setting God has provided for Munich, man's chosen capital of music and art. The Bavarians are a very friendly people—to everybody except the Prussians. They hate the Hohenzollerns with a wholesome vigor which makes you feel that Rupprecht's army should have been fighting on the Allied side. They drink more beer than the Prussians do—and better beer. They laugh louder—and



oftener. And their devotion to the finest things in the finest arts is so sincere that you can't help admiring them.

Munich is, like Florence, a work of art. A walk in Munich is an education. The busiest tourist, with his head in a guide-book, can not miss the architectural monuments and picturesque vistas of this lovable, lovely town. But art in the formal sense, in picture frames and glass cases, finds its highest expression in Munich's two great galleries, the Old Pinakothek and the New Pinakothek. The first, like the Louvre, contains the old masters; the second, like the Luxembourg, contains the new. And of the two, the Old Pinakothek is the more amazingly impressive. This gallery is built on the same general plan as the Louvre and the Prado, with big halls for the big pictures and small side rooms for the little ones: an excellent plan. Otherwise, the giant figures in a picture like Rubens' *Last Judgment* would swamp the tiny exquisiteness of a Teniers or a Brouwer.

Munich is weak in the Florentine and Roman schools, but otherwise its collection presents one of the best opportunities in Europe to familiarize yourself all over again with the best of the greatest painters. You can't miss the Rubenses; and after them, you won't wish to miss the Van Dycks; God, the greatest Artist, made one of these men to show off the other. And you shouldn't miss

the Rembrandts: the best ones, including his marvelous *Descent from the Cross*, are in Cabinet VIII. Titian and the Venetians are in Room XII; the master's *Madonna and Child* and his *Charles V* showing him in his full glory. The great Dutchmen are all represented; the best of the Spaniards; and there is a fine collection of altar-pieces brought to their present resting places through the discriminating munificence of Ludwig I, the greatest and wisest of the Bavarian kings.

Munich has many other attractions besides its pictures. Its theaters, especially the Prince Regent, where the Wagner Festival Plays are given, attract quite as many visitors as its museums. Its location makes it the most convenient starting point for trips to the Bavarian Highlands, the German Tyrol, and Oberammergau, the home of the Passion Play. Munich and its surroundings are worth a month in themselves—but not with all Germany still ahead.

In a morning's ride, you find yourself in Nuremberg, which is as picturesque as Munich is beautiful. Here is a true Old World city, resplendent in song and story, replete with monuments of iron and stone erected by master craftsmen in an age when men worked for the joy of working. There is a Germanic Museum in Nuremberg, where you can walk from exhibit to exhibit as if you were turning the pages of the history of the German race—a

history which lives again in the churches, palaces and fortresses of the piled-up medieval town.

The old Saxon city of Leipsic (or Leipzig, as the Germans spell it) presents antiquity in a modern setting, a contrast of the old and new, the artistic and the practical in the nation's life. Here is the concert hall where Felix von Mendelssohn worked and wrote (I went to a concert by the same orchestra over which the great master once held the baton); here, too, is the musty old Auerbach's Cellar, immortalized in Goethe's *Faust*; here is the famous University, with its students in gay caps. But more important in the life of the modern city are the hundred buildings of the Leipsic Fair. Even the Fair is ancient; they have been giving it in Leipsic for over seven hundred years. Here is the greatest book mart in the world; the home of the tourist twins, Tauchnitz and Baedeker; the largest railway station in Europe; and the site of the famous battle between Napoleon and the Allies, where, less than two years before the Great War of 1914, representatives of eighteen nations met and swore eternal peace and friendship!

Dresden means dolls or china or Richard Strauss or *The Sistine Madonna*, according to your age and tastes. It also means one of the most beautifully situated cities in Germany. The Opera House, which is the scene of all of Strauss' first nights, is the magnet for music-lovers; the Museum, almost

as famous as the one at Munich, draws the picture-lovers. The latter is remarkable for many things besides the Sistine. Titian's *Tribute Money*, Correggio's *Holy Night*, certain of the Holbeins and Van Eycks, and, of course, the Rubens, Van Dyck and Rembrandt collections would make the fame of any gallery—even if it did not contain the most celebrated picture in the world. The famous Raphael, much larger than I had visioned it from the myriad tiny reproductions, has a room for itself; a welcome distinction which is seldom accorded great works of art.

After the historic cities of the South, Berlin amazes by its vast modernity. It is the most beautiful wholly modern city in the world; and right now, during its period of transformation from imperial magnificence to republican strength, the most interesting. There is no denying that the departure of the imperial family has left an appreciable hole in Berlin. The Kaiser *was* an attraction. Just as Montmartre is in Paris. Chinatown in Frisco. The Great White Way in New York. He added a touch of red to a gray world. No one who ever saw him—helmeted, plumed and twirled—dashing down Unter den Linden in one of his sixty-seven automobiles, driving everything before him as if he were a fire chief, can say that the Kaiser isn't missed. His presence in the Schloss would be worth a gold mark a day on every hotel room in Berlin. A plebi-

scite on his return would find the stock-holders of the Berlin hostelryes voting as one man to put the Midway back in the Fair. They still feel that monarchy is a "draw" on the one-night stands. But to the patriotic American tourist the Kaiser leaves a hole in Teutonic vaudeville that can be filled most acceptably by those international headliners—Nature and Art!

Berlin can not be traversed in a paragraph. It demands, and has had, a chapter of its own; and even then, it was scarcely possible to suggest its vastness. The important thing for the tourist to know is that the changes in Berlin—and there are changes—are mainly to his, the tourist's, advantage. The Kaiserless palaces of Berlin and Potsdam are not depressing. They simply afford more adequate housing and more public showing of the city's art treasures. In time, the massive collection of elaborate buildings which adorn the Prussian capital, may become the museum center of the world. The citizens of Berlin know this—and are already busy enlarging and rearranging their splendid exhibits. They are even sending expeditions to Africa and Asia to replace the war-starved animals in the Zoo! They know, too, that their future depends on securing and holding the good will of the one nation which has the money to furnish the liquid capital essential to Berlin's industrial rehabilitation. The future of the rest of Germany depends on the same

thing; but the people of the capital, having the "feel" of governmental and financial attitudes more directly than the people of the scattered towns, are more aware of it. And it is reflected right now in the friendliest of attitudes toward the American stranger within the Brandenburg Gate.

After the glories of Unter den Linden, there is nothing, except perhaps Hamburg, to keep the tourist from his main objective, the trip down the Rhine. Hamburg is an imposing city, more English than German, with a fine harbor, a tremendous overseas traffic and nearly a million busy souls. It is a world trading center for chemicals, motors, radios, textiles, and machinery of all kinds. Essen, the Ruhr stronghold of the Krupps, is equally commercial. Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, sometimes called the German Pittsburgh, is much more intriguing than its American counterpart or its German neighbor. Düsseldorf is gardenized and flowered like a Southern California movie paradise; and some people, mostly Düsseldorfers, think it is the most beautiful modern city in the Reich. The city is easily reachable by steamer from Cologne, if, like most Rhine tourists, you make your headquarters in that famous cathedral city. Cologne Cathedral is the most impressive Gothic structure in the world; to many, the most beautiful. It has a most agreeable elaborateness which softens its outlines without detracting from its lofty majesty. Its interior on



## ROUND THE REICH IN THIRTY DAYS

a holy day—I saw it the first Easter after the war—is a deeply moving scene in which to worship God. Below Cologne, on the banks of the Rhine, are several cities of varying attractions; Bonn, for its Beethoven Museum, the house where the great composer was born, and the famous University; Coblenz, because of the American occupation and because of its beautiful location at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine; and Mainz, third of the bridge-heads, interesting in itself for its crooked streets that date back to Roman times, and important as a tourist center from which to visit Wiesbaden and the many other famous watering places in the Taunus. Frankfort, Darmstadt, Worms, and even Heidelberg can be reached most comfortably from Mainz.

But it is not Cologne or Coblenz or Mainz, or anything else that man has made, which is the glory of the Rhine. It is the river, itself: its waters, its banks, its vineyards, its rocks, the poetry of The Lorelei, the majesty of the Ehrenbreitstein, the ageless, deathless spell of the most beautiful river in the world.

After the Rhine, there is nothing—there can be nothing—except Paris!

# ROUND THE REICH IN THIRTY DAYS

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | The Hotel in Which<br>I Stayed   | Where to Find Out<br>Things You Want<br>to Know  |
|--|--|--|
| PARIS<br><i>One night on train</i>       | All hotel prices are for room, coffee and rolls, and noon dinner. <i>No supper included.</i> | Most German cities have very good information bureaus for tourists. No charge for service.   |
| BADEN-BADEN<br><i>Two nights</i>         | HOLLAND<br>\$3.00 a day.   |  |
| MUNICH<br><i>One week</i>                | PARK<br>\$3.50 a day.  | Fremdenverkehrsverein München und Bayer-Hochlande, North Wing, Main Station. (All this long name means is that it is a travel bureau for Munich and the Bavarian Highlands.) |
| NUREMBERG<br><i>One night</i>            | WURTEMBERGERHOF<br>\$2.50 a day.   | Fremdenverkehrsverein. Main Station.   |
| LEIPSIK<br><i>One night</i>              | ASTORIA<br>\$2.75 a day.   | International Verkehrsburo, East Platform, Main Station. Verkehrsverein Naschmarkt.  |
| DRESDEN<br><i>One night</i>              | CONTINENTAL<br>\$2.60 a day.   | Dresdner Verkehrsverein, East Wing, Main Station.  |
| BERLIN<br><i>One week</i>                | CENTRAL<br>See story.  | Verkehrsamt der Stadt Berlin, 1 Dessauerstrasse. Zentralstelle für den Fremdenverkehr, same address.   |
| POTSDAM<br><i>One night</i>              | PALAST<br>\$3.50 a day.  |  |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| The Principal Sights<br>and How to See Them   | Just a Few Odd<br>Remarks   | The Next Stop<br>How Long and<br>How Much   |
|---|---|---|
| Most of the suggestions in regard to arrival and departure, hotel arrangements, tips, taxis, etc., given in the Berlin Travelchart apply throughout Germany.  | Wherever you go, be careful not to eat too much of the good but heavy German food.  | The best way is to leave Paris in the evening, traveling 1st class to Baden-Baden. (The nearest main line station stop may be Oos.)                               |
| Baden-Baden is a watering place. Its chief "sights" are its scenery, baths, hotels, golf links, race course, and principal street, the Lichtenthaler Allee. Motor trips into the Black Forest are worth while.  | The big week is in late August—a German Deauville "Grande Semaine."   | 2nd class in Germany is good enough for anybody. The day ride to Munich is about 10 hours.  |
| Munich is one famous old museum after another: the old Pinakothek (the finest art museum in Germany), the new Pinakothek, the Residence Museum, the Glyptothek, the Schack Gallery, the German Museum and the National Museum. The Prince Regent Theater, home of the Wagner Festival plays, is one of the celebrated theaters of the world. Munich is the center for travel in the Bavarian Highlands, the Tyrol, and to Oberammergau. | The old Pinakothek in Munich has one of the richest collection of Old Masters in the world. The museums devoted to applied art are quite as notable in their way. One of the wonderful things about Munich is its location—the snow-capped hills at the city's gates. | Trains marked "D" and charging a slight increase in fares are very convenient and comfortable for travel throughout the Reich. About 3 hours by day to Nuremberg. |
| The Germanic Museum, churches, fountains, monuments, and above all, the ancient fortress that crowns the heights.   | The oldest of Old World atmospheres.  | A five-hour morning lands you in Leipsic—and in the largest railway station in Europe.  |
| Auerbach's Cellar, immortalized in <i>Faust</i> , the Book Mart, the Fair Buildings, the University (Klinger's famous mural painting), the Museum, Battle-field and Monument, largest R. R. station in Europe.  | More books are produced in Leipsic than anywhere else in the world. If you don't believe Baedeker, ask Tauchnitz!   | Four hours to the <i>Sistine Madonna</i>  |
| The <i>Sistine Madonna</i> in the Museum is the first and last thing to see in Dresden. In between, be sure to see the Green Vault, the Opera House in which Richard Strauss produces, and the old city of Meissen, where they make the famous porcelain.   | There is no <i>Madonna</i> like the <i>Sistine</i> , no painter like Raphael, no city more blessed than Dresden.  | A three-hour ride to Berlin.  |
| See story.  | See story.  | About six hours to Hamburg.   |
| Omit the Marble Palace if you wish to give yourself an easy day. The Old and New Palaces, the Orangery, and Sans Souci are grouped.   | The jewel of Potsdam is Sans Souci—the baby palace in the giant garden.   | (By rail or steamboat between Berlin and Potsdam—a short ride there and back.)  |

# ROUND THE REICH IN THIRTY DAYS

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed | The Hotel in Which<br>I Stayed  | Where to Find Out<br>Things You Want<br>to Know   |
|--|---|---|
| HAMBURG<br><i>One night</i>              | ATLANTIC<br>\$3.50 a day.   | Kongress und Verkehrstelle,<br>Main Hall of Station.  |
| ESSEN<br><i>A few hours</i>              |   | Verkehrsverein, Handelshot,<br>opp. Main Station.   |
| DÜSSELDORF<br><i>A few hours</i>         |   |   |
| COLOGNE<br><i>Two nights</i>             | MINERVA<br>\$3.50 a day.  | Städtisches Verkehrsamt, 19<br>Unter Fethenhennen, opposite<br>the Cathedral.                                 |
| BONN<br><i>A few hours</i>               |   | Städtisches Verkehrsamt, 27<br>Poststrasse.<br>Buro der Freien Wirt-In-<br>nung, 21 Meckenheimer-<br>strasse. |
| COBLENZ<br><i>One night</i>              | RIESEN FÜRSTENHOF<br>\$3.00 a day.  | Städtisches Verkehrsamt, 20<br>Göbenplatz.  |
| MAINZ<br><i>One night</i>                | CENTRAL<br>\$2.75 a day.  | Verkehrsverein, 7 Bahnhof-<br>strasse.  |
| FRANKFORT<br><i>A few hours</i>          |   | Verkehrsverein, Transverse<br>Platform, Station, or Bahn-<br>hofsplatz.                                       |
| WIESBADEN<br><i>Two nights</i>           | HESSEISCHERHOF<br>\$3.00 a day.   | Städtisches Verkehrsbureau.   |
| HEIDELBERG<br><i>A few hours</i>         |   | Municipal Verkehrsamt, 2<br>Anlage, opposite Station.   |
| PARIS<br><i>One night on train</i>       | Total cost of rooms and<br>meals, allowing \$0.75 for<br>supper, and not including<br>drinks, about \$130.00. | The hotel porters usually<br>speak excellent English and<br>can be very helpful.                              |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| The Principal Sights<br>and How to See Them   | Just a Few Odd<br>Remarks   | The Next Stop<br><i>How Long and<br/>How Much</i>  |
|---|---|--|
| The Inner Basin at the Port is the main thing in Hamburg; then, Old Hamburg with its narrow streets; birthplace of Johann Brahms; Hagenbeck's wild animals.                                     | An English city—but "German is also spoken here."   | A night's ride to Essen.   |
| The Krupp Works and the Model Settlements. If you have time—the valley of the Ruhr. There are good pictures in the Cathedral.   | Made famous by Krupp.   | A short ride to Düsseldorf.  |
| The Picture Gallery—and the residential section unexpectedly beautiful.   | Made famous by Poincaré.  | By rail or boat to Cologne—a short trip.   |
| The Cathedral first, last, and all the time, the most stimulating and charming of Gothic churches. The Rhine view from one of its towers almost justifies the climb.                            | If you don't like the long names of the German information  | The river trip takes a few hours or a week, according to your taste.                                       |
| The Beethoven House, the Cathedral, and of course, the famous University.   | <p style="text-align: center;"><i>The Rhine Trip</i></p> <p>Is one of the two or three greatest tourist thrills in the world. The ruined castles on the high cliffs, the mounting vineyards, the echoing Lorelei, the towering Ehrenbreitstein, the winding shining river—these things are unforgettable memories of the Rhine.</p> | The cost of the steamer passage is about \$5.00.   |
| The promenades along the Rhine and the trip across the river to the famous fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. The quarters once occupied by American troops.  |   | The distances between these four cities are all too short! The rail trip to Frankfort is nothing.          |
| There is very little in Mayenz, itself, for the tourist except its Cathedral and crooked old streets, but it is a good parking place for baggage if you wish to make day trips in the vicinity. |   |  |
| This hundred-year old city is the birthplace of Goethe. The Goethe House, the Municipal Museum, the 14th Century Cathedral and the Old Town are worth visiting.                                 | Sausages are always to be had in Germany—even in Frankfort!   | A brief trip to Wiesbaden.   |
| Wiesbaden, like Baden-Baden, is a resort. Its chief "sight" is itself. There are hot baths, beautiful hotels and gardens, and a Casino.   | A good place to think it over.  | A short jump to Heidelberg by rail or motor.   |
| The oldest University in Germany—and the most picturesque ruined castles.   | A sentimental "nightcap" to the German holiday.   |  |
| An allowance of about \$50.00 should be made for sight-seeing. Unforeseen expenses, another \$25.00.  | The railroad cost, Paris to Paris, 1st class in France, 2nd class in Germany, four night trips—about \$75.00. Meals not included.   | 30 days. Total cost \$280.00. Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee. |





## CHAPTER XIV

### BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

I LIKE Brussels best after the sun goes down: her crowded sidewalks, her cheery citizens, her smelly bakeshops, her teeming cinemas, her brasseries, her cafés, her indefinable lightness. But I begin my joy of her in the early morning by decanting myself with the utmost promptness into the Grand Place, the most intriguing public square in Europe.

In the center of the Place is the flower market, where picturesque Flemish women in very blue dresses and very white aprons are busy with the yellowest and greenest and reddest growing things imaginable. The market is like a glowing plaque embossed upon the worn gray pavings of the square. When the eye tires of the giddy colorfulness of the Flemish flowers, it turns for rest to the soft somberness of the façades which line the Place and contribute—each its historic and architectural bit—to the beauty that is Brussels. From the windows of these medieval buildings, ladies fair of the fifteenth century looked down on gorgeous tournaments in which their favored knights bore their colors to vic-

tory or defeat. From one, the hated Duke of Alva, sent by the Spanish invaders to break the spirit of the fighting Netherlands, gloated over the beheading of Counts Egmont and Horn, "defenders of liberty and conscience." And from the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, the noble building whose graceful tower dominates the square, Burgomaster Max, speaking four centuries later in defense of the same undying cause, exhorted his fellow citizens to resist the tyranny of a modern Alva.

The Hôtel de Ville—in New England it would be called the Town Hall—is one of the finest Gothic structures in the world. I think this magnificent building appeals especially to Americans, for in spite of its antiquity—the façade dates back approximately to 1400 and the tower to 1450, both many years earlier than Columbus' well-known voyage—it is the legitimate forerunner of the modern skyscraper. Not that it is so tall. But there is something about its lace-like front, cut by long vertical tiers of lofty windows, surmounted by the high graceful tower, the entrance giving directly on what should be the sidewalk of the Place, that reminds us of what the Woolworth Building would be like if only we could grow tall enough to see it as we see the Hôtel de Ville. It is a noble structure that can bridge the gap between Charles the Bold and the five-and-ten-cent king, between the Grand Place of Philip the Good and the City Hall Square of Mayor

## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

Walker. But that is what the Hôtel de Ville is: a noble structure.

I shuddered for a brief moment in the Gothic Hall, where Counts Egmont and Horn were condemned to death. No one in Flanders ever speaks of Egmont as distinguished from Horn, or Horn from Egmont. Theirs is an historical partnership as inseparably Siamese as David and Jonathan or Park and Tilford. The old Hall wasn't always used for such dire purposes. At least, there are those who maintain that here, rather than in the house in the Rue des Cendres, was the scene of the Duchess of Richmond's famous ball on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. The field of Napoleon's downfall is just outside the city limits, so it is quite possible that the scenes and sensations immortalized in Byron's *Childe Harold* may well have transpired in either edifice.

There is a franc's charge to enter the Hôtel de Ville; and another franc to climb the tower. I have never been able to understand why anybody should pay for the privilege of climbing a tower. It seems to me that the obligation is always on the other foot. But even if you have the tower-climbing disease, don't climb this one. The Grand Place is low ground. In the twelfth century it was a pond. And the view is not to be compared with that from the tower of the Palais de Justice on the heights above the old town.

The Hôtel de Ville is not the only notable building in the Grand Place. Across the square is the Maison du Roi—King's House in name only, for it was originally a bread market, redeemed by Charles the Fifth as a lodging for some of his household, and later (the reference is inescapable) the prison house of the well-known firm of Egmont and Horn. The original structure is nearly as old as its neighbor the Town Hall, but architecturally it presents a curious contrast, having been restored in the most flamboyant style as late as our own 1896. The second floor contains an historical museum of interest to those who like old porcelain and relics of thirteenth-century churches (I don't) and a collection of paintings of the Flemish type, the best of which is Jordaens' *Nymphs and Satyrs*. Jordaens belongs to the Peter Paul Rubens obesity school of art, but I must say I agree with the distinguished French critic who said, "where Rubens is ample, Jordaens is dropsical; where Rubens is pink, he is crimson; where Rubens paints skin, he paints flesh." In this picture, where Rubens would have been nymphy, Jordaens is satyry!

On either side of the two main buildings and at the ends, enclosing the square almost as tightly as Mansard lined the Place Vendôme, are curious buildings built in the college fraternity manner to house the activities of the ancient guilds, the trade unions of their day. Many of these structures are

## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

now occupied by modern commercial enterprises, especially by branches of large American banks which flocked to the field of European exploitation in the days following the war; but they still retain their ancient names and visages. There is the grease-makers' hall, the coopers' hall, the mercers', the skippers', the bakers', the butchers', and I have no doubt that if I were enough of a linguist, I should be able to discover the candle-stick-makers'. Number 51 is where Byron composed the verses we have just referred to; and Number 26 is where Victor Hugo lived in 1852.

If I find myself approaching luncheon overwhelmed by so much solemn magnificence, I turn for comedy relief down the narrow street at the left of the Hôtel de Ville, which leads to the Rue de l'Étuve and the famous Manniken statue. The latter was described to me by an English visitor as "the most celebrated, but not the most presentable, monument in Brussels." She might well have added that it is the most celebrated child's monument in the world. The legend is that a grieving father, stricken by the fact that his baby son had run away, offered, if the child were found, to present to the town a statue which would represent him in whatever attitude or activity he might be discovered. And he did! You can imagine the sensation which the proposal to erect such a statue would cause in an American city. Bacchante and Civic Virtue wouldn't be in it with

this innocent little child. But Europeans feel differently about these things. And through the centuries, since the completion of the statue in 1619, warriors and emperors have paid respectful tribute to this "oldest citizen of Brussels." Louis XV presented him with a gorgeous coat and decoration; the Revolutionists honored him with the red cap of liberty; Napoleon handed him a chamberlain's key; and on all great occasions since the formation of the Belgian nation in 1830, including the day which celebrated the Germans' retirement from Brussels in November, 1918, the little fellow has sported the official uniform of the Belgian Garde Civique.

The business of eating luncheon in Brussels takes on the air of a week-end party, for there are a half-dozen restaurants within easy reach of the Grand Place where the cooking is better and the company gayer than is true of most Anglo-Saxon establishments of the same class. The Belgian restaurants offer a fare which is distinctly Parisian in quality and manner together with a great variety of fresh fruits and green things. The restaurateurs spread these latter viands on buffets at the entrances to their establishments so that you may select your own melon—a great, luscious, yellow fruit—on your way to the little table by the window. For dessert, the waiter will bring you a plate piled high with wild strawberries each shaped like a slender crimson pendant, or will serve you out of a big earthen-



## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

ware jar filled with these same berries smothered in clotted cream.

The two big hotels in the Lower Town, the Palace and the Métropole, have restaurants open to the public. The latter is near the Grand Place, and is always crowded, its red carpets and red woodwork vying with the crimson glory of its strawberries. Of the smaller cafés near the Place, I like best the Restaurant de la Monnaie, the Helder and the Savoy. The latter is at its best at night, being the center of the gay life of Brussels.

The Taverne Royale, half-way up the hill to the Upper Town, at the entrance of the Galeries St. Hubert, is more like an English grillroom except, thank heaven, in its food.

The name Brussels means "a marshy dwelling-place"; and this was doubtless a true description of the old eighth-century town situated in the middle of the fertile Brabant plain. Now the tiny river Senne, which bisects the Lower Town, is the only sign of the topographical characteristics which gave the place its name; and the new city which is being built upon the hill—laid out in broad avenues and squares quite in the Paris manner—is as different as new Rome is different from old Rome. Below are the larger stores, the theaters, most of the restaurants and hotels, and all of the antiquity. Above are the palaces and government buildings, the museums and the homes of the well-to-do. It is a fair

division; for new Brussels is as beautiful as old Brussels is picturesque.

The principal thoroughfare of the Upper Town is the Rue Royale, a street of great dignity, culminating in the solemn impressiveness of the Palais du Roi and the Place Royale. King Albert's house is about as uninteresting as most royal residences, but it contains along with its sentimental values one or two excellent pictures by Rubens and Van Dyck and a large amount of excellent furniture. The Palace faces a formal garden known as the Park. Here, on Sundays, Belgian society stages a very good imitation of London's Rotten Row fashion parade.

Beyond the Place Royale is the Rue de la Régence; distinguished by the presence of the Palais des Beaux-Arts, which is the only important art museum in Europe to which there is no charge of admission. Artistically, it does not equal those at Amsterdam and The Hague—at this point, I am ready to admit Holland's superiority—but with this and the collection at Antwerp, Belgium presents a very satisfactory opportunity to meet the Dutch and Flemish painters. That, it seems to me, is the way a museum like the one at Brussels should be regarded: as a chance to become better acquainted with the type of people among whom and by whom it has been erected and maintained. It's hard work at first, going to picture galleries. But after a while you begin to get a big kick out of some of the most

unlikely subjects. Mr. Rubens liked his ladies fatter than I like mine, but after I saw the original *Venus at the Forge of Vulcan* in the museum at Brussels, I realized that it was gloriously and glowingly a masterpiece. From that moment, I had a better understanding of the great Flemish master and, I think, of the Flemish people. And now I not only enjoy Rubens wherever I can find him, and Van Dyck, the other great Antwerp celebrity, but the work of the older men, too: Van Eyck, Van der Weyden, Van der Goes, and all the other Vans.

At the far end of the Rue de la Régence is another palace, this time the Palais de Justice, a flamboyant building that dominates the entire city. The foundations of this colossal building—it occupies six acres and is larger than St. Peter's at Rome—rise out of the roofs of the old town; its walls out of the roofs of the new; its tower out of its own roofs, bisecting the Flanders sky.

Being a homeopathic sight-seer, I was quite content with the fine view of Brussels from the terrace of the Palais de Justice; but at the insistence of an allopathic fellow traveler, I climbed the height of the Palais tower and, for once, arrived in time to get the view. Usually, the sun has set before I make the final lunge upward, or a storm has come up since I left the ground, or the view isn't any good anyhow—but what I saw from the top of the Palais de Justice was worth the perspiration. I

recommend this climb—for culture and weight-reducing.

Far out to the north, I made out the barber-pole spire of the Cathedral at Antwerp, reminding me of the remarkable series of Rubens' religious paintings which hang in that very impressive and richly endowed edifice. (The Antwerp Museum, too, has a magnificent collection of both Rubens and Van Dyck, finer even than Brussels.) The nearer spire is at Malines, where the late Cardinal Mercier stayed the Prussian threat. The Louvain Library is more to the east; beyond it lies the famous road to Liège.

To the west are the great highways that lead on the one hand to Ypres and the British front, and on the other to Ghent, Bruges, Ostend and the sea; to the south, the road to Waterloo, to Charleroi, Mons and Dinant. I like that sunlit road to Ghent. Never have I seen the old and the new lie down together as they do in Ghent. It is as though some enterprising American landscape architect, having succeeded in effecting a combination of Los Angeles and Provincetown, had undertaken to perform a similar miracle in Flanders. Broad, commonplace boulevards jostle crooked, narrow, gabled passageways.

Beyond Ghent—though too far away to be seen even from the Palais tower—is the still more picturesque town of Bruges, famous in story and song, uniquely beautiful because of its canals, its bridges, its walls, its gates, its roofs, its cathedral and, above

## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

all, its belfry. And beyond Bruges lies sunny Ostend, one of the great watering places of Europe.

Belgium is such a tiny place—about three one-thousandths of the size of the United States—that it is quite possible to settle down in Brussels, and see most of the country in short day trips, or in a four-day round trip beginning at Louvain.

The guide-books used to describe the latter place as “a dull town,” and for all its recent historic significance, it still is. But here, more even than in Liège or Dinant, are the evidences of the sad unnecessary waste of war. Many of the ruined buildings, thanks to American generosity, are being rebuilt in new and stately grandeur. In the end, the town, like all of Belgium, will have profited greatly by happening to be in the path of history.

Liège, less than an hour farther along, if you are traveling by the leisurely Belgian railroad, is a much more interesting place. It is a city of nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, with the Meuse running through it as the Seine runs through Paris, dividing the city geographically and socially, and forming an island in the heart of the town. The old University, a splendid building in the Renaissance style, softens the generally commercial aspect of the community; and the remains of the twelve forts, which were supposed to make Liège the most strongly fortified city in Europe, satisfy the tourist hunger for late news of the Great War.

An hour at Louvain, which is only eighteen miles out of Brussels, two or three hours at Liège, a couple of hours on trains and in railway stations—and still, it is only the middle of the afternoon. So, if we are wise, we will get on our way to Namur, where there is a very decent hotel with good food and beds. Namur is another one of those towns that used to get in the head-lines during the first week of August, 1914. Its citadel, perched on a hill between the Meuse and Sambre Rivers, where a Roman fort once stood, is picturesque evidence of the fact previously referred to—the world do move!

Namur is all rivers and bridges and other temptations for the snapshot fiend. But the really entrancing place, pictorially, is seventeen miles away, where the German hordes swarmed down from the cliffs at Dinant. When I was there, the old town, still cuddling in the false security of its precipitous rocks, was in a solemn flutter. It was the anniversary of that day eight years ago, when Dinant had greatness thrust upon it. The Grand Place—every Belgian town has one—was roped off and guarded by soldiers. A great, silk-hung loggia had been built in front of the old Cathedral of Notre Dame. The platform was filled with notables. The entire royal family was there, and the Cardinal—next to Herbert Hoover the most loved man in Belgium! It was a grand sight; Mercier in his red robes, Albert once more in khaki, Elizabeth in the



## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

simple white so familiar to the readers of illustrated papers; back of them the somber granite of the ancient Cathedral; and above them, the more somber granite of the more ancient hills. I will not soon forget that scene; and neither will a little golden-haired American girl, who ran along by the wheels of the king's carriage, to the great discomfiture of the pompous royal guard, and snapped a picture of their majesties!

After Dinant, the industrial town of Charleroi contains little of interest except the demolished factories of the Belgian Ambassador to the United States. But since King Albert considered this sight of enough importance to drag poor tired President Wilson all the way from Brussels to Charleroi just to see it, we may as well give the town an hour, especially as it is on the road to the profoundly interesting Flemish city of Ghent.

At the latter place, we can very well spend another night. The Hôtel de la Poste is a good place to sleep; and the restaurant of the Hôtel Gonda as desirable a place, gastronomically speaking, as there is in all Belgium. I wish I had space in which to do justice to Belgian food, which is, without doubt, the best in Europe. It has the daintiness and the flair of French cooking, the substantial wholesomeness of the Dutch, and a certain close-to-nature quality which is all its own. In France, I had nearly died for lack of fresh fruits.

## TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

In Belgium, I lived on them. And green vegetables, too, that tasted the way peas do at home, when you've picked them yourself! The Belgian restaurateur, in getting his goods from the ground to the table has certainly discovered the shortest distance between two points. Maybe it helps to live in a country of only eleven thousand square miles, where the most rural strawberry can reach the capital in less than four hours!

Ghent is as big a city as Liège, and far more picturesque. Its cathedral contains the most impressive example of early Flemish art, *The Adoration of the Immaculate Lamb*, by Jan and Hubar van Eyck. The belfry is worth visiting, if only for a view of the town, but is not so good, either architecturally or sentimentally, as the more famous one at Bruges.

The latter town is the gem in King Albert's crown, the most story-book place in Northern Europe. Tiny milk carts, drawn by dogs and driven by barelegged Flemish maidens, rattle along over the uneven pavings. Lace-makers, sitting in the shade of public buildings or on the door-steps of private houses, ply their trade, as their ancestors did in the centuries before our own country was born. And everywhere, the canals! The townsfolk travel by water or on bridges over water, from their story-book homes to their post-card market place. And above the latter is the Belfry of Long-

## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY

fellow's famous poem—leaning but not falling, “still, it watches o’er the town.”

Bruges, in Flemish, means “bridges,” and it well deserves its name, but to me Bruges means just one thing—the Belfry.

From the top of the tower, on a clear day, we can see the Channel towns of Zeebrugge and Ostend. If we are still hungry for ruins, after Louvain and Liége and Dinant, and with Ypres still ahead, we can go from Bruges to Zeebrugge and work along the coast to joyous, pleasure-loving Ostend. If not, we will go direct to Ostend's sandy shore. Ostend—with its ornate and pin-nacled casino, its gleaming white hotels, its balconied villas, its long light water-front of pleasure. The gay crowds playing in the smiling sands or seeking ostentatious privacy in the absurd little bathing houses on wheels have long since forgotten that there was a war. But behind the shining walls of Ostend are houses without floors and roofs. And beyond Ostend is Ypres. Ypres I shall not attempt to describe. To those who love battle-fields and sickening ruins, the famous village and its Cemetery of the Tanks are eminently satisfying. But they have no place in the story of a pleasure trip to Belgium. I'd rather hurry on to Antwerp.

Most people consider Antwerp the equal of Brussels in general attractiveness. I do not. But it is a beautiful, broad-avenued city, with the most in-

## TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

teresting cathedral in all the Netherlands and the most satisfactory art museum in Belgium. In the transept of the Cathedral hangs what many consider Rubens' masterpiece, *The Descent from the Cross*, a marvelous composition, which has an added interest from the tradition that Van Dyck, during Rubens' absence from the studio, repainted the face of the Virgin and the arm of the Magdalen, and that Rubens, on his return, declared that they were the best parts of his painting. One of the charms of this picture is that the women are not so massive as is usually the case in Rubens' work. Maybe Van Dyck pared them down while Rubens slept!

I saw all these things—the cities and towns and churches and pictures and battle-fields—in my own way, by train and motor and tram, without help of guide-book or guide; but they can be seen very comfortably during the summer season with the ever-present and usually knowledgeable Cook. Of course, I hadn't begun to see all of Brussels itself when I got to imagining things up there on the top of the Palais de Justice. You'll find Cook a much more orderly guide. He'll put you in a big motor-car, and run you all over town for a very small sum.

But Cook can't show you the Brussels that I love. You must see that for yourself: on its sidewalks, in its cafés, in its theaters, in its squares, and in its parks. Yes, and in its shops; for all along the

## BELGIUM: A BIG LITTLE COUNTRY.

broad Boulevard Adolph Max and the narrow Rue Neuve and the fashionable Galeries St. Hubert are the lace shops for which Brussels is known throughout the world. Belgian lace-making is done in convents, in private dwellings, in stores, on door-steps, and on street corners. It is as typical of life in Brussels as the little dog-drawn carts are typical of the smaller towns. You haven't seen Belgium until you have seen its dog-carts and its lace.

And Brussels at night. The real Brussels! You wander and wander and wonder. You sit out on the sidewalk in front of the brasseries in the Boulevard Anspach or the Place Fontainas—and sip your coffee, while all the world goes smiling by. These people are so gay, so happy, so friendly. You visit the bakeshops and cinemas of the Rue Neuve—the busiest night street of Brussels—and you feel the city's breath upon your cheeks. In the broad boulevard, "there is," as the guide-book says, "a fountain"; but in the narrow street there is Life. Both the boulevard and the street lead you to the same great square, gay with its brasseries and its bands, its dancers and its diners, its thronging happiness—where, only a little time ago, there was starvation and death. Brussels, city of gaiety and sentiment, of contrasts and contradictions!

"Paris in Miniature"—that's what they call her. But I call her Brussels, that's all!

# BRUSSELS and BELGIUM

| DAYS      | What I Did in the MORNING  | What I Did in the AFTERNOON   | What I Did in the EVENING  |
|-----------|--|---|--|
| MONDAY    | <i>Did the Lower Town on foot—The Grand Place, Hôtel de Villa, Maison du Roi, Mannikin, etc. (Write "Grand Place" on a scrap of paper—that's all the guide you need.)</i>  | <i>Motored to Waterloo—a beautiful ride through the boulevards and parks of the new, or Parisian, suburbs. Be at Cook's office, 11 Rue de l'Eveque, before 2:30. Better to book seat early.</i>   | <i>Drank coffee in the brasserie next to the Métropole, strolled through the Rue Neuve back of the hotel to the Place Fontaines—and went home to bed.</i>  |
| TUESDAY   | <i>Did the Upper Town on foot, climbing one of the many narrow streets to the Rue Royale, the Park, the King's Palace, the Place Royale—and up the Palais de Justice Tower, for the view and the appetite.</i>   | <i>Looked at pictures—in Brussels' great Art Museum—the Palais des Beaux-Arts. Don't miss Rubens' Adoration, and Venus at the Forge of Vulcan. Become acquainted with the old 'uns, Van Eyck and Van der Weyden. There are good Dutch and English paintings, too.</i> | <i>Went to the Opera at the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie—excellent French singers. During the war, the very best German singers sang in this theater—but nobody came!</i>   |
| WEDNESDAY | <i>Didn't do much of anything but loaf around Brussels; but the thing to do is to go to Ypres, by motor if you can, to see the Flanders fields; if not, by train, and by motor when you get there. Mr. Cook takes parties both ways.</i>   | <i>You should reserve seats well ahead, as the excursions do not go every day. This is an all-day trip, returning to Brussels about nine in the evening. It is more practical to go to Ypres with Cook than alone—you'll see more horrors!</i>                        | <i>Danced in the Grill Room of the Palace Hotel—not being worn out by war sight-seeing—but if I had been to the battlefields, I should have gone straightway to bed.</i>   |
| THURSDAY  | <i>Went to Louvain—a short train ride from Brussels. You can still see the bullet marks in the wall against which the civilians were lined up and shot. The Library, the Cathedral and the University can all be seen in a couple of hours, so you can make Liège for lunch.</i> | <i>On to Liège—Here is an interesting city, quite apart from the war. It is built like Paris, on an island and both banks of a river. And of course you'll want to see the seven impregnable forts that weren't so impregnable after all!</i>                         | <i>Saw a very good French company do a well-known Paris success at the Théâtre des Galeries St. Hubert. (These galleries, by the way, are well worth visiting by day for their shops—especially art and lace.)</i> |



## What I Did and What It Cost Me

### Where I Ate My MEALS

### Just a Few Odd REMARKS

### About COSTS

*Breakfast*, as always, at my hotel.

*Luncheon* at the *Café de la Monnaie*, 13 Rue Leopold.

*Dinner* at the *Métropole Hôtel*, 21 Place de Brouckère.

If you go to the *Field of Waterloo* by train, don't get out at Waterloo station. Go on to *Braine l'Alleud*—it's nearer. Carriages take you to the Field—or you can walk.

*One of the many advantages of Belgium* over Holland is that the American dollar goes a good deal farther. Figuring the Belgian franc at five cents, all the sight-seeing expenses, including motors, railroad fares, admissions, guides and catalogues, total less than \$20.00. It is possible to live at the best hotels in Brussels and Ostend, as I did, for less than \$15.00—much less, too, at very comfortable small hotels.

Food, if you eat at the restaurants I did, will be your biggest single item—but not more than \$20.00.

In short, you can live in Brussels and see a good part of Belgium for about \$55.00—and if you do, you will have one of the biggest weeks of your life. Belgium is an education—Brussels is a delight!

*Luncheon* at *Café de la Régence*, in the Place Royale, not far from the Art Museum.

There are other museums in the city, if you have the time and strength.

*Luncheon* (for me) at the *Tavern Royale*, *Galleries St. Hubert*, followed by a stroll through the gallery shops. (Luncheon for you with Cook at Ypres.)

*Dinner* (for me) at the *Hellder*, 29 Rue de l'Ecuyer. (You'll be too tired to eat.)

*Luncheon* at *Hôtel de Suede*, opposite the *Théâtre Royal* in Liège.

*Dinner* at *Taverne Royale*.

*Supper* after theater at the *Savoy*, 37 Rue de l'Eveque—very gay.

If you can't stand the battlefields, and still wish to see some of Belgium's part in the war, visit the devastated metal factories at *Charleroi*; or go to *Dinant*, where the Prussians swarmed over the heights beyond the Meuse. At either place, you'll feel again the thrill felt round the world. Personally, I favor *Dinant*—it's picturesque. A round trip including all of the principal cities of Belgium can be arranged at small cost of time or money. Belgium is conveniently tiny.

# BRUSSELS and BELGIUM

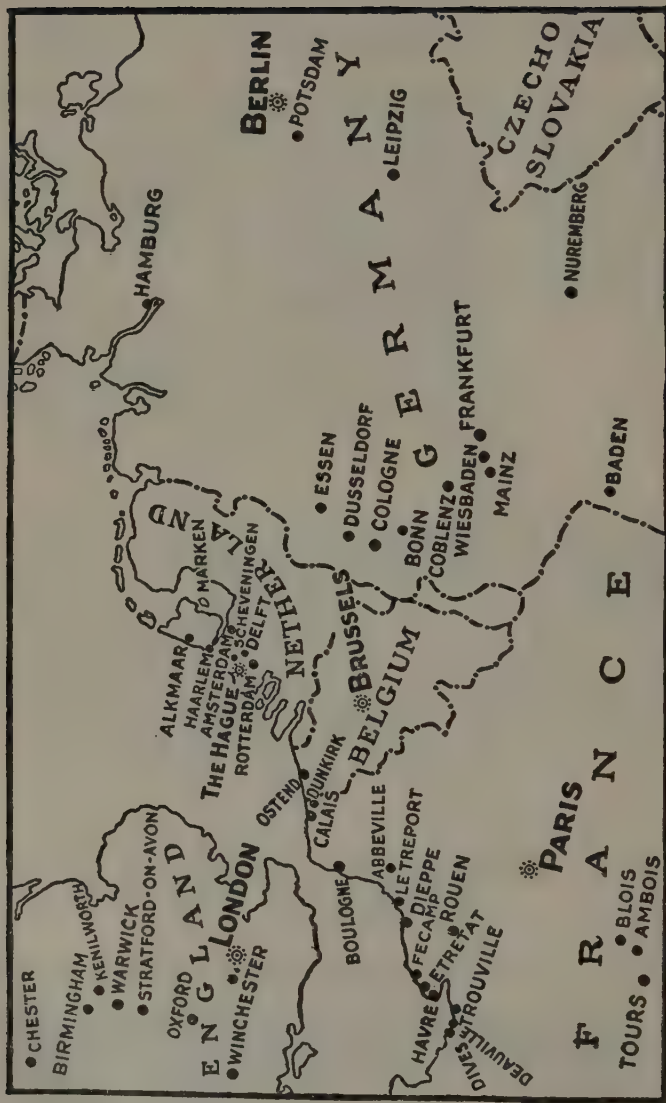
| DAYS              | What I Did in the MORNING   | What I Did in the AFTERNOON   | What I Did in the EVENING  |
|-------------------|---|---|--|
| FRIDAY            | <p><i>Spent the day in Antwerp</i>, going by train, stopping off at <i>Malines</i>, where Cardinal Mercier lives. Over one train is enough. <i>Antwerp</i> is one of the great cities of the world, a wonderful seaport, a beautifully laid-out town.</p> <p>The docks in the commercial part and the drives in the residential section are both worth while. There is a remarkable Cathedral (12 to 4) containing Rubens' great religious pictures, <i>The Descent from the Cross</i>, <i>The Raising of the Cross</i>, and <i>The Assump-</i></p> | <p><i>tion of the Virgin</i>. The Tower view is the best in Antwerp. Rubens is buried in the Church of St. Jacques. His home is at 7 Rue Rubens.</p> <p>Give up half of your day to the Art Museum—the Musée Royal des Beaux-Arts. It is one of the joys of Europe. Rubens and Van Dyck, of course, in extravagant profusion; and the older men, too. Be sure to see the exquisite little picture of <i>St. Barbara</i>, by Jan Van Eyck, greatest of the early Flemings.</p> | <p><i>Coffee</i> in front of the <i>Palace Hotel</i>—and early to bed.</p> <p>Some people like to make their call at <i>Malines</i> in the evening, so they can listen to the famous carillon played by the equally notable musician, Jet Denyn.</p> |
| SATURDAY          | <p><i>Left Brussels for Ghent, Bruges, Ostend and London</i>. Send your baggage on to the boat at Ostend; and stop off at Ghent. The Cathedral of St. Bavon contains the world famous altarpiece by Hubert and Jan Van Eyck, several panels of which have just been brought back from Berlin under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles. The nurseries of Ghent are famous.</p>  | <p><i>Spent the afternoon at Bruges</i>, the most beautiful town in Europe. You don't need a guide: just wander about the Grand Place, along the canals, into the Cathedral and, of course, up the Belfry. Opposite the Cathedral, in the Hospital of St. John, is the greatest art treasure in Bruges, Hans Memling's colorful paintings of <i>St. Ursula</i> and <i>the Virgins</i>. Dinner at Ostend.</p>  | <p><i>Spent two hours at the Kursaal</i> (or Casino), where there is everything: concerts, opera, dancing, reading rooms, and general meeting place.</p>   |
| SUNDAY            | <p><i>Rested at Ostend</i>—than which there are few more delightful occupations.</p>  | <p><i>Took ship for England</i>—with regrets and memories.</p>  | <p><i>Unpacked in London</i>.</p>  |
| ANND<br>GENERALLY | <p><i>Belgium is so small and so simple and so friendly</i> that you don't need guide-books or guides. If you use tourist agencies at all—as for getting about the battle-fields—do so merely for convenience. You can't go wrong—because the wrong places are so interesting that they are right!</p> <p><i>When you arrive</i> in Brussels, open your window and yell "Porter," shove your</p>  |   |  |
|                   | <p>bag through the window, and say "Taxi." Keep your ticket to give up at the gate. Write the name of your hotel on a card to show to the taxi man. Give your trunk check to the man at the hotel, who will get it for you from the station. The hotel people speak English.</p> <p><i>At the hotel</i>, make arrangements in advance for price, including room and</p>   |   |  |

## What I Did and What It Cost Me

| Where I Ate My MEALS   | Just a Few Odd REMARKS  | About COSTS  |
|--|---|--|
| <p><i>Luncheon at the Café du Rocher-de-Cancale, 19 Rue des Douze-Mois.</i></p> <p><i>Dinner at the Terminus Hotel before catching train for Brussels.</i></p> <p>(Antwerp has a great many cafés quite as good as these. I chose the handy ones.)</p>                     | <p><i>Antwerp is worth much more than a day. Art lovers, and some other people, consider it quite as worth while as Brussels. The late King Leopold, that good-bad man, loved Antwerp, and did much to beautify it. Stay overnight if you can—and give one whole day to pictures.</i></p> | <p>Seven days in Belgium—</p> <p>Total cost:</p> <p style="text-align: center;">\$55.00.</p> <p>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p> |
| <p><i>Luncheon at Hôtel de la Poste, Ghent, old but fine.</i></p> <p><i>Dinner (and bed, too) at Hôtel de l'Océan, Ostend where you can sit by the sea and eat more than you should. Arrange a price covering room, dinner, breakfast and luncheon—and enjoy life.</i></p> | <p><i>This day you'll remember all your life—and you'll bless the man who told you not to miss it!</i></p>  |  |
| <p><i>On the train—and very good, too.</i></p>   | <p><i>You will always be grateful to Hoover for saving Belgium—for you!</i></p>   |  |

breakfast. Don't tip any one until you leave—then, 10% only, distributed among all who serve you or left at desk for distribution by hotel proprietor. The latter is the easy way. Belgian and French moneys are used interchangeably. You won't go far wrong if you figure a franc as a nickel, two francs a dime, ten a half-dollar, and a hundred a five-dollar bill.

Brussels is bi-lingual. Some people speak French, some Flemish; but there is usually some one who speaks English. When you leave, the hotel concierge will buy your ticket, check your baggage, call your taxi—and, if you wish, put you on your train!



## CHAPTER XV

### MY DUTCH TREAT

IT WAS on a Thursday that I dropped into Amsterdam by airplane from London. The summer before, I had landed in Holland by boat from America; and before that, I had arrived by train from Brussels, by train from Cologne, and by the night boat from London to Flushing. But it does not make much difference how you get to Holland, so long as you do get there; or where you land, as Holland is so small that if you don't happen to be in the right place, you can reach your destination in a few minutes—by rail or boat or motor or bicycle. Travel in Holland is as easy as visiting from one Philadelphia suburb to another—and far more interesting!

Amsterdam is not a bad place from which to start around the Dutch circle. And the Amsterdam hotels, though not the best in the world, are the best in Holland. I used to stay at the Bible Hotel, not because it was better than the others, but it made such a respectable address. It pleased me too—as it did all pious tourists—to take a “Dam” street-car to “The Dam” square where the Bible

## TRAVELCHARTS AND TRAVEL CHATS

Hotel was located. But now, alas, the mammoth book painted over the entrance to the tap room is gone—and hotel life in Amsterdam is as irreligious as it is in most places.

Dutch hotels are invariably clean, and their table too abundant. Here, for example, is a Dutch morning meal which I ate at, and several Dutchmen in the same dining-room ate through:

### BREAKFAST

|                             |   |
|-----------------------------|---|
| Liver Sausage               |   |
| Salami                      | <i>All these things were on the</i>     |
| Cold Ham                    | <i>table, not to be chosen, but to</i>  |
| Cold Veal                   | <i>be eaten.</i>                        |
| Pressed Beef                |   |
| Sardines                    |   |
| Boiled Eggs                 |   |
| White Bread                 |   |
| Currant Buns                |   |
| Rye Bread                   |   |
| Ginger Bread                | <i>My own order of rolls and</i>        |
| Sweet Bread                 | <i>coffee after paying for all this</i> |
| Jam                         | <i>splendor, amazed and alarmed</i>     |
| Butter                      | <i>my waiters and Dutch friends.</i>    |
| Chocolate, Tea or Coffee    |   |
| Seven Kinds of Cheese (The  |   |
| more violent carefully held |   |
| down under heavy covers).   |   |

I didn't spend all my time in Amsterdam in the dining-room, although it is clear that I might have, without exhausting its resources. There was, in the first place, the city itself, the most canal-ly place I was ever in except Venice.

The Amstel River, running through the center of



## MY DUTCH TREAT

the city, corresponds to the Grand Canal in Venice or Fifth Avenue in New York. The canals proper, leading off the river on either side, are the side streets—but don't think for a moment that you can get anywhere on these canals; they all leave the river as if they had said good-by forever, but the first thing you know, they are back again, after completing a brief and rather smelly semicircle.

The canals in Holland suffer from Dutch cleanliness. The Dutch housewife sweeps everything out of her house into the open canal. The Italian housewife manages these things better, for she succeeds pretty well in cornering the available dirt supply right in her own home, with the result that Italian canals and rivers are surprisingly free from the filth that assails the senses in immaculate Holland. In April, the canals are not so bad, but all the year round, Holland could use a couple of good American incinerators!

The finest things in Amsterdam, the finest things in Holland—for all its scenic picturesqueness—are indoors. The Ryks Museum contains what is to me the most satisfying picture in the world, Rembrandt's *The Night Watch*. Many tourists come to Amsterdam to worship at Rembrandt's house, which you find on a side street right next door to the "Rembrandt Bar"—any good burgher will be able to point out one or the other!—but I prefer to spend my time at the shrine which he himself

created. *The Night Watch*, among its many other claims of distinction, is one of the few pictures in Europe which is properly hung—in a room by itself, dark except for the lighting of the canvas, free from detracting pictures and distracting cross lights.

This simple group of Dutch citizens going out to guard the town against unknown dangers is worth a half-day's study. Look at it, leave it, enjoy the masterpieces which crowd the other rooms of the big museum, and then come back to it. It always seems to me that I could sit there forever without taking my eyes off this wonderful, golden canvas—and yet, as I glanced at the guard whose business it was to sit all day before this priceless picture, I was oppressed by a doubt. He was manicuring his finger nails!

Amsterdam is the Dutchest of the big Dutch cities, but—except on the Queen's birthday in the fall and the Queen Mother's birthday in the spring—even Amsterdam is not half so Dutch as its post-cards. On these fête days, when the modern, phlegmatic burgher drops for a time the absorbing business of profiteering and relapses into the jollity pictured by Jan Steen and Franz Hals, Amsterdam becomes noisily picturesque.

I was there once on a birthday when it rained, but the dancers got out gaily decorated umbrellas and kept right on dancing. Even the thrifty natives

## MY DUTCH TREAT

of Marken and Vollandam get into town for these occasions, and wear their bright costumes for their own benefit instead of for the tourists'. The whole scene, though punctured now and then by tramcars displaying advertisements of American safety razors and washing powders, is decidedly Dutch. Nothing breaks the spell, not even a German band playing the French battle song, *Madelon!* Amsterdam is a picture—for a day. To-morrow, it will be a big, hurrying, commercial city.

This holiday picturesqueness lives the year round in the neighboring villages of Marken and Vollandam. These places aren't free from the taint of trade, but their business is picturesqueness, and the result, even though you know it is attained consciously and in anticipation of your generosity, is so good, so nearly what you come to Holland to see, that you can't resist its appeal.

Common sense tells you that these two villages would not be the only ones in Holland to retain their costumes and their windmills in the same gay bewildering profusion as of old, unless their citizens had found turning back the clock a profitable business. But there is something to be said for Marken and Vollandam. Their beauty is like that of an old actress. You know that it is maintained only by the aid of modern cosmetics and modern lighting, but you admire it just the same—and even pay money to get the old time thrill.

Alkmaar, with its famous cheese market, needs no apology. Haarlem, on the way to The Hague, is equally self-explanatory, making as strong an appeal to the eye as Alkmaar does to the nose. There are more tulips in Dutch Haarlem than there are babies in its American namesake! In April, you can spend a very happy, eye-filling morning in the garden of Haarlem on your way to the modern city of The Hague.

The Hague is altogether too modern for Holland—and for me. There is one little spot in the center of the town, where the art museums and several other public buildings are grouped around the waters of the Vyver, which reminds you of the Holland of your dreams. And occasionally, through the city, you see typical Dutch things, like the little mirrors outside the windows, arranged so that the matrons can see what is happening on the sidewalk without actually hanging over the sill, and the dog-drawn milk wagons with their shining brass cans. But, generally speaking, you must look indoors for the glories of The Hague.

In the Mauritshuis, or Municipal Museum, are two of the famous pictures of the world, Rembrandt's *School of Anatomy* and Paul Potter's *Bull*. The former, perhaps because slitting up a man's tummy is not a beautiful thing even as Rembrandt paints it, did not appeal to me so much as some of the same painter's lesser pictures.

## MY DUTCH TREAT

But there are many other gorgeous pictures in the Mauritshuis, notably a Dutch landscape by Vermeer of Delft. This picture also renewed my faith in the Dutch people, for, though it is far less valuable than Rembrandt's *Anatomy*, the guard told me that he was under orders, in case of fire, to save the Vermeer first.

"But why?" I exclaimed.

"Because," said the Dutchman, "this is the only landscape Vermeer painted. There are over six hundred Rembrandts—but only one Vermeer landscape. So we save that first."

To my eye, there is little to admire in the famous Peace Palace at The Hague. This building seems to have all the faults of the Carnegie school of architecture—which has done so much to make the civic value of public libraries problematical—with several additional failings attributable to its international character. The builders could not seem to agree on the outside of the building any better than its occupants have ever agreed inside. Norwegian and Spanish granites set up their neutral claims against the more belligerent Greek and Italian marbles, only to be joined here and there by recruits from Great Britain, North and South America, Germany, Austria and Japan, until you have before you a stone reproduction—or was it a prophecy—of the World War.

I would rather sit on the sand and look at the

architectural beauties—and this is saying a great deal—of the summer hotels at Scheveningen, or the beauties, architectural or otherwise, of their corpulent feminine occupants. There are, of course, some slender Dutch women, and, possibly, some fairly becoming Dutch bathing suits, but I wasn't lucky enough at Scheveningen to meet the combination; and I think that in all Holland, it would take a Ziegfeld to discover them! I never visit Scheveningen without longing for Coronado—or even Coney.

The Dutch royalty are colorless, for all their bulk, and they have communicated their commonplaceness to the Royal Palace in the center of the town, and even to "The House in the Woods," which enjoys one of the few truly sylvan settings in Holland. In the Prince Consort's study, in the former place, the simple paraphernalia of a child's gymnasium has been set up. It is a pretty picture: father bending over the affairs of state while daughter does her daily dozen!

"The House in the Woods" has a dining-room that looks like the frosting on a birthday cake, and a few other fancy articles—mostly gifts!—but most of the furnishings look as though they had been bought from a catalogue and damaged en route.

Delft is much more satisfactory than The Hague. Experts will tell you that the modern Delft ware as produced by the existing factories is poor stuff,



## MY DUTCH TREAT

and certainly it is not comparable with some of the specimens you see on exhibition; but most of us are not able to surround ourselves with exhibition pieces of anything, and we can get a good deal of pleasure out of seeing how this famous old ware is made. If you are buying, look for the mark of the crossed swords—it's the sterling sign. The town itself is very Dutch. If I were going again, I should stay overnight, for there is much to see here besides the bullets that killed William of Orange.

Evenings are delightful times in Holland anyhow. There is always one street—the Kalverstraat in Amsterdam, for instance—given over entirely to evening gossiping, public love-making, leisurely strolling and sidewalk beer-drinking. This exciting life ceases about nine o'clock, so that the Dutchman can set his alarm clock for the early worm, but it is great while it lasts.

There is a day trip by canal between Delft and Rotterdam that no one should miss. When I took the trip, there were four two-legged passengers, a cow, and two immaculate pink pigs. The rest of the passengers were vegetables. After the whole village had assisted in chasing the pigs aboard, the human freight was provided with small, hard, cane-bottom chairs. But there was little time to enjoy them. Every few minutes, it was necessary to pick up the chairs and scuttle below with the cow and the pigs, to avoid decapitation by the low bridges.

Nevertheless, canal-riding is the ideal way of seeing Dutch country life. The boat goes right up to the door-steps of the houses in the little villages, and affords a view of those shiny Dutch interiors that distinguish the Dutch school of painting. Each house has its freshly scoured brick walk, its gleaming brass knocker, and on the door-step, its collection of big and little wooden shoes.

You get enough atmosphere on this trip from Delft to last you through a whole day of Rotterdam commercialism. The latter city is big and active, and somehow continually reminds you that its inhabitants made a lot of money out of the war. But even Rotterdam has its points.

Boyman's Museum has some excellent canvasses, notably of the modern Dutch school; and the waterfront preserves much of the traditional charm of Dutch shipping. Even when the boats aren't shaped in the funny, fat Dutch model, they look as if they were. On the whole, a morning along the piers that line the river is a last morning well spent. It leaves you with an impression of genuineness that some of the more studied Dutch effects—like those at Marken—fail to give you. Here, in busy, modern Rotterdam, are busy, modern Dutchmen going about their every-day work—but being picturesque about it! I like to remember Holland that way.

Seven days in Holland, at any time in the year, do not make—for the tourist, at least—a Thrift

## MY DUTCH TREAT

Week. The Dutch unit of money, corresponding to the French franc and the Italian lire, is the florin or gulder, but there the resemblance ends. The Dutch coin is worth almost ten times as much as the French or Italian coins—but the Dutch people are quite willing to lure you into unconsciousness of this important fact. Don't be lured.

Moreover, Dutch hotels are not accommodatingly empty—as Italian hotels so often are—during the spring and fall. They are mostly commercial hotels; and commerce in Holland knows no off seasons. But they are a little less crowded and their demands a little less extortionate than in the summer—and the museums and trains and boats and trams are much less crowded and far more comfortable.

It is, therefore, on the ground of comfort and beauty, rather than that of economy, that I urge you to try Holland in the spring. Still, I had a very comprehensive trip, stayed at very good hotels, ate far more than I should—and spent only \$42.60. Not so bad for a Dutch Treat!

# MY DUTCH TREAT

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed   | Where I Slept—or Might<br>Have—and What It<br>Cost Me   | The Best Way to<br>See the Sights   |
|--|---|---|
| <p><b>AMSTERDAM</b><br/><i>Four nights.</i><br/>Made Amsterdam headquarters for short daytime trips to Marken, Vollandam and Alkmaar. A day in the art museums and a day around town is enough for Amsterdam itself.</p> | <p><b>AMERICAN HOTEL</b><br/>Plain but very good, and cheaper than others. The hotel runs an auto which meets all trains. Last spring I landed by airplane, the flying company delivering me by motor at hotel—but it is only a few moments from the station by bus or tram-car.<br/>About \$2.25.<br/>Hotel rooms in Holland run from \$1.75 to \$3.20 a day. Rooms with bath come high. Better telegraph as Holland hotels seem crowded even out of season.</p> | <p>Trams run everywhere in Amsterdam, and the principal sights are within walking distance of one another, but a motor ride, if you can find some one to share the expense, will give you a valuable preliminary survey. There are English-speaking guides and chauffeurs.</p>  |
| <p><b>ALKMAAR</b><br/><i>One day</i><br/>Make it Friday, if you can—it's cheese market day.</p>  | <p>Went back to Amsterdam to sleep—but there is a good plain hotel at Alkmaar.</p>  | <p>You can go to Alkmaar from Amsterdam by train or boat. Be sure to go one way by water. Walk around the cheese market and listen to the haggling—then cross the canal and get a "long shot" of the scene. There is little else in Alkmaar.</p>  |
| <p><b>MARKEN</b><br/><b>VOLLENDAM</b><br/><i>One day—</i><br/>Sunday by all means.</p>   | <p>Amsterdam at night.</p>  | <p>Go by steamer, stopping at Broek, which is supposed to be the cleanest town in the world, and at Monnikendam—a dead city. Just "gawp"! All about you are ridiculous looking men in absurd trousers, and quaint women in gay head-dresses, embroidered bodices, and yellow curls. You know that these quaint souls have revealed their quaintness especially for you, and that to-morrow they will do it <i>with</i> the same spontaneity for some one else—but you enjoy them just the same.</p> |
| <p><b>HAARLEM</b><br/><i>Three hours</i></p>   | <p>No time to sleep.</p>  | <p>You can walk to the Town Hall (where the Franz Hals pictures are), the really beautiful Meat Market and the statue of the man who, so the Dutch think, invented printing—but you should ride out into the dunes to see the tulips and the country.</p>   |

# *The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me*

## The Question of Eating

## Just a Few Other Things

## To the Next Stop

There are several fashionable cafés in the "Valverstraat"—but there is good food and plenty of it everywhere in Holland. The people look it. The prices in the big restaurants are not cheap, averaging 60c for breakfast, \$1.50 for lunch and \$2.00 for dinner—but you can eat much more cheaply at your hotel.

Try to arrange your time so as to take the boat trip to Marken and Vollandam—where the natives still dress like post-cards—on Sunday. The Easter parade lasts all the year round in these fishing villages. Allow a full day for the museums—you'll need it, just for Rembrandt. Look out for "speed kings" on bicycles!

Distances are so short in Holland that transportation expense is a negligible quantity. This item can safely be included in an average expense of about \$4.00 to \$6.00 per day, according to the hotels you choose.

Cheese—as many kinds as the market affords; the Alkmaar cheese market, I mean, which is the largest in the world.

If you have time to run out to Alkmaar Thursday afternoon to see the unloading of the cheese—you will be repaid. Some of the men who "catch" the cheeses could play the outfield on a big league team. The best thing about this busy little scene is that it is absolutely genuine. These Dutch cheese merchants don't care any more about you than you do about the League of Nations.

Eat only what you have to in these towns, where "simple fisher folk" are excellent business men but poor hosts.

Vollandam is better than Marken—because it is more genuine. Both places, however, are shows put on for your benefit, though adhering with marvelous faithfulness to ancient Dutch conditions.

The trip by train from Amsterdam to The Hague is only an hour. Take a train that stops at Haarlem.

Plan to have breakfast in Amsterdam and luncheon at The Hague so that you can use all your time in Haarlem for flowers and pictures.

The third week in April is the very height of the tulip season. Watch the country all the way from Haarlem to Leyden. The whole region is one great checkerboard of yellow and red.

The trains run frequently. Your ticket is good for the Haarlem stopover.

# MY DUTCH TREAT

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed      | Where I Slept—or Might<br>Have—and What It<br>Cost Me   | The Best Way to<br>See the Sights  |
|---|---|--|
| <p><b>THE HAGUE</b><br/><i>Two nights</i></p> | <p><b>GRAND HOTEL CENTRAL</b><br/>By bus—you could easily "tram." On the Main Street. This hotel was opened in 1913. I found it modern and comfortable, with excellent food.<br/><br/>\$2.25 a day—not expensive for The Hague which is a very up-to-date, money-making town.</p> | <p>The Royal Palace and the Art Museum are in the center of the city. The Peace Palace can be reached by tram, also the beach resort, Scheveningen. You taxi through the park to "The House in the Woods"—at least, I did.</p> |
| <p><b>SCHEVENINGEN</b></p>                    | <p>Several ark-like summer hotels. In hot weather, it is well to sleep here and sight-see in town. I didn't stay to find out how much it costs—but the hotels look expensive—and dull.</p>  | <p>Sit in the sand!</p>  |
| <p><b>DELFT</b></p>                           | <p>There is one hotel—plain, but good. Next time, I shall stay here in preference to Rotterdam.</p>   | <p>You walk all around the town.</p>   |
| <p><b>ROTTERDAM</b></p>                       | <p><b>HOTEL COOMANS</b><br/>By bus. The hotel is far from landing and station but is in center of city. Rotterdam is a large commercial city. All the hotels are crowded, expensive and cheerless.<br/>About \$3.00 for an ordinary enough room.</p>                              | <p>Loaf along the river front, and see the picturesque Dutch ships and sailors. Go to Boyman's museum—and you are through.</p>   |



# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| The Question of Eating   | Just a Few Other Things   | To the Next Stop   |
|--|---|--|
| Here is where you gorge yourself. The best food in Holland is at the Restaurant Royal, but all the hotels know the way to a man's heart—and take it. | The Hague is disappointing—except for the pictures in the museum (Mauritshuis, they call it) and the buildings near by—in a little group around the Vyver. For me the town exists chiefly for Rembrandt's <i>School of Anatomy</i> . But many people get a tremendous thrill out of the Carnegie Peace Palace. The latter is a pretentious building—international in character and architecture. The "House in the Woods" is simple, and restfully situated. But, in Holland, the pictures are the thing! | It is only ten or twelve minutes by train to Scheveningen.   |
| Don't.   | There are a few fishermen in red trousers and many Dutch women in unbecoming but—for Europe—modest bathing suits.   | Twenty minutes from The Hague to Delft—by train.   |
| Not necessary if you go on to Rotterdam.   | See the Delft porcelain factory, if you are interested in porcelain—and the Delft people, anyhow. Nowhere in Holland will you find scenes more typical of the old Dutch painters—in fact, Delft almost makes the paint come true.   | By canal boat to Rotterdam—one of the most interesting experiences of the trip.  |
| If you have any room left after a week of Dutch eating, any good Rotterdam restaurant is capable of filling it.                                      | If you are here in rose time, don't spend much time on Rotterdam. Go out by train to Boskoop and see the rose gardens and smell the roses.  | I took a train from Rotterdam to the Hook of Holland, and thence by boat to London. In a week, I had seen everything in Holland but the Kaiser!<br><br>Total Cost \$42.60.<br>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee. |



## CHAPTER XVI

### AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS

IF YOU still have a winter-flannels complex, bring it, and them, with you to the Alps. Bring also your chiffons and searsuckers. For the midget country of Switzerland has gathered unto itself substantially all of the varied physical characteristics of the European continent—everything, in fact, except the sea—and with them has acquired a wide range of weather. One hillside is exposed to the rudest winds that come out of the Baltic North; the next warmed by the rays of a Mediterranean sun. One snuggling lakeside luxuriates in the even mild climate of an inland sea; another, held aloft among snowy peaks and draughty gorges, taxes the resources of the longest thermometer. One day, you are bathing in Geneva's sunlit waters; the next, you are ski-ing on the Jungfraujoeh. So, bring your heaviest and your reddest, and also your porous-knit.

Alpine enthusiasts are subject to the same diversities as Alpine breezes. Beginning at the sear-sucker end of Switzerland, you find that Geneva, for instance, is filled with two kinds of pests:

people who have already been to Interlaken and Lucerne, and people who haven't. The second group are tremendously impressed with the warm beauty of Lake Geneva and the mild grandeur of the mountains that fringe its shores. They wear the smug expression of a newly elected angel, who still regards heaven as a sort of exclusive club. But the Jungfrauites are inclined to sniff at Geneva's waters. If they dared, they'd thumb their noses at Mont Blanc's grandeur. Their expression says as plainly as if they shouted it from the League of Nations rostrum: "You don't know the half of it, dearie!"

Of the two groups, it seems to me that the first is most to be envied. It is a wonderful sensation to arrive at what you think is the most beautiful place in the world; but it is still more wonderful to find that still more beautiful places lie just beyond. Geneva, Interlaken, Lucerne—that is the ideal progression through Switzerland. Anything else is a Yale man's idea of a climax.

The train service between Paris and Geneva is good: the night train convenient, the day train interesting. During the latter part of the trip, the way lies through the French Alps, which culminate in the snowy peaks of the Mont Blanc range. It always comes as a shock to realize that Mont Blanc, long an outstanding feature—that adjective "outstanding" is rather good!—of any trip to Switzerland isn't in Switzerland at all, but in France. It's

## AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS

just as if you suddenly came upon Hamlet in the asp scene of *Antony and Cleopatra*! Nevertheless, from the car window of the train from Paris, you do see Mont Blanc rising in true Swiss grandeur from its French base into the blue neutrality of heaven; and you realize that there are some things in life that transcend the petty limits of official nationalism. After all, what is a man-made boundary-line between mountains like Mont Blanc and the Matterhorn?

Geneva, in spite of the efforts of the League of Nations to give the place political importance, remains the same charming, restful, comforting Swiss town it used to be in the days when Ruskin wrote: "I am more thankful, every year of added life, that I was born in London, near enough to Geneva for me to reach it easily." Ruskin, by the way, is not the only distinguished man to do homage to Geneva. Unless you have a firm way with you in dealing with guides, you'll spend a good part of your stay listening to whispered confidences that here was where So-and-So lived and there was where poor What's-his-Name died. Moreover, you'll find that when it comes to celebrities, Geneva draws no line, except perhaps the color one; for the guide will point with equal enthusiasm to the birthplace of Rousseau and the grave of John Calvin!

Through Geneva runs the River Rhone. Behind Geneva looms the Mont Blanc range. Before Gen-

eva lies the lake. Need I say more?—except, perhaps to add the comment of the man behind Cook's counter: "The town is elegantly located."

Across Lake Léman—Genevaites call it Lake Geneva, but all the rest of Switzerland call it Lake Léman—lies the beautiful hillside watering place of Evian-les-Bains. If you have been subjecting yourself to the European indignity of actually paying money for drinking water, you'll be glad to get off at Evian and sip its very good and very high-priced water for nothing. Otherwise, you'll be content with looking at Evian; and tack back in the little lake steamer to the conference-burdened city of Lausanne. There are good hotels at Lausanne, and better ones at Ouchy, which lies between Lausanne and the Lake, but if you have your luggage safely planted at Geneva, you can easily see all there is to see in Lausanne—except the promised solution of the Near East problem—in the space of a few hours, most of which may safely be given over to lunch.

The Lausanne food is rather special—in fact, I have never known an economic conference to be held in any European center where the conferees weren't able to live on the fattiest fat of the land. But neither here, nor anywhere else in Switzerland, was I offered so much as the hole in a Swiss cheese. But that's life! I never saw a ripe peach at Sorrento or a good pair of shoes in Lynn.



Between Lausanne and Montreux, on the shore of the lake, are several picturesque gabled villages, among them Vevey, where Mrs. William B. Leeds of Cleveland, Ohio, became Princess Anastasia of Greece. Montreux itself is the gem of the Léman collection, the real Lady of the Lake. According to Byron, Montreux was once "as beautiful as a dream." To-day the town has everything which a tourist might reasonably demand. As Mr. Bradshaw so ably points out in his well-known railway guide: "Opposite the Roman Catholic Church is the Casino!"

The ride over the mountains to Interlaken is a continuing enchantment—but don't forget to look back for a last eyeful of Lake Léman. There are grander sights ahead, but none more beautiful than the placid blue waters surrounded by gentle green hills—a sapphire in a jade setting. My last glance caught the sunlight picking out a school of white-capped boulders which dotted the surface of a little sheltered inlet; and as the whistle of the passing train crashed in upon the peaceful scene, a gull rose from each rock and sailed out over the radiant sunlit waters.

As you leave French Switzerland and approach the Teutonic side, the hills lose their smiling aspect and become seamed and wrinkled like giant old women scowling at the sun. One old girl, half-way to Interlaken, sports a great scar across her face

as if somewhere back in the dark ages she had smiled and, in the effort, cracked the enamel of eternity. Most of the Alps look as if they had never even tried to smile. Grim company they would be if it were not for the green slopes along the lake-sides and the narrow valleys watered by noisy busy mountain streams. Only occasionally on the mountains themselves do you see a touch of green, as if giants had been throwing moss-balls—and one of the balls had stuck.

Half-way up one mountainside, I saw a cow. And as I was speculating on the daring which would soon be required of some hardy Swiss milkman, I spied a stubby little boy emerging from the rock-gray background bearing a tin pail and a stool. I soon learned that in the Swiss labor market, it is usually a case of women and children first. The Swiss woman is everywhere, wielding a scythe in the meadowed valleys and herding cattle on the hills.

"They do more of the work than the men," I declared at the end of my first week in Switzerland.

"Yes," said my traveling companion, "that's why Switzerland is such a rich and progressive country."

"Because the women do the work?"

"No. Because the men have time to think."

The traveling companion was a man!

Interlaken is "between the lakes" on the small strip which separates Lake Thun from Lake Brienz.

## AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS

Because of its location—the tourist being able to go east or west by boat and north or south by train—Interlaken has become the G. H. Q. of the touring army. It's the place where you leave your trunks! Stroll up and down the Höheweg, the great thoroughfare that runs from one end of the town to the other, pick out a hotel with comfortable beds and a reasonable proprietor, get a night-key, and start out to live the life of a traveling salesman—with your first stop the Jungfrau.

There are many ways to ascend the Jungfrau, but the best for a common or garden mountain climber like you and me is from the Jungfrauoch, where you can get a good meal before starting and a good bed on returning. I am not much for climbing as a sport. I would rather leave it to the swarming army of Englishmen who spend their summer vacations hopping from rock to rock like a bunch of Angora goats with mackintoshes and tea-baskets. But you may not dare to face the home folks unless you have done either the Jungfrau or the Matterhorn. And between the two, I should much rather take a chance with the former—a plump, bald-headed old gentleman in spite of its Jungfrau name—than with the toothless old hag that is the Matterhorn. From the Jungfrauoch, which is a sort of saddle between the Mönch and the Jungfrau, you can reach the summit in less than four hours. And the really marvelous view is quite the most inclusive

in Switzerland The only important peak which you don't see is the Jungfrau!

The shorter trips from Interlaken are more in my line. The motor ride over the Grimsel through the little lake villages past the ever ebullient Falls of Meiringen to the Grimsel Hospice is an unforgettable contact with magnificence. Alpine roses cover the gray rocks with a red glow. The ceaseless roar of the Handeck Falls fills the mountain fastnesses. The distant peaks rise like great cathedrals to the sky. More calmly beautiful is the trip to the Blue Lake, an exquisite turquoise dropped in a cool green wood; and the many little boat journeys on the twin lakes of Thun and Brienz. And if you are as lazy as some people I know, you'll spend one day on your veranda, in Interlaken itself, looking up the broad valley which frames the snowy Jungfrau. It is like standing at the foot of the Grand Staircase in the Louvre and gazing up at the Victory of Samothrace. Only, in the Louvre, you do not get the Alpine glow!

The Jungfrau is a very wise mountain. From the first it must have seen the advantage to tourists of being adjacent to such a nice place as Interlaken. The Matterhorn was less thoughtful. To take in the latter peak, you wouldn't naturally go to Interlaken any more than you would go to St. Louis to see how Fords are made. There is a more direct road from Montreux along the Italian border

through gently beautiful country, which reminds you of the friendly little hills at home, but if you take this lower and quicker road to the Matterhorn, you miss the grandeur of the mountain ride between Montreux and Interlaken.

The ride to the Gorner Grat—which is merely the place from which you get the best and nearest view of the Horn—is not very long, but like life itself, it seems long. Always the goal you seek appears to be just ahead of you, whereas, just around the corner, is still a higher hill to climb. In short, between thrills and philosophy, I became so fatigued by my front-seat mountain climbing that I was glad to get back to Zermatt with its Englishmen and its goats. I was glad also to find that the little village had returned to the horizontal position, in which it appeared to be when I left it, instead of remaining in the drunken poses which it had assumed as I looked down upon it from the tipped-up mountain train.

After the adventurous ride above Zermatt, the return trip down through the gorges to Visp was no more exciting than a regular Sunday afternoon drive to the cemetery or Exposition Park. The Swiss chalets, thatched with rough slate, and often standing on stilts, were a bit more picturesque than our Queen Anne cottages; and the glacial flow that rolled down the mountainside like a moving staircase in a department store put it all over the local

dam; but after the Gorner Grat and the Matterhorn, I was blasé for life. At least, I thought I was—until I saw Lucerne.

The towers of the old part of Lucerne are stern fourteenth century: its medieval walls gloomily solid; its streets narrow and winding. In contrast, there is the sunlit modern town, the wide avenues, the gabled villas, the magnificent hotels, the imposing lake front. The river Reuss—the ex-Kaiser married Princess Hermine of Reuss, but that does not affect the beauty of the river!—flows rapidly through the town. The innumerable Renaissance fountains add to the place's individuality if not always to its beauty. The Glacier Garden shows you all the things you didn't understand when you read Wells' history. And the famous Lion is amazingly satisfactory—as a work of art and as a lion!

The only trouble with starting at Geneva and working up is that you run out of adjectives before you reach Lucerne. And if there was ever an adjective place, it is this most famous of Swiss cities, surrounded by wooded hills and commanding an incomparable prospect of snowy mountains across a radiant lake. Like Geneva, Lucerne has a restful quality which is lacking where the peaks loom too high and crowd too close. There is a great difference in mountains. For instance, the Tyrolean Alps soothe you with their smiling aspect of broad expanses and sunny vistas; the neighboring Dolmites



## AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS

—those high, round hills of ruddy sandstone—are humorously solemn, like a lot of red-headed men trying to be dignified. But the Swiss Alps, except at Geneva and Lucerne, are abrupt, rugged and scowling, inclined to elbow their way through a crowd to get at you and me. So perhaps it is just as well that we made our first bow in Alpine society among the friendlier hills that cradle Lake Léman—and that we say good-by on the gentle slopes of lovely Lake Lucerne!

# AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS!

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed  | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me   | What I Did and<br>How I Did It   |
|---|--|--|
| PARIS   | On this trip, Paris isn't even a one-night stand.  |  |
| GENEVA<br><i>Two nights</i><br>MONT BLANC   | HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE<br>Very good, and, for Switzerland, not too expensive. \$3.60 for room and three good meals.  | I kept one eye on Lake Léman and the other, when I could manage it, on Mont Blanc.   |
| LAUSANNE<br><i>A few hours</i>  | Return to Geneva for the night.  | Bought a watch—almost everybody does, unless he's buying handkerchiefs.  |
| MONTREUX<br><i>One night</i>  | NATIONAL HOTEL<br>\$4.00 for room and two meals.   | Said good-bye to Lake Léman.   |
| SPIEZ<br><i>One night</i>   | STRAND HOTEL BELVEDERE<br>\$2.75 for room and two meals.   | Rested.  |
| BEATENBERG<br><i>One night</i>  | PARK HOTEL POST<br>\$3.45 for room and two meals.  | Decided Lake Thun was just as beautiful as Lake Léman.   |
| INTERLAKEN<br><i>Ten nights</i><br><br>Including two overnight excursions.  | NATIONAL HOTEL<br>This is a very important choice of hotel accommodation, because you make Interlaken your headquarters for so long. The National may not be the finest hotel, but it will treat you right. \$3.60 for everything and everything good. | <i>The Story of Ten Wonderful Days from the Jungfrau to the Matterhorn.</i><br><br><i>To the Jungfrau</i> —by electric railway through Wilderswil to Lauterbrunnen, change cars for Wengern, Kl. Scheideck, and (through five-mile tunnel) to Jungfrauoch Station. From the terrace of the Restaurant, you see Concor dia Circus, go with guide to Plateau and visit Ice Grotto. Spend the night at the Restaurant. (\$3.00.) Three-hour excursion to top of Jungfrau—most wonderful view of French Alps, Mont Blanc and Black Forest. Back to Interlaken, via Grindelwald and Schynige Platte (\$3.50 for night). |
| JUNGFRAU<br><br><i>A two-day trip</i><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><i>Three day trip to</i><br>THE MATTERHORN |  |  |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Worth-while Side Trips   | Just a Few Other Things   | To the Next Stop:<br><i>How—and How Much</i>  |
|--|---|---|
|  |   | <i>To Geneva:</i> By train.<br>1st class \$8.10<br>2nd Class \$5.34   |
| You could easily spend a week at Geneva in one-day visits along the shores of the lake. The trip to Lausanne is good for one day. The trip to Chamonix is worth while.   | If you have never been to Interlaken or Lucerne you will die happy in the belief that Geneva and its lake and its mountain are the most beautiful things in nature. | <i>To Montreux:</i> By boat.<br>1st class \$2.00<br>Take a slow boat which stops at several small lakeside villages, <i>Vevey, Clarens</i> and <i>Evian-les-Bains</i> .   |
|  | The best part of Lausanne is not Lausanne at all, but <i>Ouchy</i> , a separate town, directly below Lausanne on the shore.   | From <i>Geneva</i> and back by boat—short ride and low fare.  |
| By motor to the Castle of Chillon, Rhone Valley, Montreux, Champéry, and back by way of Aigle to Montreux.   | There is a golf course at Aigle, but I could never hope to keep my eye on the ball in Switzerland.  | <i>To Spiez</i> —by electric railway over mountains.<br>2nd class \$5.40  |
| By funicular up the Niesen—a great sunset view.  | Pretty—but not worth a long stay.   | <i>To Beatenberg</i> —a short ride by lake steamer.   |
|  | The best thing about this town is the ride to Interlaken.   | <i>To Beatenbucht</i> , thence to <i>Interlaken</i> (west station) by electric railway, a short ride.   |
| <p><i>The Story of Ten Wonderful Days from the Jungfrau to the Matterhorn</i></p> <p><i>To the Harder:</i> By funicular train in the morning for view of Interlaken. Boat trip over Brienz Lake to <i>Iseltwald</i> and <i>Brienz</i> in the afternoon.</p> <p><i>To Murren</i>—by electric railway, funicular and tram. Sounds formidable, but is worth doing.</p> <p><i>To the Rhone Glacier:</i> By motor through Brienz, Meiringen and Gorges de' Aare to Grimsel Hospice, where you lunch, and return to Interlaken at night.</p> <p><i>To the Blue Lake:</i> By rail to Spiez, thence by the famous Lotschberg Railway (electric) to Kandersteg—take the night train for Brique and the Matterhorn.</p> <p><i>To the Matterhorn:</i> By railway to Spiez (from Interlaken) and by electric express to Brique. By steam again from Brique to Visp—and by mountain railroads to Zermatt and Gorner Grat—where the best view of the Matterhorn is to be had. The mountain itself is worth any effort and Zermatt is a not-bad little town in which to spend the night—but unless you never expect to come this way again, I strongly advise leaving the Matterhorn until your next trip—on your way to Italy, perhaps—because the only practical return trip to Interlaken is by the long hard way you have come.</p> |   | <p><i>The Jungfrau round trip</i><br/> 2nd class \$12.60<br/> 3rd class \$10.80</p> <p><i>The Harder and Murren</i> trips are short and cheap. <i>The Rhone Glacier</i> trip depends on how many share your motor. Cook runs excursion cars at about \$6.00 for the day.</p> <p><i>The Blue Lake</i> trip railway fare is included in the Matterhorn expenses.</p> <p><i>The Matterhorn round trip</i><br/> 2nd Class to Visp<br/> 3rd class to Zermatt and Gorner Grat<br/> \$14.94</p> <p><i>To Lucerne:</i> By train<br/> 2nd class \$2.00</p> |

## AND, OF COURSE, THE ALPS!

| Where I Went<br>and How Long<br>I Stayed    | Where I Lived<br>What It Cost Me   | What I Did and<br>How I Did It   |
|---|--|--|
| <p>LUCERNE</p> <p><i>Seven nights</i></p>   | <p>HOTEL EUROPE</p> <p>Lucerne hotels are very good and very expensive. The Europe is in the medium-priced division, comfortable but not pretentious. \$4.50 a day for room and three meals.</p> | <p>Compared with Interlaken, where you are tempted to be on the go all the time, Lucerne is a most restful place. If you have crowded into your Interlaken stay, as I did, the long trip to the Matterhorn, you will be ready for rest with a capital R.</p> |
| <p>ZURICH</p> <p><i>One night</i></p>       | <p>NATIONAL HOTEL</p> <p>\$4.50 a day for everything.</p>  | <p>Began to feel badly about leaving Switzerland.</p>  |
| <p>SCHAFFHAUSEN</p> <p><i>One night</i></p> | <p>BAHNHOF HOTEL</p> <p>\$3.25 a day for room and two meals.</p>   | <p>Felt worse about leaving.</p>   |
| <p>BASEL</p> <p><i>One night</i></p>        | <p>HOTEL VICTORIA AND<br/>NATIONAL</p> <p>\$4.75 for room and two meals.</p>   | <p>Looked at the Rhine and a few Holbeins—and spent the rest of the day feeling terribly about leaving.</p>  |
| <p>PARIS</p> <p><i>No Limit:</i></p>        |  | <p>What you do in Paris, and how you do it, is your own secret, isn't it?</p>  |

# The Trip I Took and What It Cost Me

| Worth-while Side Trips  | Just a Few Other Things   | To the Next Stop:<br><i>How—and How Much</i>   |
|---|---|--|
| <p>If you can tear yourself away from Lucerne itself, there are many places to go by rail, boat and motor.</p> <p><i>To the Rigi-Kulm:</i> By steamer as far as Vitznau, thence by mountain railway, staying overnight on summit (nearly 6,000 feet) to see the sun rise. Very good tours, including food and lodging, for about \$6.00.</p> <p><i>To Engelberg:</i> By steamer to Stansstad, thence by electric railroad. Here is where you see the "Alpine Glow"—and a gorgeous panorama of the Alps—\$2.88.</p> <p><i>To Burgentock:</i> By boat and cable road.</p> | <p>Of course, you must see the famous "Lion," if only to efface from your memory those libels on the rulers of the animal kingdom which "adorn" the entrance to the New York Public Library.</p>                              | <p><i>To Zurich:</i> By train and boat 2nd class \$1.56</p> <p><i>Note:</i> Everybody travels 2nd and 3rd class on the clean Swiss railroads. Third is usually good enough for anybody but it is not always obtainable. <i>But</i> never travel 3rd class in France or 2nd class in Italy unless you are absolutely broke.</p> |
| <p>A beautiful last view of the Alps from the Vettiberg.</p>  | <p>To much of a city for me.</p>  | <p><i>To Schaffhausen:</i> By train, \$1.20.</p>   |
| <p>Fifteen minutes by tram to Neuhausen to see the Falls of the Rhine.</p>  | <p>Just a picturesque old gabled town on the banks of the Rhine.</p>  | <p><i>To Basel:</i> By train 2nd class \$2.10.</p>   |
| <p>The road to Paris from Basel is through the Vosges Mountains—a journey well worth the trip to Switzerland.</p>   | <p>Basel is one of the cleanest cities in the world—typical of many of the fine things about the Swiss that we sometimes forget in our enthusiasm for the one thing for which they deserve no credit—their glorious Alps.</p> | <p><i>To Paris:</i> By train, 1st class \$6.78<br/>2nd class \$4.80</p>  |
|   | <p>HOME.</p>  | <p>26 Days in Switzerland—<br/>Total expense \$264.<br/>Price figures are, of course, subject to change and impossible to guarantee.</p>   |

## A map of the Atlantic Ocean. The text 'ATLANTIC OCEAN' is written across the top. Below it, the word 'SANTANA' is written vertically. To the right, the word 'TUGAL' is written diagonally. Further right, the word 'MADRID' is written vertically. The map shows the coastline of the Atlantic Ocean.





## CHAPTER XVII

### SHALL WE STAY ON THE GROUND?

I HOLD no brief for Bird's-eye Sight-seeing. Until two years ago, I had never left the ground in anything giddier than an elevator. And since that time, I have had more than my share of disagreeable experiences. I have tossed about in windstorms above the yellow Danube, and dropped precipitately into the middle of the Meuse. But I have eyes to see; and what I see in Europe in these post-war days is a world that's putting a second story on itself!

The Hungarian fur merchant steps into his plane at eight o'clock in the morning—just as you and I grab the seven-fifty-eight! At nine-thirty he is in Vienna ready for a long day's shopping in the Austrian fur markets. The chef at *Ciro's* in London does his day's marketing in Paris. (Imagine Oscar at the Waldorf slipping down to Florida and picking his daily grapefruit!) And the frock that Poiret designs between breakfast and lunch is tried on that afternoon at *Jay's* in London.

Why, then, should we stay on the ground? We Americans?

Surely not because we are a timid, land-logged

nation—for, in summer, something like forty-seven per cent. of the people who travel on the European airways are Americans. They swarm out of London to the big airdrome at Croydon, where the aerial railways start for Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, Berlin and the whole European world.

The Croydon airdrome is one of the biggest and best equipped in the world; but it is typical of all of them. Great hangars line the field. Scattered over the grassy lawns are airplanes of every description, ready to fly far or near, wherever the Old World calls them. A big Handley-Page is being tuned up in the center of the field. It will be in Paris—within three hours.

There are the usual preliminaries. Each passenger is allowed thirty pounds without charge—approximately a suit-case and a small bag; but if his bags are heavier or if he has a steamer trunk he must pay a moderate additional toll. These formalities are a matter of minutes. Porters take your valises away from you just as they do at the Grand Central; and the passengers hurry across the green grass to the waiting plane.

The Handley-Page is a big, luxurious British ship carrying fourteen passengers, a pilot and a mechanic. It is equipped with two Rolls-Royce engines, making the timid traveler feel doubly safe. Its interior is like a summer hotel veranda or a private car on an American railroad. The seating

## SHALL WE STAY ON THE GROUND?

space is long and wide, with windows on either side, beside which are wicker armchairs with cushions upholstered in cretonnes. Newspapers, magazines, fresh drinking water, mirrors, a Marconi wireless telephone, speed and height indicators, and a lavatory are part of the equipment. Luncheon boxes (including spirits and minerals) are served on board. It is like a buffet car on a transcontinental limited, equipped with limousine luxury!

The thing about the big airdrome which impresses most is the businesslike everydayness of European air travel. These people aren't indulging in a great adventure. They are going somewhere. In less than three hours they'll be in Paris; in two hours more, they'll be in Switzerland. In eight hours, without a single change, they'll make the customary twenty-four-hour trip to Berlin. In twelve hours, they'll be in Vienna. In thirty-six hours the last of them will be in Moscow.

I have a small map which gives, more quickly and more graphically than figures, the dimensions of the aerial cobweb which has already spread over one continent and is stretching out over the world.

Every line shown on this map is, or was at last accounts, in regular operation, leaving and arriving according to published time-tables, issuing tickets, carrying baggage, delivering mail, assuming and performing the usual functions of a railroad. On these connecting airways, the passenger can travel

twenty-four thousand three hundred and forty-five kilometers in one hundred and seventy-four hours of actual flying—or, in our language, fifteen thousand miles in seven days, or more than half-way round the world in a week!

By train? Well, it takes the Oriental Express eighty-nine hours to go from Paris to Constantinople; and it takes the Franco-Rumanian airplanes nineteen hours and forty-five minutes to do the same trick. This proportion of 4 or  $4\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 holds throughout Europe wherever the fast trains run; and in places like Russia, the airplane has a much bigger advantage. For instance, from Königsburg to Moscow it takes the train six days, and the airplane only ten hours.

And expense? About fifty per cent. more per mile is a safe amount to figure in comparing air travel with railroading in Europe; about fifty dollars from Vienna to Paris by air as against thirty-five on the fast express. The trip from London to Paris costs about thirty dollars. That's two hundred and thirty-five miles—not counting the motor ride at each end—at a little more than twelve cents a mile. The Paris-Brussels line is about the same. The longer runs are less. And when you count savings in sleeping- and dining-car accommodations through increased speed, the difference in expense between travel by rail and travel by air is negligible.

[The most popular of the air trips—the one be-

## SHALL WE STAY ON THE GROUND?

tween London and Paris—is as beautiful as it is brief. Almost from the start, the Channel and the mouth of the Thames are plainly visible. They are only forty or forty-five miles. But the way does not lead directly to the sea. To the North, the red-tiled houses that line the Thames glow in the morning sunlight; and just below is the chalky, hilly road to Sevenoaks. The plane flies over what George Meredith called Britain's "gray greenness" to Chatham and Rochester and Maidstone. The latter place is a railroad center; and the puffs of grimy stone that rise from the busy little engines and scatter dark clouds over the near-by flower gardens remind the air traveler of discomforts which he has happily escaped. Just beyond, at Ashford, the pilgrims recognize the twin towers of Canterbury Cathedral reaching up into the heavens. And farther north are the chalky Dover headlands. Beyond Dover, nestling beneath its white cliffs, is the ancient village of Folkstone: and beyond Folkstone is the sea.

In the first moments, as the plane leaves the ground, you begin to feel as if the earth were suddenly becoming intoxicated. As the big machine dips a bit to take the first air pocket, and the ground below, which has been reeling giddily away, rises and falls again, you are *sure* that all the world is drunk. But when the plane reaches a level of, say, three thousand feet, and holds steadily on its

course, and the lobes of equilibrium in your ears have responded to the unexpected strain, you begin to take in the wonder of it all. For the first time, you realize what individual things roofs are, and how beautiful are the tops of trees. For the first time, you see, not the specific thing in front of you, but the world.

Before you are fifteen minutes of even more impressive grandeur—fifteen minutes in the snowy clouds that roof the English Channel. At Folkestone, the rough waters are only about twenty miles in width; and before the timid lady with the spectacles has lost sight of Britain's rugged coast line, the venturesome lady with the field glasses has made out the low curving shores of Cap Griz-Nez and Saint Inglevert, and Boulogne, with its long, welcoming breakwater reaching out to snatch the wayfarer from the sea.

Above the great white Casino and the piers of pleasure and commerce rise the Citadel, the turreted Castle, the ancient ramparts that date back to the fourteenth century. But in a few short minutes, the plane has sailed through the ages, from these historic relics to the modern seashore resorts at Le Touquet and Berk; crossed the mouth of the world-famous Somme, and followed the railroad line to Abbeville. The latter, is a typical toy town, laid out by a T-square. Not so far away to the left is the sprawly city of Amiens, with its magnificent Ca-



thedral, the finest example of Gothic architecture in the world, and near Mollien Vicame are trenches and shell holes of the Great War. The next town is Beauvais, famous among air-pilots for the huge white cross over its Cathedral; and from Beauvais, the way leads over Clermont and the beautiful forest of Chantilly to Beaumont on the River Oise.

Here is the most beautiful country between London and Paris; and from no vantage-point save an airplane can its beauty be fully appreciated. Ahead is the Castle of Ecouen, the forest of Montmorency, and the gleaming white houses and carefully plotted gardens which line the lake at Enghien; and below are tiny piles of hay, bleached almost white in the Norman sun, dotting the grassy fields like loaves of sugar tossing on a great green sea.

One by one, the famous Paris landmarks appear in all their jeweled splendor: the graceful lacework of the Eiffel Tower, the flashing heights of Sacré Cœur, the golden dome of the Invalides, Notre Dame in the center of its island, the broad splendor of the Champs Élysées, the majesty of the Arch, and the soft greenness of the Bois. The great plane circles gently over St. Denis to the landing field at Le Bourget. Passports. Customs. The waiting limousine. In less than fifteen minutes, you are whirling through the Place de la Concorde, asking yourself why anybody, in this lighter-than-air age, rides in a train and gets a cinder in his eye!

## CHAPTER XVIII

### WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

I BELIEVE it is easier to go abroad than it is to stay at home. Where everybody knows you, nobody puts himself out for you; everybody expects you to do things for yourself. In Europe, you are a stranger and a guest. Governments help you. Tourist agencies serve you. The man in the street welcomes you. All you need to know is how to take advantage of the practical aid that everybody is trying to give you.

*But that knowledge, like many other things, should begin at home.*

With your steamship ticket, you receive a quantity of tags and pasters for your luggage. Obviously, the company expects you to take a good deal of stuff with you. Most people do. If you are going to Paris and London, your clothes are more useful on your back than they are in the cedar chest back home, and the bother of taking an extra bag or trunk is not great. If, however, you are making one of those hop-skip-and-jump trips—in with the curfew and out with the alarm clock—you will travel “light.” The nearer you get to a

## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

feather, the faster you'll fly. In other words, you use the same common sense about luggage abroad as you do about luggage at home. (There is no reason, so far as difficulty is concerned, why you shouldn't take a moving van!) For long stays in big cities, take the best clothes you have; for short stays in small places, take just what you need to cover your nakedness. The faster you go, the fewer you take. What you wear at home, you need abroad. The confirmed pepper-and-salt doesn't suddenly break into plaids—simply because he is away from home. I traveled forty thousand miles last year, and took absolutely nothing with me that I wouldn't use in New York. Except a cap, which I never wore!

On feminine attire, I can not speak so intimately. I once sent some fashion notes to a woman's magazine; and the editor sent them back with the suggestions that my future contributions be confined to "literature"! But I have no patience with unseemly "searsuckers," just because they can be washed at night and dried before morning. There is no occasion for taking in washing on your European trip. The quality and price of European laundry work make our laundrymen blush; and the speed is phenomenal. The most appropriate traveling costume is the garment which the sensible woman wears down-town in the morning; the ideal "useful dress" is the frock she wears for

the same purpose in the afternoon. People who don evening dress at home, don it abroad, and oftener; those who don't *don't*. Soft things that "pack easily and don't wrinkle" are desirable; so are shoes, and plenty of them, that fit the feet. These things you have, anyhow. You don't need anything else. Civilized people dress the same the world over. Don't be uncivilized just because you are away from home. Take the clothes you like to wear, and take baggage enough to carry them. *The first requisite of successful travel is comfort.*

And fortunately it is an easy thing to secure. The nicest people I know go to sea for a living. There is something about the life that draws the right kind, and keeps them right. The salt of the sea is usually the salt of the earth. And this goes for stewards and stewardesses as well as for pursers and captains. A good steward is more important than a good room or a good cook. If you are well, your happiness depends on your dining-room steward; if you are sick, on your room steward. Make friends with them; make them feel that you are going to tip them well; and when you leave, be sure to do it. The steward's tip is not a gratuity. It is a trade custom. The company figures on it in the price of your ticket. You figure on it the same way. Add twenty dollars to your passage money for service; five dollars for the room steward, five dollars for the dining steward, two dollars for the

## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

deck steward, and eight dollars divided among the stewardess, bath steward and boots, according to the ratio in which you have used them. A man seldom fees a stewardess; a woman, especially if she is ill, will wish to reward her generously. A deck chair costs a dollar and a half; a steamer blanket another dollar and a half. (A rug of your own, though cumbersome, is often a welcome companion on European railroad journeys.) There aren't any other shipboard expenses—unless your wife insists on taking a dog. In that case, I advise leaving either the wife or the dog at home—possibly both!

The ship people have chartered a special train, which is waiting, wherever you land in Europe, on the pier. There is a seat for every passenger. In mid-ocean, the purser posts a notice about securing tickets and seats. The baggage master puts up a screed about checking your trunks well ahead of landing time. Purser and baggage masters love to tack up announcements; and ship's passengers haven't anything to do but read them. When you have your ticket and your trunk check, your worries are over—unless you inadvertently try to carry your own luggage. Nobody carries anything in Europe. Nobody does anything for himself. If he does, he is looked on with suspicion by servants and officials alike; the way is made hard for him from the start. I write these words in Paris. Last night, I saw a family of tourists issue from a fashionable Place

Vendôme Hotel in evening clothes; they wanted a cab, but they wouldn't let the hotel doorman get it; they preferred to forage for themselves. When I left them, they were strewn out across the Square, mother's and daughter's hair and costumes irretrievably blown, father's temper off for the night. Taxis were flying by them, empty and unheeding. Their drivers would have nothing to do with such "queer" customers!

A ship steward sees that your hand luggage gets off safely. A dock porter sees that it gets to the right place in the customs house. Officials steer you in the same direction. You wait patiently until the man with your bags shows up. You know his number and his face. You shake your head vigorously when the customs man asks you if you have anything to declare. He is not fussy about anything you are likely to have except cigarettes and cigars, and he allows you a fair quantity of those. He may ask you to open one of your bags; if he does, the more willingness you show, the less musing he is likely to do among your clothes. Meantime, your porter has persuaded you to show him the number of your seat, and by the time you reach it, he will very likely be there with the bags safely tucked away in the proper rack. The minimum tip for all this service in England is a shilling; in France five francs. But the porter will be dissatisfied with whatever you give him; it's one of the union rules!



## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

Somewhere between the time the notices are posted on ship board and the time you hit the dock, you receive a little pasteboard called a landing card; and somewhere between the deck and the dock you have had it taken away from you. This is as it should be. Various people have also told you to have your passport handy; and some one down the line has probably looked at it. The whole performance is accomplished in a hurly burly that is dismaying if you take it seriously. But no experienced traveler does. He knows that there is always an interminable time before the actual landing; and he spends this period smoking a cigar, or several of them—while anxious first-timers are being herded into narrow passages and crowded corridors. Then, he puts on his hat, strolls leisurely down the gangplank, and gets into the customs house after the rush is over. There will be another interminable time before the boat train starts; sometimes an hour, sometimes two. No one is ever left on the boat. No one is ever left on the dock. People have been catching trains in Europe for a very long time. The act can be performed with as much poise in Cherbourg as in South Bend. And it should be. For, as comfort is the first requisite of traveling, *poise—freedom from worry and rush and fuss—is the first requisite of comfort.*

When you finally reach the train, you hunt up the dining-car conductor, and get a ticket entitling you

to a seat for luncheon or dinner. You usually have the choice of two services, sometimes three; if you don't mind eating early, the first is the best. When your meal is ready, the dining-car man, who usually speaks excellent English, comes through the train to call you. You eat what is given you, and pay when the bill is presented. Drinks, if you order them are extra. Service is sketchy; but food is cheap and good. All the cars are divided into compartments: not a bad scheme—especially at night. Two beds to a room are better than twenty; and a private wash bowl instead of a public one makes for cleanliness—almost for righteousness. The boat train journey is by day; but, sooner or later, you will have to get used to the European sleeping car. There are no porters, but the conductor makes your bed; takes charge of your tickets and passport, and shows them to various officials who would otherwise wake you up. He expects a tip—same as the colored porter at home. If he gets it, he will help you shove your bags through the window to a station porter.

The latter is more of a linguist than most of his American customers. At least, he can say "taxi" and he understands you when you say the name of your hotel and before you know it, he has landed you in the one and sent you merrily off to the other. Or, if you have a trunk, he will dig that out for you, too; but the easier way is to have the hotel

## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

send for it after you have made sure of getting *and liking* your room. The average tip is a franc for each piece of luggage and the service is worth it. Taxi fares are also cheap compared with ours. The meters register the same way—only not so often! If you are uncertain as to fare, let the hotel porter pay it, and put it on your bill.

At the hotel, service is again more important than room or table; and should be rewarded liberally. You are looked after by a force of servants such as no one in America, except the American millionaire, would think of affording. First, there is the chambermaid. In our hotels, she is the frowsy lady who comes in early in the morning, tosses up the bed clothes, whisks a duster through your private papers, and is off to the movies for the early afternoon show. The *femme de chambre* of the average European hotel is a trained servant of the lady's maid class, who performs a lady's maid service for feminine guests. She picks up the laundry, sends things to the cleaner, sews, darns and presses. With her husband, the valet, she makes the bed and cleans the room. She is a personal servant—an up-stairs girl in a private house on call from seven in the morning to late at night. The valet performs many of the same services for the man; shines shoes; presses clothes; fetches wood; builds fires; and gets luggage in and out. And the waiter—there's a man for you! There is one on every floor to attend to

the up-stairs eating and drinking wants of the people on his floor. He serves anything you wish in your room from a cup of tea to a five-course dinner—and serves it so beautifully you acquire an appetite if you have it not. He speaks perfect English. He has served his time in London and New York. He knows Anglo Saxons and their ways. The other most important man in Europe is the hotel concierge. He is taxi-getter, address-giver, package-receiver, mail-sender, doctor-finder, dentist-knower, bill-payer, ticket-buyer, luggage-sender, tourist-adviser — a high-class business man of the local merchant type, whom you always respect and often trust. These four, the chambermaid, the valet, the waiter and the concierge, are the best friends you'll find in Europe. Some of them are the most useful friends I have in the world!

When you leave, you receive a bill which is much larger than you expect. This experience is not confined to Europe; but the European bill is increased in ways which are always puzzling and sometimes disconcerting. The price which you have arranged with the manager is only the foundation of your account. If you stipulate for room, breakfast and one principal meal—which is a very good way, as it leaves you free for lunch or dinner where you may happen to be—you will have incurred various other charges. Some days, you will have eaten all three meals at the hotel; if so, the extra meal will

## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

be charged. And drinks! If you don't go in for light wines or beers, you buy bottled water. (People *do* go through Europe drinking water as they find it. A good many drink the water but they don't all go through!) And if you have anything in the morning besides coffee and rolls, you pay for that in the final account. All of these charges are added up, day by day, and the sum set forth in the lower right-hand corner of a mammoth sheet. To this semi-final account are added various percentages for taxes imposed by the needy foreign governments; and, in some cases, a further percentage for tips. The latter should be ten per cent. whether you pay it direct or the hotel distributes it for you. The percentage is often the hotel servant's only wage. If you require special service, tip more liberally—but never give anybody anything until you pay your bill. *Don't pay twice for the same service.* And don't give a hundred francs when you mean to give ten!

The chief thing to know about foreign coins is what they are worth in American money. If, at the moment, the franc and the lira are nickels, and the shilling and the mark quarters, it is easy to figure up and down from these points. In fact, the whole question of foreign currency is an unnecessary bugaboo. You put the money you think you are going to need for your trip into self-identifying travelers checks, which you buy at offices of the American Express Company or at your bank;

they are accepted almost universally by hotels and banks throughout Europe either in payment of bills or in exchange for coins of the country in which you happen to be. Don't take foreign money with you from home. The purser's office on the boat will change your loose American money for you; this will meet your first needs; after that your hotel will cash your checks. From one country to the next, the dining-car man will always change a small bill. The hotel in the new country will do the rest. Don't carry large amounts of currency about with you. You wouldn't do it at home; you don't have to do it abroad. *The only difficult thing about money in either place is to get it.*

The problem of securing steamship accommodations, either from Europe or to it, is best solved by dealing through an agency like Raymond and Whitcomb, Thomas Cook and Son, or the American Express Company. They collect their commissions from the companies, and not from you. There is a big difference in staterooms: the outside are the better, and generally the more expensive. And the agency that buys thousands of tickets sometimes gets a little better service than the individual at a distance who buys one. If you don't like your room when you see it, say so to the ship's purser. Except in the very busy season—June and July going, and August and September coming—every ship sails not only with empty beds but empty rooms.



## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

If you have undesirable accommodations or state-room companions, the purser will gladly do something for you. Competition among the steamship lines is fierce. They are out to make friends. And it has been my experience that they make them.

The question of whether to travel "first class," "second class," or "third class," is one that is forever popping up on land and sea. Usually, it is a question of cost. Most people who can afford to travel first class, do so; those who can't *don't*. But there is no obloquy, moral or social, about traveling any other way; and in these days, there is very little discomfort. Second class on the big new boats is every bit as good as first class on the little old ones. Some of the "cabin boats," where first and second class are one, rank very high among the ships at sea. Many people of considerable wealth and large families—there are still some such in America!—prefer to travel on these one-class boats rather than pay the higher prices for first class or submit to the restrictions of second class. Since the immigration law has reduced the steerage business almost to nothing, several of the ships devote a portion of what used to be steerage to what is now called "third-class tourist" or "student-tourist" quarters, a plan which provides a still cheaper method of crossing the ocean and makes a great hit with college students of both sexes. The chief differences between the various classes are in the variety and elaborate-

ness of their menus, the size and location of their staterooms, and the decks to which they have access. If you are young and strong, go third class—and save your money to spend in Paris. If you wish to combine comfort and economy, go in a one-class boat; or, if you can't get one at the time you want it, go second class on a big boat. If you have the money, be rich and careless and go first class. It's comfort *de luxe*!

No one rule will cover the choice of classes for travel by land. In England, everybody from cabinet ministers to brewery billionaires travels third class. Many trains have no first-class carriages and very few second class. English trains and English people are so clean that it would be quite all right to ride in the coal tender! On the continent, especially in those countries where atomizers have replaced scrubbing brushes, it is advisable to exercise discretion. In Holland and Germany, second and third class are wholly acceptable; almost no one except American millionaires travels first. Third class is the thing in Switzerland; first class, and *only* first class, in Italy. If you are fussy about your comfort and your companions, you will travel first class in France and Belgium; if not, try second; but under no circumstances take a chance on third. None of these rules can be applied with the same certainty to "bus travel," a form of transportation which is paralleling and often replacing the railway in many

## WHAT TO DO—AND HOW TO DO IT

parts of Europe. You will have to judge each bus line for yourself—so much depends on the management of the individual line—but, generally speaking, second-class tickets entitle you to comfortable, not too crowded seats, and to the same view that the first-class tourists get. And don't forget this: If the railway carriages or bus seats to which you have bought a ticket are so crowded that you can not find a place to sit down, you are automatically entitled without additional fee to accommodation of the next higher grade. Travelers are not expected to pay good money to stand on their own—and other people's—feet.

The only organization that doesn't go out of its way to render your European trip a success is the United States Government. The passport application in the beginning and the customs declaration at the end are both a bit cumbersome. But there is a sure way to handle both obstacles. In the case of the passport, *start in time*. Write to the State Department at Washington six weeks ahead of time—and do what they tell you about filling out blanks, furnishing photographs, and getting "visas." In the case of the customs declaration, *tell the truth*. People who have difficulties on steamship piers are usually people who don't know enough to make that resolve—and keep it.

The Golden Rule of travel is common sense!

THE END













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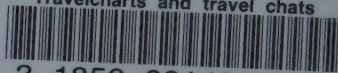
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